

## **Belonging to Time**

### **A Tale of Two Times**

**Snatched through time at birth, Harry becomes a time traveller. He discovers this at five when he meets his real parents, and goes to Hogwarts prepared... but he hadn't realised Voldemort had a spy in Hogwarts and was trying to steal a dangerous artefact.**

### **Leaving Harry**

#### **1000: July**

"Merlin, please, don't take him. Anything but Harry, please," a woman clung to a bundle of cloths which held her young child.

Merlin looked pained, and sighed, "I am sorry, my child, but your father and I made a deal, and the price of my deal is that I have your first born child."

"Please, can you at least tell me where he's going?" begged the woman, her green eyes shining.

"It cannot do any harm. My child, I am taking him to the future. He will be given to a young couple who had just had a stillbirth. This couple have been spelled to look like they were you and his father, and have been trained for it since birth, though they do not know it yet."

The woman looked as though her heart had been wrenched from her chest. Merlin tried to rationalise with her.

"What were you going to tell his father? You knew you couldn't keep him, and you never told him that you were pregnant. What would he do if he knew that he was a father?"

"He would be pleased," said the woman stubbornly.

Merlin looked at her in pity. "My child, you may be one of the greatest witches in history, but you are not to keep this child," said Merlin, and with that, took the baby from the arms of the weeping woman.

“Harry, say goodbye to your mother, we’re going to meet your Mum and Dad. Lily and James Potter.”

### **1980: July**

Lily Potter sat with James, weeping into his arms. “How could he have been a stillbirth? James, what did I do wrong? I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay, honey. You didn’t do anything.”

“I did!” she wailed, and burst into another round of tears.

“You didn’t,” said another voice. Lily and James whirled around. “It was your destiny.”

“Who are you?” asked James, eyeing the old man warily.

The man looked at them, his blue eyes twinkling. “I am known as many things, but I believe you would know me as ‘Merlin’.” James’s mouth dropped open in shock, and he shuffled around his pockets, finally pulling out a chocolate frog card. He held it up to Merlin’s face in comparison.

“Oh, Merlin!”

“That’s my name,” he said brightly.

“That’s not what I meant,” James said. “It’s Merlin!”

“What do you want with us?” sniffed Lily.

It was then that Merlin produced Harry. “I want you to look after him. His name is Harry,” he thought for a moment, “Harry James Potter. Don’t tell anyone of this, for you never know who may betray you,” said Merlin.

Lily’s jaw dropped, and she held out her arms. Merlin placed the sleeping baby in her arms, and she cradled him. “You’re my son now, Harry. I know you probably miss your mummy, but don’t worry, I’m here,” she cooed.

James looked at Merlin, "Why us? I know he must be someone important, so why us?"

"You have been trained for it since birth, and your looks have been altered at birth to look exactly like his parents. It is your mission in life, if nothing else; you were born to raise this child. I saw it long ago in one of my visions, and I had to find a way to get him from his mother. I will tell you no more."

"Who were his parents?" asked Lily, sad that she was taking someone else's child, who they probably wanted.

"I cannot tell you," said Merlin, and he disappeared.

Lily and James just looked at each other, dumbfounded. All of a sudden, James went over to Harry, and kissed his forehead. "Welcome to the family, Harry," he smiled.

## **Chapter One**

### **Travelling Harry**

#### **1981-1985**

Harry James Potter. There was nothing especially spectacular about the name, after all it was pretty plain. The name could belong to anyone, and of course, since it has been mentioned, it obviously does.

The simple name of this young boy instilled hope into the hearts of witches and wizards all over the world. But to the Dursleys of no. four, Privet Drive, it instilled only hatred and disgust.

For these Dursleys, are not the most desirable beings on the planet, and Harry has the poor fortune to be related to them, and be placed in the care of these horrible people, if, of course, you could call them that. For surely, people who could treat their own nephew, or cousin; depending on which of these despicable Europeans you were referring to, as if they were lower than dirt could surely not be human.

But despite the fact that these relatives of Harry's were possibly of another, more brutal race, the fact remains, that he has had the misfortune to have lived with them, and the fact remains that they mistreated him.

Harry himself would not have known that he was being abused, for he was too young, and he had been living with it for longer than it was possible for him to cast his memories back.

Harry lived under a strict set of rules, and breaking them was punished as though he were a major crime holding up a bank or some such. Or as much of the equivalent of that which the Dursleys could manage to inflict on him without actually killing him.

Some of the things he was forbidden to do were just plain ridiculous. For example, he was only allowed to wash once a week, supposedly since his presence in the shower forced his strict aunt, Petunia, to clean it. For the fact was, that if her poor son, Dudley, went in the shower after Harry without the contraption being properly

decontaminated, he might catch some disease that Harry appeared to have.

Another stupid thing that the Dursleys had was a stupid rule about asking questions. Harry was prohibited from asking them. He had only ever asked one question in his miserable life. "Where did I get my scar?" He had been answered by Aunt Petunia flipping the bacon onto his cousin Chrysanthemum's plate, and handing him a burnt piece of toast.

"In the car crash where your parents died," she had told him grudgingly. "And don't ask questions!" Since Harry had adhered to this abominably ridiculous rule, and treasured his only knowledge of his parents in his heart, drawing on it in his darkest times, using it to somehow comfort him.

Although his Aunt Petunia didn't like him, she tolerated him. Her husband, Vernon, a beefy man, did not have the same tolerance as his wife, and as 'boy,' which was what he called Harry, was 'abnormal,' in his terms, he made him work hard, and at the tender age of four, the young boy could often be seen slaving away at the stove, cooking for the family, or weeding the garden in the blistering sun.

Though the Dursleys didn't know it, this was good for Harry, and taught him life's lessons very effectively.

These life rules were what Harry referred to as, 'Survivors'. The first of the survivors was that you must always be polite, for impoliteness would earn you a beating. Another was that hard work got results. That was from his weeding experiences. He eventually became so efficient at the art of weeding that he could do the whole garden in ten minutes. From his cooking experiences, he learnt that pain was something that was to be ignored where possible. When Harry had first learnt to cook bacon, hot fat had splattered all over his arms, face, and into his hair. He wiped it immediately from his face, but didn't get to his arms in time, where the scald marks were visible for weeks after.

He learnt, all in all, to be strong, in stay out of everyone's way, and although the Dursleys couldn't see it, he had become the model of perfect behaviour.

While Dudley screamed for sweets when they stood in line, and Aunt Petunia only shushed him, if Harry so much as looked at the tasty snacks and various sugary beverages, she would slap the back of his hand, and his eyes would return to the floor, with a muttered sorry. Chrysanthemum, only a year younger than Harry and Dudley, would watch wide eyed as her mother dealt this injustice.

Though despite the Dursley's every attempt to quash his spirit, Harry wouldn't allow for it. He was a courageous, intelligent, caring, boy, who had learned to fight, though not directly. He learned to be cunning, yet his loyalty in those who were kind to him never disappeared. Such was his loyalty, that Harry's cupboard teemed with spiders who were kind to him, and he learnt, instead of speaking English most of the time, to speak the spider speech as his mother language, clicking his tongue to get the correct sounds.

But despite the friendship of the spiders, Harry needed human company, and yearned for love. The spiders just weren't enough, and he was horribly lonesome.

And this is where our story starts, on another lonely day, with five year old Harry.

'Arathla,' he said to the spider, who clicked back an answer which only Harry seemed to understand. 'You've lived here as long as I have, I know, but you must have had a mummy and a daddy once, right?'

Arathla clicked a yes.

'What is it like? What is it like to have people love you? Arathla, is it nice?'

Arathla clicked a yes. 'It is the most wonderful thing, Harry; it feels so safe and warm. It's magical.'

“But Arathla, there’s no such thing as magic.” Harry protested. That was one thing the Dursley's had managed to drill into his mind.

Arathla scoffed. ‘Of course there’s magic, Harry. That’s just what the humans want you to think. Look around you. I bet you could make some magic in here.’ Arathla crawled onto his hand, and waved her two foremost legs about in frenzy.

‘Could I?’ Harry sniffed.

‘Sure,’ said Arathla, ‘just concentrate on what you want.’

Harry closed his eyes, and thought really, really hard of love and his parents.

When he opened his eyes again, he wasn’t in his cupboard anymore. Instead, he was in a richly decorated room, on a soft bed. Exhausted and disorientated, young Harry curled up to sleep.

## **June: 1005**

A man in gold and red robes walked up with a woman, whose robes were blue and bronze. “That was a wonderful feast, don’t you agree, Rowena?”

“You only think that because Gryffindor won the house cup, Godric.”

“Well then, I have every right to be pleased, don’t I?” Godric said, causing Rowena to raise her eyebrows.

“Oh Godric, you are a strange one, aren’t you?” she laughed, shaking her head, then leaned over to kiss him lightly on the lips.

He took her hand, and opened a door. They both stepped in.

Godric began to unbutton his robes, but gave a start. “Rowena, who’s that?”

“What? Godric, you must be seeing things, no-one else can get...in...here,” she trailed off, having followed Godric’s gaze and seen Harry. “Harry!”

Harry opened his eyes blearily at the sound of his name. "Who you? Where I?" he asked. Then, "Arathla? Where are you?"

A spider crawled onto his hand, and clicked something. Harry sighed in what seemed to be relief. Rowena took a step towards the frightened boy. "Harry, do you remember me?" she asked in an almost pleading tone.

Godric looked confused. "Rowena—"

Harry shook his head slowly to Rowena's pleading. "Never seen you in my life."

"But Harry, you must remember me, your mother, please!" she begged.

Godric stared at Rowena, and found his voice. "His mother?" he asked uncertainly.

"Oh, Godric! I'm so sorry!" she wept. She looked at him with pleading eyes. "Your son." She managed to say, and burst out crying again.

"What? – Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

She sniffed, looking into Godric's sorrow filled eyes. "I couldn't. Merlin – Merlin was going to take him. Remember six years ago when I went to travel for research purposes? Well, I lied. It wasn't really research. I visited Merlin, because – because I was pregnant!" she wailed, crying again.

"But why?" asked Godric, once again.

"Father – father made a deal with him. In return, Merlin asked for my first born child." Rowena wept.

Godric looked horrified, and his eyes flickered over to the child on the bed. His child. Harry was clutching a spider, looking absolutely terrified. Seeing Godric looking at him, Harry clicked at the spider, and the spider clicked back. Then Harry did something Godric had been trying to do for years, and had finally concluded was impossible.



He disappeared.

Harry had made himself invisible, without a wand. Rowena stared too. They saw the dent in the bed move a bit, as it moved to the edge. Then there was nothing else, and after a moment they heard a sniffling cry from under the bed.

“Harry?” called Rowena, crawling under the bed. “Dear, where are you?”

Harry didn’t answer, but his quiet sobs, which were actually quite loud in the otherwise silent room, did.

Rowena located him in this way, and gathered the invisible boy in her arms, and crawled back out. “I have him,” she stated.

After about ten minutes, Harry returned to visibility, *very* slowly. At first he was transparent, and five minutes later, he was fully visible. He looked at the people who were staring at him.

The woman had thick red hair, which fell to her waist, and porcelain features. Her lips were cherry red, and perfectly shaped into a wobbly smile. She had tearstains on her cheeks, but her eyes were what surprised Harry the most, they looked exactly like his own, perfectly almond shaped and brilliantly green. They were slightly red, but they were twinkling happily, and Harry felt compelled to smile, so he did.

Next he looked at the man. He looked like a replica of Harry, apart from his eyes. His eyes were shining amber, and he looked very sad. His messy black hair looked like he had been fighting with a wild animal, which he very well might have been. He had a thin face, with childish bone structure. He was quite tall though, unlike Harry, but then again, Harry could grow. His facial features were schooled to look perfectly calm, but Harry could see the conflicting emotions in his gaze.

“Who you?” he asked.

Godric looked at Rowena, and she nodded her head almost imperceptibly.

"My name is Godric Gryffindor. This is my wife Rowena Ravenclaw. Who are you?" he asked kindly.

"Harry."

"Harry who?" asked Rowena.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know, Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon never really told me much about Mummy and Daddy. I wasn't allowed to ask them questions, so I dunno." He said.

"Do you live with your Aunt and Uncle? Why?"

"Mummy and Daddy died in car crash, long time ago. I got this scar then," he said proudly, and jabbed his forehead.

"What's a car?" asked Godric, before Rowena could stop him.

Harry looked incredulous. "A car, you know, for driving in. Take you places."

Rowena shot a look at Godric. "Harry, what is the date?"

"July 31st, 1985." Harry looked confused, surely they would know the date, Harry always knew the date, even after long periods in his cupboard.

Godric gaped, and Rowena didn't even bat an eyelid.

"Harry, you must be exhausted. Perhaps we could explain it all to you tomorrow?" she asked, and Harry consulted with the spider that he kept with him all the time, and nodded.

"Arathla says that that will be okay." He said.

"Who's Arathla?" asked Godric before he could stop himself.

Harry raised his eyebrows delicately, in an exceedingly grown up manner, and pointed to the tarantula on his shoulder. Godric was by then past being surprised, and answered with a simple, 'Oh.'

Rowena then proceeded to create a room and a bed, and sent Harry in, but not before kissing his cheek goodnight, much to his confusion. He knew that Aunt Petunia always kissed Dudley and Chrysanthemum goodnight, but he thought that was something you only did if you loved someone, and no-one loved him.

There was ten minutes silence before Harry's breathing became even.

"Rowena." Godric's voice was low and serious.

Rowena turned away, muffling her voice in her pillows. "Yes?"

"Explain, please."

She sat up and looked Godric in the eyes, and started to tell the whole sorry tale. "I suppose I should start from the beginning. When I was six, my father, who, as you know, is a wizard, feared that I was a Squib. I hadn't shown any signs of magic, and I was depressed. Father got Merlin in, in the middle of my depression.

"Merlin explained to father that there are two types of Squib – the type that truly doesn't have any magic, and the type where their magic was either too volatile or too powerful, or both, that it hid itself away. My problem was obviously the latter. Without proper training, I might have killed an innocent.

"Merlin promised to remove the blockage on my power, though he said that he would think of a suitable price once the job was done. He put a limit on it which would last until I was old enough to learn magic. It was two years afterward, when Merlin came back, that he decided he would take Harry. Father asked him to begin his instruction of me, yet he did not let father know of the price, nor did father think to enquire. He taught me magic for seven years, and father still refused to ask him the price. I could not ask, for back then women had less status than men, and it would have been overwhelmingly rude for me to do so. On my fifteenth birthday, knowing that my greatest wish was for a family, he informed father and I that the price would be my first born child.

"Father agreed wholeheartedly with him, saying that he was being extremely generous. Because of my wishes for a family, I myself was

against it, and tried to sway Merlin's mind, as I had come to know him very well over the years. But he, in his *infinite wisdom*, said that he knew of somewhere that would take my child in.

"For a long time, I vowed not to have a family," she smiled up at him, her eyes watering. "That's why I hadn't been married before I met you. I figured, when I married you, that maybe I could get away from Merlin and his stupid deal. That was useless. He knew I was pregnant before I did. So, I decided not to tell you. I knew that I would find it more difficult to give up the child at the end of it if you knew about it.

"Then I tried to forget. But, Godric, something like that is hard to forget. I loved him so much, but I knew I could never have him, because Merlin had sent him to the future, where he was out of my reach." Rowena was crying freely into Godric's chest while she mumbled out her story. "I didn't want to go through that ever again, so I made sure I wouldn't get pregnant.

"If Merlin sent him to the future, then how on the flat earth did he get here?" Godric said to Rowena, who just shook her head.

"I have no idea. The only one who can tell us that will be Merlin, because Harry is so young that he wouldn't understand," she said quietly. "And we're not asking Merlin, he'll only want to take Harry again." She added fiercely.

But however, they did not need to inform Merlin, as he already knew. When they woke up the next morning, the elderly wizard was sleeping in his rocking chair, rocking away at the side of their bed.

"Merlin?" asked Rowena.

"We meet again, child."

"What are you doing here?" asked Godric.

"You don't mean to tell me you didn't notice Harry was here?" asked Merlin in mock sincerity.

“NO! You can’t have him!” Rowena cried fiercely, standing in front of the door that lead to Harry’s room, and crossed her arms across her chest.

“I wasn’t here to *take* him, my child. I am merely here to discuss him,” he said, explaining to her patiently. She glared at him, and conjured up a chair, sitting down right where she was, barring Merlin’s way to the door, despite the fact that he had made it clear that he didn’t want Harry.

Godric didn’t move from the bed.

“Now, I believe you are wondering how Harry got from 1985 to now? Yes? Good. I can explain that. Harry, along with being extremely powerful, was born in this time, but upon his birth, was moved to another. This abnormal situation gives a person certain – advantages. He has the ability to travel to any time, place, or person, at will. This ability will need to be controlled. Also, you will have noticed the scar on his forehead, the one in the shape of lightning?”

They nodded the affirmative.

“That scar was given to him by Salazar’s heir, as is my understanding. This happened when the killing curse failed to kill.” Merlin smiled, and confirmed their suspicions that he was off his rocker, despite being on a rocking chair.

“Now, here’s the interesting part. The curse backfired, and knocked Tom, also known as Voldemort, out of his body. Voldemort wasn’t killed though, despite popular belief. He’ll find some way to get back. Anyway, that somehow gave Harry a scar. This scar gives Harry some of the abilities from Voldemort, like Parseltongue, while connecting his mind to that of Voldemort. It’ll be a good idea to teach him Occlumency. The other ability, which he has naturally, is that he is a Metamorphmagus.

“Anyway, back to the story. Harry’s adoptive parents were killed, and it was left to that old fool Dumbledore, to decide where young Harry would be cared for. Dumbledore sent him to his only remaining relatives, in order to set up blood wards, which wouldn’t work, but he

thought they would, anyway, young Harry used the first of his three amazing abilities to get here.

“You see, he wasn’t being treated entirely properly at the Dursley’s, and he longed for his parents, who he thinks were killed in a car crash, and before you ask, a car is Muggle technology which is yet to be invented. In actual fact, Lily and James Potter were killed by Voldemort in attempt to kill Harry, because of some prophecy by a faulty seer. She mixed it all up, confusing us all. But back to where he longed for his parents. His pet spider, Arathla, told him that all he had to do to do magic was to think really hard of what he wanted, and he wanted his parents, thereby appearing here.”

“Is that all for now?”

Rowena nodded. “Yes,” said Godric.

“Well then. Goodbye Rowena, goodbye Godric.” He kissed Rowena’s hand, and then shook Godric’s. “I don’t suppose that you’ll let me see Harry before I go?”

“No, no, no and NO!” shouted Rowena, and Merlin laughed.

“I was just trying to get a rise out of you, anyway,” he said, before disappearing.

“We really need to set up Anti-Apparition wards,” sighed Rowena.

Then Godric thought of something. “What are we going to tell Helga and Salazar?”

## **Chapter Two**

### **Introducing Harry**

**June: 1005**

"We have someone we'd like you to meet," Godric told Helga and Salazar.

"Who?" they both asked curiously.

"Come on, don't be shy," Rowena coaxed to someone that they couldn't see.

After a bit more coaxing, a young boy stepped forward. Both their jaws dropped simultaneously. He looked exactly like the people on either side of him, and he clung to Rowena's leg.

"Who? What?"

"He's our son," Godric announced proudly.

Salazar sneered. "You can't have been hiding him for all his life."

"We didn't," Rowena looked downcast. "Merlin took him because of a deal with my father." That shut Salazar up quickly, and Helga stood up and hugged her.

Then she knelt down until she was level with him. "Hello, dear, what's your name?"

Harry looked hesitant. He clicked in a strange language to the tarantula on his shoulder, and looked at Helga. "Harry Gry – Gryff?" he stopped, a look of concentration on his forehead. He looked at his father.

"Gryffindor," he supplied, and Harry nodded.

"So Harry, what do you like doing?" Helga asked.

Harry looked pensive. "Reading."

Helga laughed. "Just like your mother. What else?"

Harry shrugged. "Do you fly?" she prompted, and Harry looked at her, and shook his head.

"Do you play chess?"

Another negative.

"Do you play games with your friends?" she asked, surely he would say yes to this.

Harry shook his head once again.

"Do you do anything?" Salazar snapped sarcastically.

Harry's bottom lip wobbled slightly, but all in the room saw it. That was before Harry blinked, and his face became a perfectly calm mask. A few clicked words to the spider, and it crawled off his shoulder.

It then proceeded to crawl over to Salazar, and up his pant leg. Harry's face stayed calm, while Godric was trying very hard not to burst out laughing.

Once the spider had finished scaring Salazar and come back to rest on Harry's shoulder, Salazar pulled a snake out of his pocket.

"We'll see about that," he muttered darkly, and then hissed something at the snake.

"Why did you tell him to scare me? It's not like I couldn't hear," asked Harry innocently.

At this point, Godric did burst out laughing. "Oh, Harry, that was wonderful." He clutched his side as he spoke. "Just tell that damned snake to keep away from you."

Harry shrugged. "Yes, daddy," before hissing something incomprehensible at the snake.

Salazar looked at the little boy, gaping. "How?" he asked, knowing that Godric knew what he was talking about.



“I’d rather we didn’t get into that,” Rowena smiled sadly. “Now, Godric, you can take him out to fly. BUT BE CAREFUL! I will never forgive you if anything happens to him!” Godric’s face lit up, and he took Harry outside, already explaining Quidditch and flying eagerly, the young boy clinging on to his every word.

While they had their little lesson inside, Rowena explained to Helga and Salazar where Harry had been for the last five years. They both agreed at once to help teach Harry about the magical world, this time, and all the other things that were essential for someone from that era to know.

Godric, of course, had agreed the moment Rowena had even suggested it, wanting to make up for the time that he’d missed with his son.

The moment Godric had told Harry about Quidditch, Harry had been enthralled, and kept begging his father to teach him how to play, but his mother wouldn’t allow it.

Rowena had finally relented, her boys could be very persuasive. (She’d given in when she’d overheard Godric telling Harry that he’d take him out later that night and teach him, if he didn’t tell his mum. She’d much rather that he was taught in daytime.) So Harry and Godric were heading down to the newly erected Quidditch pitch, with their brooms.

“Alright, Harry,” Godric started when they finally reached the pitch. “Put your broom on the ground at your feet.”

Harry did so, looking very much confused. “Now put your hand over top of it, and say ‘up’.” He demonstrated, his broom flying straight to his hand.

“Up!” shouted Harry at the broom, and it immediately jumped to his hand. He looked at his father and gave him a toothy grin. “I did it, daddy!”

“I can see that, well done!” Godric smiled. “Now, climb on it. This is what’s called mounting.” He demonstrated again.

Harry clambered on, and righted himself finally. Then he adjusted his grip. "Is this right, daddy?" Godric came over, fully ready to correct his son's grip on the broom, amazing him when he didn't have to.

"It is, Har. Now push off the ground, and you're flying," Godric told him, pushing off himself, and stopping about ten meters away, waiting for Harry to catch up with him. Harry did, rather quickly in fact.

"Daddy, it's too *slow*," he complained. "Chryssie's *Barbie's car* goes faster!"

"Who's Chryssie? What's a Barbie's Car?"

"Chryssie's my cousin. Wait, I mean, I thought she was my cousin. But she was nicer than Dudley and Vernon and Petunia. A Barbie is a doll, and a Barbie's Car is a toy car for the Barbie."

Suddenly, Godric got an evil gleam in his eye. "Harry?"

"Yes dad?"

"Do you think that in the time you went to they'd have *faster* brooms?"

"Um... probably."

"Harry, hold my hand." Harry did so. "Now think *very* hard about your time, me and the key to your Gringotts vault."

They'd set up a Gringotts account for Harry, in case he ever got stuck in another time without his parents. Also, even if he was visiting on purpose, he'd have a right time trying to get money, so it seemed the best option.

Harry looked properly confused at his father's request, but obliged. "Are you thinking?" Godric asked.

"Yeah."

"Okay, try a different approach. Think of them all together, and *want* them." Harry shrugged, and did so.

There was a flash of white light, and they re-appeared in a cupboard which seemed to be under stairs.

## **July: 1985**

"Where are we, Harry?" asked Godric.

"This is my bedroom at the Dursley's." Harry informed him. "Can you open the lock? Uncle Vernon locked me in a moment ago, or that's what he thinks. I magicked us to just after I left."

Godric looked outraged at the thought of his son being treated like he was, but obliged, and tapped the door with his wand while saying, '*Alohamora*.'

Once they were out of the house, Godric rushed Harry into an alleyway. "Now Harry, you know how your mother and I told you that you were a Metamorphmagus, and we started to tell you how to use it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now I'm going to place glamour charms on myself. I want you then to make yourself look like a younger version of me, and make sure you cover that scar, it could get me in trouble."

Godric got out his wand, and pointed at his eyes, they turned blue. Then he did his hair, which went auburn, short and curly. Then he became a little shorter, and his muscles decreased.

"Just a younger version of what I look like, Harry, except my eyes. Make your eyes look like mine did before."

Harry closed his eyes, and screwed up his forehead. A few moments later, he looked like a younger version of his father, only with different eyes. Godric nodded satisfied. "Now all we need are names. I'm... Gregory Grouter and you are Harvey Grouter." He stated his thought out loud, looking to Harry to see if that was alright. It was.

Then Godric grabbed Harry's hand, and spoke a spell, and they appeared in Diagon Alley's Apparition point.

They walked to Gringotts, and the goblin that served them took them deep down to one of the first vaults. When they opened the door, Harry and Godric, or should I say Harvey and Gregory, gaped. The vault was filled from floor to ceiling of gold galleons, with not a spare gap in the thing. Godric did what any sensible man would do, and piled as many as he could into a bottomless bag, before Harry told him he was getting carried away, and he was, he had far more than 1000 galleons in the sack.

When they left Gringotts, they went into a store called, 'Quality Quidditch Supplies'.

Godric looked around. Seeing the new model, the Cleansweep Seven, he shrugged. "Hello, I would like two Cleansweep Sevens, it's my son's birthday soon, and our old brooms are a little outdated." He told the man at the counter smoothly. Harry didn't comment, knowing instinctively that he was supposed to go along with it. He had been walking around the shop, looking at the other brooms, and their models and speeds.

"Yes, many people are having that same problem; may I ask what broom you have?" he asked conversationally.

Harry decided to butt in, for his father's sake. "Shooting Star!"

Godric/Gregory grinned, ruffling his son's hair. "There's the little tyke for you." He smiled, remembering something he'd overheard someone saying before.

"Well, mate, that'll be 90 galleons. Paying upfront?"

"Yes."

"Alrighty then, just fill out this form, mister...?"

"Grouter. Gregory Grouter."

"Right then, Mr. Grouter. What's the son's name?"

"Harvey."

"Nice name, that. Here, Harvey, like a sweet?" The man offered Harry a sugar snitch.

Harry looked at Godric, who nodded his head.

"Yes please, thank you," Harry took the snitch from the man, and popped it in his mouth, delighting in the melting sugary taste. Godric filled out the forms. They basically asked for name, proof of age, and promise not to resell, which was sealed with a wizard's signature, basically, a signature which is connected to it's writer so that it cannot be forged or a promise made by it cannot be broken.

Then Harry and Godric left the shop. They went back to the Dursleys house, Godric explaining to Harry that he wanted to 'deal' with his Aunt and Uncle.

Changing back to their original looks, Godric rang the doorbell of no. four, Privet Drive. Aunt Petunia was the one unfortunate enough to open the door. Upon seeing who it was she screamed freakishly before fainting.

"Who's that, frightening my dear Petunia?" asked a gruff voice from inside.

Godric took out his wand and pointed it at Petunia. "*Enervate!*" he commanded, and Petunia was back with the land of the conscious. Vernon was now at the door, Dudley and Chrysanthemum trying to get a peek also. Harry had turned himself invisible.

"You!" gasped Petunia. "You died five years ago!"

"I'm not quite sure where you got that information, but it seems to be wrong. I think it was more like a thousand years ago that I died." Godric informed her pleasantly. "A little time travel is always quite useful."

Petunia looked like a fish, her mouth opening and closing comically. There was a giggle from beside Godric, and Harry removed his invisibility. "Hello, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, Dudley, Chrissy." He spoke to their faces, which were at the current moment, very good impressions of fish.

“Have you met my father?”

Dudley and Chrysanthemum’s eyes bulged, and Vernon’s face went purple. “Why you...” he shouted, and lifted his hand, ready to strike the boy. Godric put up his hand, easily stopping the obese man.

“What were you about to do to my son?” he demanded.

Vernon looked at the strong man in front of him, whose eyes were blazing with a fire. “N-Nothing.” He shook as he spoke the words.

Godric’s eyes narrowed, and he raised his eyebrows. “I don’t believe I’ve introduced myself, Dursley. My name is Godric Gryffindor.”

“Gryffindor,” Petunia stated thoughtfully. “Where’ve I heard that before, Lily did mention someone called Gryffindor, but I don’t believe she ever went out with him. You look like her husband.”

“James Potter. Quite right. Lily, that’s your sister?”

Petunia nodded fearfully.

“Now see here, woman. I don’t like the way you treated my son. If you’re ever cruel to him again, you will not be able to move for five minutes, understand?” he asked her, casting the spell at the same time, not really caring what she had to say.

Chrysanthemum looked at Harry. “That’s cool! Can you teach me to be invisible too?” she asked her cousin, who shook his head.

“Sorry, Chryssie. You’ve got to have magic.”

Chrysanthemum looked slightly disappointed, but seeing the looks on Petunia and Vernon’s face when he had asked, he shut up.

Godric also saw the looks. “And don’t even think of hurting Chryssie for asking. She’s only curious.” He told them, before turning to Harry.

“Harry, if you don’t mind, it’d be nice if we could go back home now. I’m sure you won’t miss these Muggles.” Harry took one last look at

the Dursley's before shaking his head, and disappearing in a brilliant flash of white light.

The Dursleys apart from Chryssie looked around fearfully, hoping that the neighbours hadn't seen anything, and to their relief, no-one had, no one except a certain Squib.

### **July: 1985**

Arabella Figg had seen been walking around the block, looking for one of her missing cats. Dibbles had been in Privet Drive, and she'd just been about to walk into the street, when she saw a man that looked like James Potter, and young Harry standing next to him, disappear in a flash of white light.

She immediately got out her pot of floo powder, and threw it in her fire. "Albus Dumbledore!" she called, and the wizened old man's head appeared in the fire.

"Ah, Arabella. Good afternoon. Did you know that your name means 'beautiful altar'? I saw it in one of my Latin-English dictionaries the other day." He informed her pleasantly.

"Lemon drop?" He held out the bowl through the fire.

"Thank you Albus, but I'm afraid I have more important matters to discuss than the origin of my name," she told him in clipped tones, turning down the bowl of lemon drops, and pushing it back to him through the fire.

"Very well," he popped a lemon drop into his mouth, sucking it noisily like a child. "Ugh! Charcoal."

"What is it?" he asked after turning and spitting out the bit of charcoal.

"It's Mister Potter. I was looking for Dibbles, and walked past his street. Oh Albus, you wouldn't *believe* what I saw."

"What did you see, my dear?" he asked, unconcerned, the wards had remained constant, and there had been no disturbance in all the time he had been living there, admittedly, that was a little unusual, but it

was probably because the boy had probably had a very stable lifestyle.

“Don’t give me that! Now you listen here, and stop calling me, ‘your dear,’ I am no-one’s dear!” Arabella shouted at the old man in frustration.

Albus almost choked on his lemon drop, and spat it out. Unfortunately, it came through Arabella’s end, and landed on her lap, more fortunately, there was a cat there, who got up abruptly, snarled at the headmaster, and walked around trying to lick it off its coat spitting at the sour lemon taste frequently.

Arabella glared at the headmaster, and continued on her triad. “Now that I have your attention,” she looked at him fiercely, and he nodded. “I would like to continue my story. As I was saying, I was looking for Dibbles, and I saw the strangest thing at Privet Drive. Now, don’t tell me I was imagining it, because I know very well that I wasn’t. Do you remember what James Potter looked like?”

Albus nodded slowly. “Where is this going?”

“Just listen, you old coot! I remember what James Potter looked like as well, and I am not lying when I say that I saw him on the doorstep of Privet Drive.”

‘Arabella has quite a temper,’ thought Albus, then choked on his lemon drop again, this time spitting into his hand, realising what she had told him.

“James Potter? Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure, you blasted, insane... dolt!” she exploded. “And what’s more is that Harry was standing next to him.”

“I fail to see what your point is.”

“If you’d let me finish, maybe you would, you fool!”



Dumbledore looked at her sulkily. "Continue," he crossed his arms across his chest. "Though I do think you're quite mad," he mumbled under his breath.

"NO! *You* are the one who's quite mad! As I was saying, there was a flash of white light, and they disappeared!" she threw her hands up. "It was as if they'd never been there!"

This was obviously not what Dumbledore had expected, and she had the pleasure of seeing his face drain of all colour, which it had little of in the first place.

"Are you sure?" he whispered in a small voice, and she exploded again.

"Didn't I make it *clear* that I was sure, Albus! Honestly!" she cried.

"I've had enough of you. Do what you like, but I just don't *care* anymore!" she told him, before returning the fire to its normal state.

Albus Dumbledore removed his head from the fire, and sat back in his chair, suddenly feeling *very* old.

"Where has Harry Potter gone?" he asked himself.

Sighing loudly, he lifted his ancient body from the chair and stood, making his way slowly out of his quarters.

He gathered up several trusted members of the staff, Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, Professor Snape, much to his distaste, and Madame Pomfrey were among his company. Once the situation had been explained to them, they all agreed immediately that they would have to pay a visit to Privet Drive.

The 'tribe' of five witches and wizards arrived roughly two hours later, all falling out of the knight bus, having not apparated due to the fact that it was densely Muggle populated area, and the middle of the day, no less.

Dumbledore picked himself up delicately, and straightened his brightly coloured robes (yellow, green, red and blue) and turned to

those behind him, who were following his example, though their robes were more appropriately coloured. "Shall we?" he asked, before striding up to the door of Privet Drive. He waited for the others to catch him up, and rang the doorbell.

They heard a voice from inside. "Diddydums! Get the door, if it's those freaks again, tell them to go away and lock them out!"

"Yes, Mummy," came the reply. They all looked at one another dubiously. Diddydums? Snape wanted to be sick. Freaks? Who was he calling a freak?

A portly boy, wait, portly was a little understated, the largest boy they'd ever seen, waist wise, not height, opened the door. He looked to be about five years old, and his head was covered by a clump of blonde hair, which made him look scary, because he had a red face. A little girl, who was also chubby, but not quite as much, with long blonde hair seemed to have followed him.

Snape smirked. 'This kid will never lose all that weight. Does he eat anything that's worthwhile?'

"Who're you?" asked the boy, sounding stupider than a two year old. The girl observed with wide eyes.

"We would like to speak to your parents, please. And no, we're not 'those freaks,' as your mother so quaintly put it," Snape commanded harshly.

'Diddydums' rushed into the house, the running after him, and his parents appeared at the door. The woman's face paled, while the man's went beet red. It was almost as if he were taking her colour from her face and putting it on his own.

"Good afternoon," Dumbledore greeted pleasantly, grimacing slightly when he remembered the last time he'd said that. "May we come in?"

Petunia nodded, slowly, putting a hand on her husband's shoulder, stopping him from exploding.

Dumbledore, however, failed to see this, and stepped straight in, motioning for those with him to do the same.

"I would like to see Harry, please." He said, and the others looked at him. Didn't he know that Harry wasn't there?

Petunia looked positively terrified. "H-h-h-e isn't here," she stuttered.

"Well then, where is he?" snapped Snape, ever his impatient self.

"Why, don't you know! I was under the impression that *your kind* took him. Claimed to be his father," Vernon informed them arrogantly.

The Professors shot glances at each other. "Care to elaborate?" McGonagall requested. Petunia stopped her husband from answering with a slight shake of her head, before answering.

"The man looked remarkably like Harry's father. He came to us. I answered the door. I can't remember what happened next. They must have done some *freak* thing.

"They left soon after, I couldn't have stopped them if I tried! The man simply told the boy that he wanted to go home, the boy looked at us, and they disappeared in a flash of light!" Petunia's story seemed a bit far fetched, but it did match up with Arabella's, so maybe it had happened.

"Did the man tell you what his name was?" asked Flitwick, evidently his inquisitive Ravenclaw nature was showing through again.

"I already told you! I can't remember anything else that happened," she snarled after a brief pause.

"Do you mind if I read your mind to try and find it then?" asked Dumbledore.

Petunia looked as though she did mind, but Snape would have none of that. "Albus, forgive me for being blunt, but we are not going to get anything by asking, let *me* handle it."

## Chapter Three

### Learning Harry

**June: 1005**

Rowena, Salazar, and Helga were watching Harry and Godric as they talked. They flew around on their brooms for a bit, before Harry dismounted from his broom, and ran to Godric, complaining, it appeared.

Rowena laughed lightly, but saw Godric grab Harry's hand as if to take him somewhere. She abruptly got up from the table and started walking outside. Suddenly, there was a flash of bright white light and she shielded her face.

Godric and Harry were grinning in the middle of the white light, clutching boxes that she was *sure* she hadn't seen before.

Harry looked extremely tired, and put down his box, and fell to the floor, sucking his thumb. His eyes fluttered closed and he looked like he was sleeping. "GODRIC ROLAND OCTAVIAN GRYFFINDOR!" she shouted furiously at her husband, as she walked out to the pitch, Salazar and Helga in trail.

Harry woke up and looked around. Seeing that his mother was angry, he hid behind his father's legs, head peeking out the side. Helga laughed at his antics lightly, before walking over to him, and bundling him up in her arms. Needless to say, he mumbled a bit before falling fast asleep.

Rowena didn't notice any of this, and was walking over to Godric, looking very dangerous. Godric gulped. "Where did you take my son?" her voice was quiet, but sliced away all of Godric's bravery.

"Um... we – err – went to the f-fut-f-future," he told her, hesitantly.

Rowena's eyes blazed. "Godric. I am disappointed in you. You promised me that you wouldn't do anything to endanger him, yet you take him to the future, which you know nothing about. And all for what

reason, Godric, it had better be good,” she told him angrily, her voice laced with disappointment.

“Sorry,” he said weakly, and held up the broom box.

“A broom. You went to the future to get a broom?” she asked, incredulously.

Godric looked sheepish, looking down at his feet.

“Godric, look at me. Godric, love, you did wrong, didn’t you. You endangered our *son* just so you could get a broom. You realise you’re not even going to be able to use these brooms, don’t you?”

Godric’s jaw dropped. “But – Rowena! I—”

She silenced him, putting her finger to his lips. “Sweetheart, you can’t. People would wonder where it came from, and they would want ones like it. It would go too fast in games, and it would endanger our son’s secret. Remember, no-one can know he came from the future, because the future still has to happen.”

Godric looked downcast. “I got some money from Harry’s vault. I suppose that I can’t use that, either?” he asked.

Rowena looked at him, and held out her hand, expecting a few Knuts. When he handed her a bag full of Galleons, she gasped. “Godric, this is a fortune!”

“The value of money has gone down in the future. Will you believe that these brooms cost more than it cost to build Hogwarts, and hire staff for a year?”

“These brooms were more than 5 galleons?” she asked, her jaw dropping.

Godric looked at her and shrugged. “We could afford it easily! The vault had expanded to twice the size of the Great Hall, and it was filled with galleons!” he told her excitedly.

Now, not many people knew it, but Rowena had a talent for impressions, and right now did a perfect one of a fish. So perfect, in fact, that Godric would have laughed if not for the seriousness of the situation.

Then, without warning, she fainted. Godric was blessed with quick reactions luckily, and caught her with a simple levitating spell, then caught her in his arms. Looking around for Harry, he started to panic. He hadn't noticed Helga take his son. Salazar was still there, and when he saw Godric's panicked expression he calmed him.

"Helga took the boy," he sneered. "Put him to bed in his room. Rowena told us where it was before." They started to walk to the rooms.

"But she can't get into his room." Godric told him, looking pale. "We charmed it so only people with either mine or Rowena's blood could get in there, to keep Merlin out."

"Honestly, Godric! You should know that you can't keep Merlin out of anything. You can't even keep me out of anything." Salazar smirked at him.

Godric smiled at him, as if he knew something that Salazar didn't. "But Sal, I didn't do the spell, nor did Rowena. Harry did it."

Sal laughed, loudly. "Ah, Godric, that's the best joke I've ever heard," he said.

By now they had arrived at Godric and Rowena's quarters.

They entered the room, and saw Helga sitting on their bed, Harry still fast asleep in her arms. "I couldn't get in," she told Godric.

The latter immediately turned and stuck his tongue out at Salazar, before placing his hand on the door. It opened, immediately. He gestured for her to go in, while he put Rowena on the bed before reviving her.

"You fainted," he told her, and she remembered what had happened.

“Harry?” she asked.

“Helga’s putting him to bed,” Rowena jumped up off the bed, and immediately he followed her, not before nodding to Slytherin to do the same.

They entered the room. Since Rowena had first conjured the room, it had changed drastically.

The room’s carpet was a rich Ravenclaw blue. The lowest third of the room’s walls had been painted gold, while the top half was the same blue as the carpet. The furnishings were elven oak, which had countless magical properties, many of which weren’t known. There was a four-poster bed, bedside tables, a desk, an armchair, and a cupboard. The bed sheets were golden; a pattern of lions, eagles, and phoenixes decorated it in a jacquard weave.

The armchair upholstery appeared to be of the same material, as did the heavy curtains that were draped over the large window. At the foot of the bed there was a trunk, which had a place to stick your thumb for entry. At the moment, the lid was lying on the ground and various toys littered the floor.

It was extremely homely, yet spoke of style, taste, and money.

Helga placed Harry in the bed, and stepped away. Rowena stepped forward, tucking him in. “Goodnight, sweetie,” she said, before kissing him on the forehead, and standing back.

Godric smiled wryly, before Rowena ushered them all out of the room, in order for her ‘precious baby’ to get some sleep.

Then she got out her wand and conjured up a table and chairs. “Godric, you can’t take him to the future anymore. You can see how much it tires him,” she stated simply. “And if he is always tired, he’ll never get a proper education.”

Godric groaned inwardly. “I know. I already agreed to teach him.”

“So did Helga and Sal. So, what do you want to teach him?” she addressed the congregation.

“I’ll teach him Occlumency and Legilimency.” Helga offered kindly.

“Well, I’ll teach him to use Parseltongue magic and politics,” Salazar informed them, almost grudgingly. No one said anything, instead agreed, after all, who was going to teach him Parseltongue otherwise?

“I’ll teach him fencing and jousting.” Godric’s father was a knight, and had taught him these things in hope that he wouldn’t end up like his uncle, Roland Gryffindor, from whom he had inherited his second name. Roland had ignored his studies, and when he went to become a page so that he could become a knight, he was refused because of his legendary stupidity and laziness. Godric had been given lessons every day since he turned three, by his father when he was there, then a housekeeper, until he turned thirteen, and he too became a knight.

“I can teach him Divination and Runes.” Rowena said. As a level two true Seer, she was more than qualified to teach Divination. And as the most learned of the four, she would be appropriate to teach him the more common type of writing for the time.

Godric stroked his chin in thought. “Well, that seems to cover everything that a child should know before beginning school. Apart, of course, from archery, which is more for women, Staff Fighting and Dagger Throwing, which I believe I can teach him after he’s proficient enough in fencing and jousting.”

Rowena frowned at him. “Well, Potions, Herbology, Transfiguration, Care of Magical and Mundane Creatures, Charms, the Dark Arts, Defence Against the Dark Arts, Astronomy, Latin, and History of Magic are all school taught subjects which one only requires a basic understanding of before they begin. Harry will surely learn that much by just being around us, but what about Basic Magical Theory and Duelling and English and Maths, not to mention his other abilities?”

Godric placed a comforting hand on her back. “Hush, dearest. We shall find a solution for this. Surely, we’ll be able to track down someone willing?”

“For BMT and Duelling maybe. But what of the others?”



Godric waved a hand airily. "English and Maths is easy also, we'll just send him to take lessons with Princess Jaylynn, m'dear. I am old friends with Gareth, he'll surely consent to that. He has been complaining of late that he knows no-one whom he can trust who has children Jaylynn's age for her to play with."

"That's all very well, Godric. But what of Metamorphmagus? And the time travelling? Or even wandless magic?"

"Wandless magic?" interrupted Helga, reminding them that they weren't alone.

"When we first saw him, he didn't know who we were, and turned invisible because he was scared of us. He doesn't have a wand." Rowena explained, before turning back to Godric as if she expected him to have all the answers.

"Well?"

Godric was saved by Salazar's interruption.

"Well, we can attempt to teach him, through word of mouth what it should be like, I see no reason not to. We'd only have to find a proper tutor once we began to get into the advanced stages, for we don't have the ability to do so ourselves."

While Godric and Helga were ready enough to agree, Rowena was not. Burying her head in her hands, her voice muffled and desperate, she spoke. "But we can't! For if we are to teach him the wrong way! The consequences would be dire, too dire! I can feel it in my very flesh, Godric!"

Godric spoke with some apprehension. "When you say you feel it in your flesh, are you speaking of your Seer abilities? Or is it merely a woman's instinct?"

Rowena tipped her face to look at them. Thick, pearly tears spilt from her emerald eye. "Both," she whispered, before slamming her lids shut, and refusing to look at any of the others congregated.

They were at a loss as to what to do. None of them knew of anyone who had the ability to teach him. "We'll work it out when we're thinking straight, love. Let's just get to bed now," Godric suggested. Rowena compliantly allowed herself to be steered from her seat after Godric had shooed the others from their quarters.

As it turned out, they worked it out the next day. Once they had collected Harry and woken him sufficiently, they trailed into the hall, Harry bouncing ahead of them, an innocent gleeful smile gracing his childish features. He stopped upon entering the hall, and frowned in confusion. Rowena peered through the door, wondering what it was that had made her son stop so suddenly. A wizened old man in oak coloured robes to match his sparkling eyes was sitting serenely at the table, dipping his large spoon into a bowl of cornflakes and bringing it to his mouth. Finding that there was nothing left in his bowl, the man clicked long thin fingers and a cornflakes packet that Harry had never seen before appeared on the table. Rowena and Godric seemed to stare at the man for the longest time, before Rowena snapped her eyes back to her son, breathing out what appeared to be a sigh of relief upon realising that he was still there. Harry looked up at them expectantly, wondering what he was supposed to do in this situation.

"Merlin Ambrosias! What did I tell you?" Rowena said to the figure, pulling Harry behind her, holding his hand tight. Assuming correctly that his mother did not want Harry to go near the old man, he wriggled free, and went over to Godric.

"Daddy, who's that man?"

"That's Merlin, son, now shush."

"Not to come. Like I care. Now, back to where we were. I can teach him. My sister is a Metamorphmagus, I can use wandless magic, and I can Travel, which is what we dub the time ability sometime in the future." At their questioning glances, he elaborated.

"My mother accidentally left her time turner around once, I ate it. My father was throwing me around in their air and spinning it, though he didn't know. That and the fact that it was faulty. I lived 1000 years in the past until I was 11."

Godric snorted. "I can just imagine you doing something stupid like that. 'Greatest Wizard of All Time Swallows Faulty Time Turner'."

Rowena glared at him, and turned to Merlin. "Name your price now, or leave."

A glint came into his eyes, and he grinned. "I knew you'd hear me out. You always were ever so polite, Rowena Alassë. Alright, alright," he paused for effect, but at their furious gazes, he finished quickly. "You give him an education in this time, and in the future."

"WHAT?" Rowena shouted, her eyes blazing with her fury.

"Calm down. Once he's controlled his time ability, he'll be able to travel through time as easy as blinking, without getting tired. As you know, Metamorphmagi usually discover their abilities when they are fully grown, but when they discover them earlier, they can control the way their body ages. So, every day, he could travel to the future at an appointed time, and when he's finished school for the day, he can just appear at exactly the same time he left," Merlin explained patiently.

"No," said Rowena simply. The other three shared a look. Rowena was extremely stubborn when she wanted to be.

"Look, dearheart, hear me out," Godric told her gently.

"No," she insisted like petulant child.

Godric pretended that he hadn't heard her. "Merlin is right, he wouldn't age anymore than usual, and he would learn so much more. You do know that he's going to have to go to the future sometimes anyway, it would be best if he was accustomed to their ways."

Rowena looked doubtful, but her resolve was beginning to dissolve. "No." Her voice sounded a little less certain.

"Rowena, love, you're smart. Surely, you don't want your son to look dumb?"

"Of course, I don't!"

“Then you’ll let Merlin help him. Look, I know you don’t like Merlin because of what he did to us, I don’t like him either, but do you really want that to ruin our son’s chances?”

Rowena looked as if she were about to regret what she was about to say. “Okay. Merlin can teach him.”

Godric smiled charmingly. “But I want to go with him, when he goes to the future. Or someone to go with him.”

They looked at Merlin. “I’ll go with him. I can be his Uncle Marvin, who’s looking after him because his parents can’t at the moment,” he said after a while.

Rowena looked like she was about to protest, but Merlin stopped her. “Rowena, if he gets lost there, I understand that time better than you do.”

She agreed grudgingly. “You can have him for an hour every morning, noon and night.”

Merlin grinned. “Thank you. Now, can I meet him?”

“Har, come here,” she called, and Godric pushed him toward his mother.

“Hello, Harry.”

## **June: 1005**

Harry’s first lesson with Merlin almost made Merlin wish he hadn’t gotten Rowena to agree to let him teach him.

Firstly, Merlin sat Harry down at the table in front of him. The confused five-year-old looked like he was going to have a heart attack when Merlin took his spider away, and started hissing and clicking furiously.

Merlin had hurriedly replaced the spider when he hadn’t been able to calm Harry.

“Okay, Harry. Today, we are going to learn about our magic, do you understand?”

“Yes, Uncle Merlin.”

“There are five planes of reality. There’s one-dimensional, which is a line. 1-D is nothing, really. I can’t be felt.

Next is two-dimensional. 2-D can’t be felt either, but when you draw a square on a piece of paper, you make something 2-D.

After that is three-dimensional. You are 3-D, because you have length, width, and height. You can feel what is 3-D.

Those are the visible plains of reality. But then there are two more. Time is one of them. Time is sometimes known as the fourth dimension. Everything exists on a wavelength of time, and everything has its place in time.

The last plane of reality is magic. Magic defies all the laws of motion, gravity, time, etc. Anything that acts like it shouldn’t naturally is probably magic.

Now, Harry, all these planes of reality exist together. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Uncle Merlin,” said Harry.

“Great! Now in a moment, I am going to give you a piece of parchment and a quill. I want you to demonstrate the planes for me, do you understand?”

“Yes, Uncle Merlin,” Harry said.

Merlin handed him a sheet of parchment and a pen. Harry looked at the sheet of paper. Thinking Merlin wanted him to draw a picture, because he hadn’t really understood what Merlin was saying at all, and only agreed to make him happy, he started to draw stick figures of Godric, Rowena and himself.

He handed the paper to Merlin.

Merlin groaned. This approach wasn't going to work. "Okay, Harry. Let's try something different."

He closed his eyes, how would you teach him about magic... Suddenly it came to him. "Alright, Harry, I want you to think about the first time you used magic."

Harry nodded. "Now, Harry, where did that magic come from? Try and find the magic in you, now, okay?"

"Yes, Uncle Merlin," Harry closed his eyes, thinking hard. Find the magic, find the magic. He recalled the feeling of using magic, it seemed to come from his stomach, and flowed to the rest of his body.

"Have you found it yet, Harry? Can you see it?" Merlin asked him half an hour later.

"Yes, Uncle Merlin."

Merlin was beginning to wonder if the kid knew how to say anything other than 'Yes, Uncle Merlin.' "Describe it for me," he commanded.

"It's white, and it's all in a ball in my stomach, about as big as a soccer ball. It sounds like Daddy's phoenix."

Merlin chuckled. "Okay, Harry. Now, pinch a tiny bit of that magic, and bring it to your hand. Don't let it go yet, though, Harry."

Harry did as he was told, "It's slippery, Uncle Merlin."

"That's because it wants to get out. Now, send it back to where it came from, and open your eyes."

Harry obliged. "That was magic energy, the only kind of energy than can be manipulated from a distance. Most witches and wizards need wands to manipulate it, because their soccer ball is more the size of a tennis ball, and the wand acts like a magnet, and brings the magic to it, and the incantation makes the wand change what kind of energy it is, understand?"

Harry nodded enthusiastically. "Can I do something with it now, Uncle Merlin?"

"Harry, this time I want you to call the magic without closing your eyes. You mightn't be able to, but try."

Harry's eyes were wide open as he tried to find the magic. "I can't see it anymore, Uncle Merlin."

"I didn't think you would." He handed Harry what looked like a stick. "This is a wand. I want you to hold onto it, and say, '*Wingardium Leviosa*'. Don't worry about what's happening outside, just try and keep your eyes open and concentrate on what the magic feels like when it comes to your hand."

"*Wingardium Leviosa*," Harry said, causing the abandoned parchment on the table to roll over a bit. Harry didn't notice this, because he was concentrating on the feeling. It felt warm and natural, though the wand felt cold as ice in his hand.

"Okay, Harry. Do you want to try again, or do you know the feeling?"

"I know the feeling, but Uncle Merlin, the magnet felt wrong."

"Every wizard's magnet is different. Now, make that feeling of it coming to your hand, and then throw it at the parchment and try to make the magic lift it."

Harry breathed in deeply, and in about twenty minutes later, the parchment was floating above the desk for a moment, before it shuddered and fell back down.

"Well done, Harry. Well, the lesson is finished, I shall see you again tomorrow. Your mother will be waiting for you," he told Harry, before nodding at him, and disappearing, abruptly.

Merlin was right, Rowena was waiting for him.

"What did you do today, Harry?"

“Merlin told me about where magic comes from and what it is. He said it’s the only kind of energy that can be manipulated from a distance. Then, we practice bring the magic to us without a magnet.”

“What’s a magnet?” asked Rowena bewildered. She knew what a magnet was, but she didn’t know that people used them to bring their magic to them.

“Your wand stick. It works like a magnet by drawing your magic energy to it.” Harry told her, unconcernedly.

“That sounds like fun, Harry. Today, I am going to start to teach you about divination.”

“Mummy, do I have to?”

“Yes, you do, dear. I am sorry. Divination is when you use things to tell you what might happen to you in the future.”

“Why don’t they just travel there like me?”

“Not everyone can do that, Harry. Now, there are different types of Divination. Today, I am going to tell you about Seers.”

Harry looked at his mother in a pleading manner. “I am tired!” he said, putting his head on his knees.

Rowena laughed. “Seers, Harry. Seers are people who are tuned into a different wavelength of time. I am sure that Merlin told you about the wavelengths of time?” She remembered that it had been her first lesson. Her eight-year-old brain didn’t quite understand about the time dipping in and out of each other, and how everything was tied in together like knitting. If one stitch came undone, then the whole scarf of time would unravel.

“He said it, but I don’t know what it means.”

“I am sure he will explain it,” she laughed. “Seers live in one time, but sometime time wants to have its friends over and visits other bits of time, and while it stays, it shows the seers what is happening where they come from.”



She tried to make it sound simple, but judging by the bewildered expression of Harry's face, she had failed. She sighed and started again.

After one week of learning what whenever, Rowena set up a timetable for him. On weekdays, he had Merlin first thing in the morning, from seven to eight. Afterwards, he'd have an hour with Rowena, then one with Godric, before having a half hour break. After his break, he had an hour with Salazar and half an hour for lunch. He then had more time with Merlin and an hour with Helga. After that, he was allowed to do whatever he wanted, within reason. On the weekends, Merlin would drop him off at the palace, and he would spend the days playing with Jaylynn and taking lessons with her, which both he and she enjoyed immensely. Jaylynn's parents, King Gareth and Queen Elfeda, both like Harry too, and were pleased that they had been able to find a suitable companion for their daughter.

## **Belonging to Time**

**A five year old Harry stumbles back in time, and meets his parents. But they aren't who anyone thought they were...**

### **A Bout of Firsts**

Harry had his first ever birthday party about a month after his first lesson with Merlin.

Although there were few people in attendance, he was happy. That day, he had woken up with a bored expression on his face, expecting another lesson with Merlin first thing in the morning.

He didn't really mind the lessons; it did get a bit much after a while though. So far he could levitate the feather for as long as he wanted, and control its movements. Merlin had promised that they would start learning other spells soon, after he had noticed Harry levitating his food up to the chandeliers and sticking it there if he didn't like it.

"Good morning, sweetie!" Rowena exclaimed, waltzing into his room. He giggled childishly.

"Why are you so happy?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she defended. "You should be happy too."

Harry's expression looked confused for a moment, before remembering that this was his birthday. Then he looked happy. "Do I get presents?"

"Of course!" said Rowena in a mock scandalized tone "After breakfast."

He looked at her with a puppy dog expression. Neither had noticed Godric coming in behind them, and he decided to make his presence known.

"Come on, Harry, m'boy, 'tis not too difficult to wait until you eat." He grinned.

"Lemme get dressed," said Harry, climbing out of his bed with an amazing speed and pulling on trousers, a shirt, and covering them with a robe. He slipped on some shoes and socks, bending over to tie his laces.

Then he stood up. "Ready!"

Godric laughed, and lifted him up. "You feel bigger today." He joked.

"Must be because you were only five yesterday. Today you're six."

Harry glared at him. "That is impossible. Merlin said that things don't grow at any different rate no matter if it's their birthday or not." He said in a bossy voice.

Godric's face fell. "Harrison Deogol Gryffindor! You apologize to your father, now!" Rowena told him outraged.

"Sorry, daddy" He said, looking at the floor feeling ashamed of himself. "I didn't mean to be mean. I know you were only having fun."

"That's okay, Harry." Godric said softly.

They went down to the hall without further event.

"Daddy, can the house elves make fruit loops?"

Godric looked bewildered. "What are fruit loops?"

Harry looked sad. "I don't think they can. They come from the future, and Merlin said I'm not 'pposed to use my powers without him telling me I can."

"Than why don't you ask Merlin to bring you some fruit loops?" he asked logically.

Harry stood on his tippee toes and Godric leaned down to hear him. "Because Merlin said that fruit loops are disgusting and he doesn't want me eating them," he confided in a conspiratorial whisper.

Godric laughed. "What are you to talking about? Wait, I don't want to know." Rowena said, shaking her head.

Harry eventually ended up having porridge, after much debate on the fruit loops. The moment Merlin had told Rowena what they were made of, Rowena joined his side, though Godric now wanted to try them as well.

After he'd finished licking his bowl so there absolutely nothing left, they gave him his presents.

Helga came forward first, and handed Harry a square parcel.

He looked at it. "Thank you," he said, before losing all of his patience, ripping off the wrapping. What was held inside was an expensive looking cardboard box. He pulled off the lid, and found two mirrors.

"What are they?"

"They're communicator mirrors. You say the name of whoever you want to talk to into the mirror, and if they have the other one of the set, they appear in the mirror. I also had it charmed so that if you want to talk across time, you have to say the date that you want to talk to that person on."

"Thank you, Auntie Helga," he said, and gave her a hug, stretching his short arms around her, though not quite reaching.

She smiled, "That's okay, Harry."

Salazar went next. "I couldn't exactly wrap your present. I don't think she would have been too happy with me." He smirked, before hissing something which only he and Harry understood. A sapphire blue snake slithered in, hissing impatiently.

Hello, Harry hissed at it. I belong to the Gryffindor clan, my name is Harry. Who're you?

I belong to the Maguskin clan, my name is Ritaz. I was told that you are my new master?

Yes. You're magical, then? What magic can you do?

The snake eyed him suspiciously, before answering. My skin is protected against most spells. When I have a Shedding, it loses some of it's power but is still strong. I am also partly immortal,

Right, look, we'll talk later. I have other things to be doing now.

Yes, Master Harry.

Harry turned to Salazar. "Thank you, Uncle Sal," He refrained from hugging him, because Sal was a little less loving toward him. "Ritaz is a nice serpent."

"Glad you like him."

Merlin gave Harry a box, wrapped in modern wrapping. Harry took it hesitantly; he didn't really expect the strict old man to get him anything.

Merlin nodded encouragingly.

With no further ado, he pulled off the wrapping. Harry looked confused. He didn't know what it was.

"What is it?"

"That, my dear boy is a laptop. Dudley had one, but this is a much newer version, and it has one of the most popular computer games on the market with it. The only problem is that I haven't yet found a way to make it work on magic, never mind, you can help me with that."

Harry looked delighted. "Thanks, Uncle Merlin."

"No worries. I believe your parents want to give you their presents," he smiled.

Rowena and Godric had gifted Harry with a complete Quidditch Set. The broom from the future had been allowed, Merlin had told them that it would be easy enough to say it was custom made. He'd also been given a broomstick care set, Quidditch robes, books on Quidditch rules and loopholes, and a set of Quidditch balls.

Harry, needless to say, adored it. "Thank you, Mummy! Thank you, Daddy!" he said, attempting to hug them both, but his little arms didn't stretch that far, so he first hugged Rowena then Godric.

The majority of his day was spent with his new presents. He had played a game of Quidditch against Godric, both playing as all the players. Harry had won, catching the snitch expertly. Godric declared it 'a stroke of luck', but Rowena, Helga, Merlin and Sal were all sure that it was because Harry had surpassed his father's natural talent.

Harry also tested some spells on Ritaz. He had been correct when he said he was spell resistant, Harry had tried and failed to levitate her. She had informed him that she was 3 months old, still a baby. Harry had given the other communicator mirror to Helga, because she had been the one that gave it to him. Soon the day was drawing to a close, but they couldn't forget the birthday cake.

Merlin had retrieved it from the future, assuring them that cakes from the future were much tastier.

Unfortunately, Merlin was a little off in choosing cakes, and although they all agreed that it was the nicest cake they'd ever had, wedding cakes weren't exactly what they'd had in mind for a birthday cake. It had seven layers, each getting progressively smaller and the last being the size of a cupcake with two wedding dolls on the top. The layers were filled with custard and cream, with a cool vanilla ice-cream layer over the top as icing. Sugar flowers festooned the edges, in pink and purple designs.

Upon seeing the cake, they had all laughed at Merlin's eccentricities, yet dug in enthusiastically.

The next day, Merlin's lesson was a little different than the normal wandless magic lesson.

"Okay, Harry. Today we are going to visit my sister, okay?"

"What be her name, Uncle Merlin?"

"Ganieda," he told him, before continuing. "She lives in a different wavelength of time though, Harry. She'll be teaching you to use your Metamorphmagic abilities. We will also use this as traveler practice."

"So, what do we do? What time are we going to?"

"100 years into the future. Now Harry, find your magic again."

"Yes?"

"Okay, draw out a tiny bit, and cover yourself as if you were inside a bubble. Then think of the bubble growing 100 years older, while you grow 1 second older."

Harry did as he was told, and about 10 minutes later, he found himself 100 years into the future.

"Now, Harry. Tell me what the difference between doing it that way, and doing it the other way."

"Well, that time it took a lot longer, but I used less energy."

"Right! Eventually, you'll be able to do it without taking any time; it just takes a while to do it at first. Now, I'll hand you over to my sister."

Merlin's sister turned out to be a lot less strict than her brother, teaching Harry firstly how to control the way his body aged. They stayed there for the whole day, and Merlin went back to tell Rowena and Godric that he'd be a little later, as Harry hadn't quite mastered the age controlling thing.

By the end of the week, he had, though. He was down to about 8 minutes to Travel, which was what they had named the ability.

The holidays passed quickly, and soon school was due to start again. Once all the students were seated, Godric stood up. "In a few moments, the first years are about to be sorted and the feast will be served," he said.

Helga brought in the chair with the hat on it, while the first years filed in. "When I call your name, come forward and place this hat – wait, where's the hat?" Salazar asked, stopping mid sentence.

Rowena suddenly spotted it. "Harry!" she groaned, and pulled the hat off his head. "We need that!"

"But Mummy! I was talking to it!" Harry told her, as she pushed him back into his chair.

"Just be quiet for now, okay?"

Harry pouted, and sat back down. Everyone in the hall had heard their conversation, and people were immediately swapping rumours, or at least, the girls among them were. Harry looked like a miniature version of Gryffindor, but he had called Rowena 'mummy,' meaning he must be their son, but where had he been until now?

Salazar took the hat. "Now that we have the hat, please be quiet for the sorting."

The noise gradually died down.

There was a break up of 5 Gryffindors, 6 Ravenclaws, 4 Hufflepuffs, and 7 Slytherins. The class of that year had been extremely small, with a total of 22 in the year.

Harry didn't have the lessons he'd had on the holidays anymore, only on the weekends, and it was left to Merlin to entertain him.

They went to a different time everyday, learning new things and having lessons with Ganieda, but Harry was admittedly very easily bored.

So one day, after about two days worth of lessons with Merlin which was only technically taking up three hours, Harry did what any child of his age would do, and sought out his mother.

Latching onto her aura, he followed it through many twisting passages, finding the quickest way to where she was. Eventually he



arrived outside a door, which was half opened. He slipped in without making any noise, and snuck up behind his mother.

Or so he tried to.

The students had noticed him, and in turn, his mother had also.

"Harry, shouldn't you be with Merlin?"

"He's a boring old man." He said yawning loudly. "What are you doing?"

"I'm teaching the students divination." She answered.

"Can I help?"

"Alright, just don't touch anything." She told him, smiling wryly.

"Professor Ravenclaw?"

"Yes Miss Piffle?"

"Is that your son? How'd he get here?"

Rowena sighed. "You shouldn't be prying into my private life, but yes, he is my son. He had been in the care of others until recently." She said it in a tone which told the class that it was not a topic open for discussion.

The most exciting thing that happened that week was when Merlin first took him to school in the future.

They'd bought a house in the future as it would be suspicious if they lived no-where, getting the money from Harry's vault. It was a nice, open, modern style house that made Harry feel as though he were baring himself to the world, whereupon Merlin magicked in some secret passages.

He was going to a nice private school called St Hedwig's, where Merlin assured him that no witches or wizards went to.

"Harry, are you ready for school?" Merlin called from the kitchen, packing away a box of Fruit Loops, which he'd been blackmailed into buying.

"Yes, Uncle Marvin"

"Good. Now, don't forget, you're Harry James Potter, not Harrison Deogol Gryffindor"

"Okay, Uncle Marvin. Why's my real name so long?"

"Your mother liked long names, I guess. Don't forget, Harry, while you are in this time, your parents are dead. Their names were Lily and James Potter. Understand? You cannot make any mistakes."

"I understand."

Harry nervously straightened his grey shirt. The uniform was a dull one. Black shoes, knee high socks, dark grey shirts and a light grey shirt with the school emblem on it for the boys, and the only difference for the girls was a pleated skirt.

Harry held a small satchel in his hands, which contained his lunch, the book he was reading, a pen, and a notepad. There was nothing actually on the supplies list, and since Harry had wanted to make sure that he was doing something other than listening to some dumb story about a duck crossing a road, he had brought a few of his own things.

Merlin had acquired a license, though Harry had well placed suspicions that it was an illegal copy with a Muggle repelling charm on it.

They had a small blue Honda, with sheepskin seat covers, which Harry gratefully relaxed into.

The drive to school was about ten minutes, in which time Merlin was pulled up by a policeman on charges of not wearing his seatbelt. Merlin produced his license on request, and the policeman mysteriously decided to leave them alone.

Merlin, of course, wasn't going to go around looking as old as he was, and had used a glamour charm to make his hair brown, but in the same style as Harry's. His eyes were dark as shining obsidians, and he had a short beard. He looked around thirty.

They managed to get to school with no further hassles.

Harry walked into the classroom full of five year olds. He was slightly older than all of them, but Merlin and his mother had insisted that he start at the same level as all of them.

Most of the children were sitting on a mat, listening to a teacher tell a story of some dumb duck crossing a road. Harry looked around, wondering if there was any intelligent life forms in the classroom.

He cast his eyes over to a corner, where a small girl who looked like she was a little too old for that class too, sat reading a book. She had mousy brown hair, which was tied up at the back of her head.

"Hello. My name is Harry Potter." He held out his hand for her to shake it.

"Hello, Harry. My name is Hermione Granger. I'm six years old, I should be in year 1, but mum and dad enrolled me too late." She said, all in one breath.

"I'm six too, my Uncle Marvin was teaching me some stuff at home before, but he wanted me to start at the same level as everyone else."

"Cool. Why do you live with your Uncle?"

"My mum and dad died in a car crash when I was one," he stated, and Hermione went quiet.

"Sorry."

"Don't be. I never knew them, and Uncle Marvin's the best uncle you could ask for."

"That's nice."

"What are you reading?"

Hermione blushed, and held up the cover for Harry to read. It was a short novel which Harry remembered reading before.

"Oh! I've read that. I loved the bit where he went to the amusement park!"

"Oh, yes. I did like that bit. What are you reading?"

Harry had pulled out his book, and settled next to her to read. It was a book, around the same size as Hermione's, titled 'Jill Porters Adventures.

"What's that about?"

"Its lots of short stories about a girl called Jill."

"Sounds interesting."

"It is."

By the end of the day, Harry had made a great new friend.

"Uncle Marvin?"

"Yes, Harry?" they were in the car on the way home.

"Well, you know how people have colors? All the magic people I've met so far have white in their colors, and other different colors for all their other abilities. The most magic ones shine the brightest, they're pretty. Well anyway, my new friend Hermione had white in her color, does that mean she's magic too?"

"Colors? Harry, what do you mean?" Merlin was thoroughly confused.

"You know the ones that are around people. They're different for every person. That's how you tell people apart."

Merlin looked thoughtful, trying to understand. "Auras! Harry, can you see auras?"

"Is that what they're called? Yes then, I can see them. Why, can't you?"

"Harry, I don't know anyone who can see auras. Seeing auras is a very rare gift, only one person every millennia has that gift. It's even rarer than parseltongue! I can't quite remember, but the way the auras look for every person is different. I think that white in your case means magic. Can you remember if the Dursley's have white?"

"Well, I'm not really sure. Most of em were just too boring too look at, and if they did have white, it would have been covered by the black. They all had light Aquamarine in their auras and I wouldn't be able to see the magic. Everyone has different shades of aquamarine, and then they got bits of color in them that mean different things. If they got red, it means that they're hurt, and black means their angry, and pale yellow for sad, but bright yellow swirls mean that they're happy." Harry explained, he would have gone on further if Merlin hadn't stopped him.

"Harry, you say your friend had white in hers?"

"Yes."

"Well that would mean she's a witch. She didn't seem to know who you were though, did she?"

"No."

"Good. She must be a Muggle born," he changed the topic abruptly, seeming pleased with himself. "Harry you are going to have to work extra hard at school."

"Why?"

"Because Harry, when you turn 11, you're going to have to go to modern Hogwarts, and we wouldn't want you educated to only an 11 year old level, would we?"

"No!" Harry agreed vehemently.

Merlin smiled. "But you can't tell Hermione that she's a witch, yet, okay?"

"I won't but I do wish I could."

"Not until she gets her Hogwarts letter."

"Uncle Merlin! That's so long!" he groaned, sighing jadedly

### **Author's Notes:**

#### IS ANYONE READING THIS?

Hey, what's this? A long list of people who have me one author alert, but none of them are reviewing? Come on, people, reviews! It takes about ten seconds! Well, maybe a little longer than that, but it doesn't take that long! So please review.

Other than Hermione, obviously, who do you think Harry should be friends with? Ron? Draco? Blaise Zabini? Neville? Terry Boot? Susan Bones? Come on, please, I need help here! Should Harry have siblings? Yes, no? Just a little help, it's all I ask.

**Competition!** I need a new summary, (this one doesn't seem to attract too many people) but I don't exactly know what to write, so a little help would be nice. The person who writes the best summary gets the next chapter early, and dedicated to them. **PLEASE! ENTRIES NEEDED DESPERATELY!**

And I still need names for the characters, both of past and present. I don't want any surnames like 'Weasley' or 'Malfoy' in the past, it's 1000 years. Pretty bloody long for a name to last if you ask me, of course, it's possible, but we don't want poor Harry being influenced by his perceptions of people and their families, do we?

## **Girl Germs**

**1985: September**

Harry, though he may seem spectacular, was like any normal five year old child, and at times had difficulty adjusting to living this double life.

He went to school again the next morning, looking forward to seeing Hermione, though slightly annoyed that Merlin was being so annoying, not letting him tell her. "Miss," he asked the teacher.

"Yes..."

"Harry," he supplied, and continued with his question. "What are we going to do today? Because, I was bored yesterday." As you can see, he had little discretion.

The teacher looked affronted at this little revelation, but quickly collected herself. "We'll be making pencil pots today." She informed him, glaring at Merlin who was standing behind Harry, grinning lopsidedly. It seemed she had come to the conclusion that Merlin was his father. "You can take it home and give it to your Daddy, won't that be wonderful?"

Harry wrinkled up his nose at her over cheerful voice, and before he knew it, Merlin had butted in. "His father is dead."

The teacher loomed shocked, and tried to get the conversation moving. "How about your Mummy then? She'll love it!"

"His mother is dead, too. I'm his guardian."

"And you are?"

"His father's second cousin, twice removed, also known as Marvin Potter."

The teacher seemed to decide that she'd said enough. "Well, it'll be fun."

Harry didn't seem to believe her, and rudely interrupted her musings. Obviously, she'd thought he'd gone. "But what if it isn't?"

"Then, I don't know! You can't go into year one, at any rate, they started reading a few weeks ago," she told him.

Harry produced his book. (This time it was *'How the Rainbow got its Colours'*.) "I can read," he told her. "I-" he stopped, correcting himself. He was going to say, "I taught myself". *'Must be normal, must be normal.'* "Uncle Mer-Marvin taught me."

The teacher raised her eyebrows. She held out her hand for the book. She flicked through it, before opening to the middle of the book. "Read this," she told him.

Harry shook his head. "I gots to start from the beginning!" he told her, and tugged on the book, freeing it from her hands.

"Once there lived a pretty white piece of ribbon..." he began, reading it out.

Sure enough, that's what the book said. She frowned. "How about you read this for me?"

She took away *'How the Rainbow Got Its Colours'* and handed him a different book.

"Once upon a time, in a nursery rhyme, there were three bears. A mama and a papa and a wee bear," he chanted, not even looking at the pictures. The teacher snatched the book from his essay.

"Fine. Do you want to go see if you can go to Miss Haste's class then?" she asked, resuming her kindly manner.

Harry got a concentrated look on his face. "Can Hermione come too?" he asked finally.

"Hermione?" Harry pointed out a girl that she hadn't noticed the day before. "She can read, too," he informed her innocently. The teacher looked around for someone to turn to, but she saw that Merlin had vanished and the teacher's helper had disappeared off somewhere.



Sighing, she called Hermione over and got her to demonstrate her skills.

Not knowing what to do with either of them, she turned to them both. "Look," she said in her kind, honey-sweet teacher's voice. "I'm going to talk to one of the other teachers tonight, and when I'm done, I will talk to you. Until then, why don't we make pencil pots?"

Dismissing them, she turned to the class. "Good morning, class!" she exclaimed.

"Good morning, Miss Catelli!" they half chanted, half droned back.

Miss Catelli sighed. It was going to be a long day.

As it turned out, the making of 'pencil pots' was merely gluing coloured popsicle sticks to a baked beans tin that had had the sharp bits removed.

By recess, her two 'problem children' were finished their pots and had cleaned up, while the rest of her class was still working out how the glue pots worked, and once that had been done, she'd spent a lot of her time trying to keep the kids from eating the glue. They had glue all over their uniforms. Their parents were not going to be happy about that.

Harry and Hermione decided not to read that morning, and went to play with all the other kids. It was a pity they'd earned themselves a 'nerd' reputation. None of the kids would play with them. They'd gotten in too late. Harry was used to this kind of rejection from the Dursley's, but Hermione wasn't. She sniffled quietly to start with, before it turned into full blown crying. Harry looked around helplessly; he had no clue as to where to start looking for help. He rubbed her back, looking slightly confused. "It's okay, Hermione, it's okay."

A little girl with blonde hair and blue eyes walked up to them. "Hello. I'm Lilly Walters. Can I be your friend?"

Harry breathed out a sigh of relief that he hadn't realised he'd been holding in. "Sure!" he said, and Hermione's sniffles died down.

“Really? You’d be friends with me?” she asked, sounding as though she didn’t believe it.

“Well, I wasn’t here on the first day of school cos I was sick,” Lilly sniffed. Loudly. And then she wiped her nose with her wrist. *(A/N: Sorry, Lilly, I just thought this was appropriate. Nothing about you or anything.)* “And no-one will play with me, ‘cept my sister.”

“Where is she?”

“Louise went to the toilet,” she informed them knowledgably, nodding her head. They talked for a bit more, before another girl emerged. She looked exactly like Lilly, and funnily enough, she seemed to have the same cold. She wiped her nose with her wrist.

“Who’re they, Lilly?” she asked. They assumed it was Louise.

Lilly shrugged. She’d forgotten to ask them their names. “I’m Harry Potter.”

“Hermione Granger.”

Lilly was delighted. “That means we can be L’s and H’s,” she said. Harry looked at her in confusion.

“Mine and Louie’s names start with L and yours and Hermyne’s start with H!”

“Hermione,” Hermione corrected gently. Lilly smiled.

“See!”

Louise looked around before whispering conspiratorially to them. “Do you know what? Mummy bought me and Lilly a huge packet of textas.

At the age that they were, this was a huge thing. “Can I borrow them?” Hermione squealed excitedly. Louise looked like she was about to protest, but Lilly nodded enthusiastically.

“But Louie! You gots to be kinds and *spare*,” she told her twin empathically.

“Don’t you mean *share*?” Louise retorted.

Lilly waved her hands. “Whatever,” she told her carbon copy. “It’s all the same. And besides, *Mummy said!*”

“Did she?” Louise sounded genuinely confused.

“Yes,” Lilly sounded like she was talking to a dunderhead. “You dunderhead!” she added for emphasis.

Hermione giggled watching them. Louise looked mortified that she had been about to go against her mother. “Alright, then,” she said, and it was just as well that the classroom was locked, or she might have gone in there and gotten it to give to them right that instant. Instead, she looked mournfully at the door, before being distracted. “Let’s make silk!” she squealed, and ran into the sandpit at top speed, and started to twist her hands in the dirt. “Come on! It’s fun!” Hermione got up first, and then Harry joined her, and lastly, Lilly came.

“What do we do?” asked Harry. Hermione, Lilly, and Louise all looked at him like he was mad.

“Don’t you know how to make silk?” asked Hermione.

Harry flushed a bright red. Yet another thing the Dursley’s had made sure he’d missed out on.

Hermione never waited for an answer. “Well, it’s when you make the sand all smooth, you see. You get wet sand, right, and you mix it in with the dry sand, and then it’s all soft. Like silk.”

When they went back into the class, Harry and Hermione looked absolutely everywhere for Lilly and Louise, but they couldn’t for the life of them find them. “Miss Catelli?”

Miss Catelli turned to the voice, and seeing who it was, groaned internally, while putting on her ‘happy’ face. “How may I help you?”

“Well, we were wondering if you know where Lilly and Louise Walters are?” He phrased it to sound like a question.

Miss Catelli just looked at them. "Go sit on the mat." she told them, before moving into the side room and calling to the teachers assistant. "Miss Lambert, can you please look after the class for a moment?" she didn't wait for an answer, and moved as fast as she could to the staffroom. She needed a coffee.Badly.

In the meantime, Harry and Hermione were sitting on the floor in bewilderment. "Did I emagen it?" Hermione asked Harry, who was as bemused as she was.

"I don't *think* so." Unfortunately, Harry hadn't been able to look at their Auras to see if they had been real, (conjunctions and imaginations gave off purple Auras instead of aquamarine. He knew this because of his many imaginary friends that had lived in his cupboard.), as Merlin had given him a potion to block his Aura seeing ability until they could find someone else who could read auras and learn to control it. He said that it was 'an invasion on people's privacy.' He looked at Hermione again, and smiled at her. "Well, maybe they was just our emagenation," he said, not looking at Hermione.

Hermione sniffled again, and eventually fell asleep. Harry yawned widely and followed her into her slumber.

### **September: 1005**

When Harry recounted the events of the day to his Mother and Father, they suggested to him that maybe Lilly and Louise were in another class. Harry couldn't believe how stupid he'd been, not thinking of something like that. Merlin explained that Harry would be able to go up with Hermione, because he had reconsidered. Rowena asked if it was a rare thing. Merlin nodded, "Yes, but I used a persuasion charm. It should be fine."

### **September: 1985**

He suggested that Lilly and Louise were in another class to Hermione next time he saw her, at the same time as she suggested it to him. They both laughed, and walked into Miss Catelli's class. They sat down, ready to do something boring for the rest of the day, but Miss Catelli called them both up. "Harry, Hermione, I have a test for you. You aren't allowed to talk while you do it, and you're not allowed to

pass notes, and you are to complete as much as you can.” They both nodded, and she led them over to the quiet corner. “You have one hour to complete the reading and mathematics. At the end of that time, I will collect your work.”

Harry scrawled his name on top of the sheet of paper, and he heard Hermione’s pen scratching on his right. He looked down at the sheet of paper. “What is  $3+1$ ?” he mumbled, before picking up his pencil again and scratching a small, neat four in the space for the question. There was a whole page of addition, and then subtraction, then half a page of division and multiplication each. He and Hermione worked their way through the maths for about half an hour, before turning to the reading section of the paper. At the top, in large writing was the sentence: “Petunia sat on a mouldy green log in the middle of the forest.” Then it instructed that they write the sentence out, and then answer some questions about what had happened, such as what was the person’s name, where was she, what was she sitting on, as part of a comprehension test.

He then turned to the next page, where, in smaller writing, was a small paragraph. “According to the *London Times*, the census in 1981 shows that the average household in England has five occupants; a mother, a father, and usually two male children and one female child.”

Then was a series of questions. “What do you think ‘census’ means?” Harry bit his lip. ‘Pole.’ He scribbled in carefully. “How many males are there in each household on average?” ‘Father, two male children, three!’ he thought, and pencilled in his answer with a careful hand. As he went on, the questions got progressively harder. By the end of it, there were a few that he hadn’t been able to answer fully, but the teacher came and collected his paper before he had a chance to fix it up.

Miss Catelli told the rest of the class to continue decorating their pencil pots, while she marked Harry and Hermione’s tests.

She hadn’t finished by the time it was recess, so she told them that she’d give them their results when breaks had finished. Harry and Hermione walked out of the classroom together, and went to search

for Lilly and Louise. When she spotted them Hermione ran the distance to them. "Lilly! Louise! Guess what?"

"What?" they both answered in unison.

"Me and Harry took a test to see if we can go up a year!"

"That means you'll be in our class!" they both exclaimed, and joined hands with Hermione, doing a strange jumping dance. Harry felt slightly left out, as none of them were dancing with him, but it didn't bother him, because, once again, he had gotten enough of it at the Dursleys to know that it didn't really matter. Watching them, he realised that he didn't have any male friends. He was puzzled for a good while about what to do about this, but still joined in with his female friends in their games. Today they played tag, and, thanks to the Dursleys, for once, he was actually good at it. All those years of running from Dudley had finally paid off. No-one could catch him, for most of the part, but they did get him near the end as he was tiring, though their sugar was just setting in, sending them hyper. Eventually, the bell rang for them to go back in, just as Harry had caught Hermione, too.

They went back in, all four of them as tired as from running around making fools of themselves, into their classrooms. Once they had gotten into the classroom, Miss Catelli approached them. "Both of you are smart enough to go into year two, but we think that it's best if you go to year one for a little bit at first, okay?" she asked them

They both nodded eagerly. "Well, you'll be starting in year one next week, because your parents need time to get the books for you, among other things, is that okay? You will, however, be expected to stay for the whole day like the first graders, instead of the half day like the preps. The second half of the day will be spent in the year one classroom, acquainting yourself with your peers."

Harry and Hermione nodded, and went back to their desks. When their parents came to pick them up, they told them the 'good news'. Merlin and the Grangers were delighted, but when they were out of earshot, Merlin explained to Harry that it would be best if Hermione didn't skip the grades with him. Harry frowned. "I don't understand, Uncle Merlin, why not?"

“Because,” Merlin told him in reply, in his opinion, closing the matter.

“But why?”

“Just, because! Okay! Because!” Obviously, Merlin didn’t want to answer Harry.

Harry closed his mouth, and looked at his feet.

### **September: 1005**

Later that day, he asked his mother a question which he had been meaning to ask for a little while. “Mummy?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“What happens to my birthday? Because if I spend too long in one time, I might lose my birthday!”

Rowena laughed, and kneeled down to him. “Harry, darling, you can’t ‘lose’ your birthday. Your birthday just marks one revolution of the earth around the sun. If you really wanted, you could count out 365 days, and have your birthday every time you get to 365, but you understand that people would get confused if your birthday kept moving, wouldn’t they? So we also celebrate your birthday on the 31st July so that people *don’t* get confused. And we can just have a small party when it really is your birthday. It should be around the same time anyway, because, effectively, you are having two years instead of one.”

Harry processed the information for a while, before nodding and asking, “What if I lose count?”

“Well, why don’t you keep a diary?”

“But what if someone reads it?” Rowena didn’t have an answer for that, so she just replied. “I’ll have a think about that one, okay? And until I’m done thinking, you can just write down the day since your birthday.”

Harry nodded. “So what were you saying about divination again?”

## September: 1985

Harry and Hermione had been staying for the whole day for a few weeks, and Harry sat in between Lilly and another boy, Greg Harwood. He and Greg got on quite well, though he was better moulded to Lilly.

"Harry?" Lilly asked him.

"Yeah, Lils?"

"Why come your Mummy and Daddy never pick you up? Because it's always your Uncle Marvin, and I would get angry if my Mummy and Daddy never picked me up from school"

Harry thought for a moment. "Well, when I was this big, my Mummy and Daddy got in a car accident." He stretched his arms in an estimate of how big a baby was.

"And there was a big light 'Kaboom!' and lots of fire, and Mummy and Daddy never came back since because they're dead. So, I went to live with my Uncle Marvin, and that's where I've been ever since!" he explained.

"What's dead?" Harry shrugged. He had a vague understanding of death, though it was hardly comprehended.

"I think it means that they won't come back again. It makes people cry, Aunt Ganieda is always crying. She was my Mummy's sister. But I've never seen Uncle Marvin cry." He shook his head for emphasis.

Greg tugged on his right sleeve. "Harry," he said, sounding exasperated. "How many times have I told you? If you keep talking to them, you might get *girl germs*."

Harry smiled lightly and shook his head. "And how many times have I told you? Girl germs aren't real. Mu-Uncle Marvin said."

"But they are real. And, if you get them, you might turn into a girl." He explained.



Harry shook his head. "Girl germs aren't real!"

"Yes, they are!" it was an ongoing argument between them, though so far, it was strictly friendly, thankfully.

## **Chapter Six**

### **Older Harry**

**July: 1991**

Harry Potter (Harrison Gryffindor) was living a double life, and had been doing so for about five years now. He was, at the present moment, spending his day in the future. They had worked it out that if he stayed for exactly twenty four hours whilst controlling his aging, which conveniently meant he couldn't get sunburnt, then exactly twenty four hours in 1011, he would age at a convincing rate. He rather liked it, though he occasionally would swap it around so that he didn't get too bored. At first, he had been extremely confused as to how it worked, but he got used to it very quickly.

He was currently lying on his bed, with his arms behind his head, reminiscing about the past five years, which had technically been ten for him.

With the help of Merlin's persuasion charm, which had been made slightly stronger as the year passed, and Harry stopping time on the sly when they were studying, he had been able to continue skipping years with Hermione in tow. They'd completed their last year of University last year, with Harry training as a psychologist and Hermione following in her parents footsteps as a dentist. She reasoned that this way she'd be able to get work easier, working for her parents.

Harry soon learned that she was right.

He had struggled for two months before getting a job, mainly because of his young age. Eventually, he set up his own practice with some galleons that he had exchanged, and soon earned himself quite the reputation, as a specialist in child psychology. His practice (Potter People's Psychology) was near the Granger's dental clinic, and St Hedwig's, so he and Hermione would drop in on their friends from time to time and join them for lunch.

Lilly, Louise and Greg still remained close friends with the duo, though over the years they had acquired some other friends to add to

their group. There was Sandy, an American by birth who had been living in England her whole life. Pan, a deaf girl who enjoyed cooking and had taught them sign language, Chris and Trent, another pair of twins who tended to eat more than the average family together, and Dean, a boy with olive skin and brown hair and a love of TV commercials.

Harry was sorry that he would be leaving them behind to go to Hogwarts, but he knew that as Muggles, they couldn't come too. And the likelihood that they weren't Muggles was very low. He supposed that he could check their Auras, if Merlin would ever give him the antidote to the Aura blocking potion, but that hadn't happened yet.

He was drawn from his thoughts by a tapping on the window. It was an owl. He and Merlin didn't use owls, because they'd recreated communicator mirrors, and now there were six in the set, so they could talk at any time, thus he knew it wasn't from Merlin.

He flapped his hand lazily at the window, and the owl flew in. It sat on his desk. "Sorry," he said to it, before flicking his hand again, and a packet of owl treats and water appeared next to the owl.

It hooted its thanks. Harry got up, sighing. Pulling the letter from its leg, he noticed that it was his Hogwarts letter. He felt elated suddenly. Finally, he wouldn't have to lie to Hermione any longer. It was hard, lying to your best friend, but Harry had become efficient in that art, as well as many others that could be seen as shameful. He sometimes resented that his parents had ever agreed to it, but he knew it was for the best.

Hermione was about to get her letter, he knew, or she probably already had it. He wanted to make sure she didn't throw it out, though. He knew he would if he'd never heard of magic before. With not even the time that it took to blink, he was five minutes in the past, outside Hermione's house.

He rang the doorbell. "Hello Mrs Granger. Is 'Mione there?"

Mrs Granger laughed lightly. "Yes, examining her dentistry books again. She even said to me the other day that she'd like to take a course to become a doctor. Would you talk to her for me please? I'm

sure she'd like it, but I do think she should wait for a few more years. She'd listen to you.."

"Okay, will do, thanks Mrs Granger." Harry jogged up the stairs.

"Mione!" he called, knocking on her door.

There was a thump. "Harry!" her voice came and the door sprang open.

"What are you doing here?"

Harry smirked. "Why, I think I have startled the fair maiden! I am here on a brave mission to slay the beast that is playing with the maiden's mind!"

"Harry!" she warned. "Don't you dare go all old fashioned on me!"

He hung his head in mock shame. "Sorry, anyway, I just came here coz I was bored."

"What! Bored! How could you possibly be bored! There are so many interesting things to study! And the practice, Psychology is so interesting, and-"

He cut in before she could finish. "Believe me, Mione; I have more than enough time to do all that stuff."

"Alright," she agreed grudgingly. "So what do you want to talk about?"

"Hold on, about five seconds left – ah, there it is," there was an owl tapping on the window. Harry walked over, and opened the window.

He pulled the letter off its leg, and bade it farewell. "This, my fair maiden, is yours," he said, handing it to her.

She felt the heavy parchment between her fingers, and looked at Harry suspiciously. "Do not let my presence hinder you," he smiled at her, and she shrugged. She grabbed a letter opener from her desk, and ripped it open.

*"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry"*

*Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore*

*(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)*

*Dear Miss. Granger,*

*We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.*

*Term begins on 1st of September. We await your owl by no later than 31st July.*

*Yours Sincerely,*

*Minerva McGonagall*

*Deputy Headmistress."*

"Harry, is this some kind of a joke? If it is, it's not very funny."

"Mione, it's not. I got one too, and before you ask, I'm not being stupid by believing in it, I have known of the magic world since I was five."

"Prove it, prove that magic exists, it *can't* exist."

Harry looked at her, and sighed. "It does, look, I'll show you some if you *promise* to never tell another living soul, because I shouldn't be able to do this without a wand."

"I promise."

Harry waved his arm, and the window slammed shut. Knowing that she probably didn't believe him, he levitated a pen over to him, and transfigured it into a cat.

Hermione gaped at him for a few seconds before the inevitable happened.

“YOU KNEW! You knew and you didn’t tell me! Harry, I *TRUSTED* YOU, BUT YOU *LIED* TO ME! I would have thought that being best friends for five years meant something to you, Harry!” she exploded, flying off the handle.

“Mione, I wanted to tell you, I wasn’t allowed, I swear, I would’ve if I could’ve!”

“WOULD’VE, COULD’VE, SHOULD’VE! DON’T GIVE ME THAT RUBBISH THAT YOU WEREN’T ALLOWED, WHO WAS STOPPING YOU?”

“Merlin,” he stated simply, and Hermione shut up for a few seconds.

“Isn’t Merlin dead?” she asked.

“No, not really. He’s a traveller, don’t tell anyone, but Uncle Marvin is Merlin.”

“Uncle Marvin? Harry, what?” Hermione looked completely and utterly bewildered

“When I was five Merlin took me in, and started to teach me magic. Look, Mione, heaps of other stuff happened, but I swear, I’m not allowed to tell you yet, but I can tell you when the situation calls for Hogwarts.”

“What if the situation never calls for it? Why would Merlin take you in?”

Harry dodged the first question. “I’d rather not talk about it. Let’s just say that I wasn’t allowed to tell you how my parents died either, they were murdered.”

Hermione’s eyes bulged out of her head, and suddenly everything fell into place. “So that’s why you were so determined to finish school before you were eleven, and you made sure I did too,” she said, realisation showing on her face.

Harry nodded. “Sorry,” he said, hanging his head. “I should have told you, no matter what Uncle Merlin said,”

“Forget it Harry, it doesn’t matter. I’m glad you made sure I completed school first though, I would have been even angrier than I am already.”

He smiled wryly. “I did it for a reason, Mione, and I’m glad I did,”

“What about Lilly, Louise and Greg?”

Harry shifted uncomfortably and pulled at his earlobe nervously. “I don’t think that they’ll be coming.”

“Well, best be telling your parents.” He said suddenly, steering them away from the uncomfortable topic.

“They won’t believe it.”

“Yes they will trust me, Mione, I’ve got one they can’t not believe.”

They went down the stairs, Hermione’s letter in hand, and emerged into the lounge room. Mr and Mrs Granger were watching the television.

“Mum, Dad,” Hermione said nervously.

“Yes, honey? What was the arguing about before, we could hear you down here.”

“Well, I think you’d better read this letter.”

Mr Granger held out his hand, and proceeded to do so, aloud. “Mione, this is just a stupid prank that someone is playing on you.”

“Actually, Mr Granger, it’s not. I got one too. I’ve been expecting it for the last five years.”

“What? But magic doesn’t exist,” Mrs Granger was thoroughly confused.

“If it doesn’t exist, how do you explain this?” Harry asked rhetorically, before using his metamorphmagus abilities to turn into Mr Granger.

“Hypnotism.” Mrs Granger replied readily.

“When did I hypnotise you?” he asked, turning back into Harry.  
“Mione, give me that cat.”

Hermione handed him the cat, and he turned it back into a pen, this time retrieving his wand.

The Grangers seemed to accept it after several more demonstrations and a light persuasion charm on Harry’s part. “So what does it mean, they await her owl?”

“Uh, yeah, about that...” Harry waved his wand at the pen, and it transformed into a quill, and with a wave at two sheets of paper, they turned into two sheets of parchment. He scribbled two notes.

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

I, Harry Potter, accept my place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Sincerely, Harry Potter.

Hermione’s read almost exactly the same, but with Hermione’s name and a note that she would not need their assistance to get to Diagon Alley. He signed the note by him, and held out the note from Hermione.

“Just sign this,” he told the Grangers, and they proceeded to do so.

“Pen?” Hermione handed him one, and he waved his wand at it, turning it into an owl, which was blue.

He tied the notes to its leg. “I think that it’ll get there before it turns back into a pen,” he said, throwing it out of the window. “Not the best transfiguration I’ve ever seen, but it shall doubtless suffice.”

They three Grangers were still in slight shock, but Hermione was the first one to regain her voice.

“Where do we get the stuff? And when will we go?”



“Diagon Alley. Only accessible to witches of wizards, of those in the company of the afore mentioned.”

## **July: 1011**

When Harry went back to the past that day, he felt like a burden had been lifted off his shoulders.

“Hello, Father, Mother,” he greeted.

“Hello Harry. So, what did you do in the future?” Godric asked.

“Well, our Hogwarts letters finally came, so I could tell Hermione that she was a witch, and no, I didn’t tell her who I am, though I do plan to at Christmas, with you blessings, of course.”

“That should be fine, she has proved trustworthy, after all. What was her reaction?”

“She was rather angry with me, I shall say. I do believe her words were something along the vein of her trusting me and me lying to her, she calmed down after a while though. Say, I cannot begin to imagine what the headmaster will do when he gets my blue owl, and it turns back into a pen.”

Godric looked amused as well, but Rowena always had had a slightly different sense of humour. “Harrison Deogol Gryffindor! By Morganna’s Goblet, why would you do something of that nature, they already are suspicious of where you are, let alone who!”

“I just thought that they needed a good laugh. If anyone happens to be there whilst the event takes place, and looks at the expression on that old man’s face, I feel assured that they shall indulge in their mirth,” he replied swiftly, smirking at the mere image.

The next day Harry, Godric and Harry’s twin siblings Cecil and Róisín went to Diagon Alley to get Harry’s school things, even though most of the equipment was already at school, and he had copies of most of the books up to third year material. They had a few new teachers that year, and they wanted to get Harry new books anyway, second hand ones always had writing and other stuff on them, besides, they were

the richest family in England, including the King, so they could definitely spare a few sickles.

Rowena had stayed home, as Godric had said that it might not be good for the baby if she was walking around too much. She was five months pregnant with her fourth child, and everyone was being extremely delicate around her. She, of course, was irritated by this behaviour, but allowed it to continue nonetheless.

Harry's only thought upon entering the familiar streets of Diagon Alley was that it would be good if he were to get himself an ice cream, and that it would be even better if people didn't feel the overwhelming need stare at either him, Godric, or Cecil and Róisín. No such luck. People seemed to have an unhealthy obsession with those with money, and there was very little anyone could do about it. At least he wasn't with Gills, people tend to stare even more at royalty.

First they went to Gringotts, and got out three sickles and seven knuts. That would be more than enough to get what he needed.

The next stop was Clara Chesnee's Colourful Clothes, to get Harry some new robes, as the old ones were beginning to fade in the slightest.

"Hello, Sir Godric, Sir Harrison, back again," the cheerful voice of Clara Chesnee came, greeting Harry warmly. Then she noticed Cecil and Róisín. She sat them down and gave them each a lolly while she talked to Harry.

"That I am. I need a set of Hogwarts Robes, and two dress robes. I'd like the dress robes in an emerald green, like my eyes, and one in a Ravenclaw Blue, and Gold." He instructed formally, and Clara set to work immediately.

While she was measuring, she started up a conversation which consisted of her talking and batting her eyelids. "So, Sir Harrison, what house do you think you be in, be Gryffindor or be Ravenclaw?"

"I am not entirely sure, lady," was his harsh reply. If there was anything he hated, it was women who were married and twice his age trying to flirt with him.

“Of course,” she smiled, blushing furiously, getting the message. Ten minutes later he walked out of the shop, the new robes neatly folded in a satchel, with Cecil in his tow as Róisín had gone with Godric.

Next he went to Hencoop’s Handbooks, which didn’t really contain many reading books. They were mostly illustrated as most couldn’t read, though among the books that were reading he got

Jinxing Jerks, by Jeremiah de James and How to Slay Beasts with One Curse, Trolls, Dragons and much more, by Roland Gryffindor. Although it was a poor book, he was interested in seeing what his Great Uncle had to say, and even more interested in how Roland knew how to read and write.

He paid a total of 12 Knuts, before packing the books into his satchel, and leaving the store.

His favourite shop in the whole alley was where he went next.

Simply named, ‘Everything’, it was titled most appropriately. They sold trunks, quills, ink, parchment, potions ingredients, invisibility cloaks, bottled charms, and other odd assortments of things.

Harry had come in there today, however, to get a trunk, quills, ink, and parchment, and potions equipment.

“Good afternoon, Sir David,” Harry greeted warmly, walking up to the mahogany counter, drumming his fingers as he looked around for an appropriate quill while upholding the conversation. “Looking after the shop for your wife, then?”

“Yes. She is in childbirth at the moment, but she insisted that I keep the shop open, it was the least I could do, Sir Harrison.”

“Please, it is Harry to you, how many times will I have to tell you before the message sinks into that brain of yours?”

“1 000,” Sir David replied with a cheeky grin. Harry ignored him.

“I hope your wife pulls through well. Is there a healer there with her?”

“Well, not officially, but I managed to get Lady Dana to oversee it.”

“Good on you. Anyway, I came to get some things, not just for a chat.”

“So, what can I do you for?”

“I need a trunk, which can shrink on command. It’ll be great if you could get me one with about six compartments.”

“I can do that.”

“Great. I’ll just gather the other things I need.”

Harry walked around the shop, gathering parchment and a phoenix feather quill, a bottle of ink that changed colour according to the mood of the person who was writing, and a basic potions set.

He brought them all up to the counter. “That’s a great lot of things you have there, Sir Harrison.”

“It’s Harry.”

“Right, okay that comes to... 1 sickle!”

Harry handed over the money, and left the shop swiftly, Cecil still sucking his lolly, not having said a word the whole time.

*Revised: January 2006.*

*Note on revision: People who read the early version of this will have noticed that I’ve changed the names of two of Harry’s friends namely Trent and Dean. This is because my oldest brother Matthew’s friend Trent (17) committed suicide and my youngest brother’s friend Dean (12) died of unknown circumstances since I wrote the original version.*

## **Chapter Seven**

### **Shopping Harry**

**August: 1991**

By Sunday, three days later, Hermione had managed to work up an excitement to rival that of a Quidditch fan at the World Cup. Mr and Mrs Granger told Harry that they were glad they were going to get it over and done with, because Hermione had been gushing endlessly at work when the patients couldn't see or hear. Harry smiled knowingly and offered to give Hermione a free session as a gift, at which point Mr and Mrs Granger, Em, and Liz all burst out in laughter. Hermione frowned crossly at Harry, throwing herself into the car and crossing her arms over her chest. Harry was also rather excited. He hadn't had a chance to check if all his favourite shops were still standing, and he wanted to look in Quality Quidditch Supplies. Because he and Hermione and Mr and Mrs Granger all worked a six day week, they couldn't have gone earlier, as they really needed the whole day. Em and Liz were just about as excited. "Will we be witches too Harry?" they begged imploringly. Harry gave an exaggerated shrug of his shoulders and grinned at them lopsidedly, distracting them by pulling coins and notes from midair and handing them to them.

Navigating their way through the swarms of clouds, Harry brought them through London and eventually came to a halt in front of a small and dirty pub. Hermione turned to Harry with an expression of utmost delight on her face, as Harry had explained it to her before. "Here we are," he announced. Em and Liz screwed up their noses, looking at the dusty windows and rusted tin roof with disdain. Mr and Mrs Granger looked at him as though he was crazy, as, being Muggles, all they saw was a waste production plant and were inclined to look away. It was a modified version of the Fidelius Charm, Harry knew, and those who had knowledge of the wizarding world and the magic in their blood could see it. Others had to have it pointed out to them.

Harry calmly explained this to the amazed Grangers, who could see it the moment Harry had told them what it was. Harry gestured for them

to follow him, and stepped inside the pub. He breathed in the scent of the pub, and had a sudden urge for a butterbeer.

"I'm going to have a Butterbeer. Would you like one?" he asked the Grangers.

"What's that?" Mr Granger asked curiously.

"It's a sweet drink. It does have a tiny bit of alcohol in it, I admit, but only the slightest touch. You can hardly taste it."

"That sounds nice," he said. Harry turned to Hermione, who nodded.

Then he looked at Mrs Granger enquiringly. "No thanks, Harry. I'll be fine."

"Okay. Do you want anything else then?"

She shook her head. "Are Em and Liz allowed one?"

Mrs Granger nodded, and Em nodded happily while Liz threw herself on Harry's leg. "Thankyou, thankyou, thankyou!"

Harry laughed, and pulled her up onto the bar stool, then threw his hand into the air. "I'll have five butterbeers, please."

"Certainly, sir." The barman replied, and went over to get them. Three minutes later he returned with five overflowing glasses.

"That comes to 9 sickles."

Harry rummaged around in his pocket for a moment, before producing a large gold coin. The man returned it with 8 silver coins. Mr Granger was eager, and questioned Harry fanatically about the Wizarding World and their customs. Harry answered as truthfully as he could, except for when Mr Granger asked who the most popular celebrities in the wizarding world were.

At that point in time, the barman butted in, polishing a glass while he spoke, obviously deeming himself expert and misinterpreting Harry's hesitation as ignorance.

"Well," he started. "We got the less famous people like Cornelius Fudge and Gilderoy Lockhart, and Sebastian Dallas. Fudge is the Minister for Magic, and Lockhart writes books about his many adventures. Dallas is a politician. Then we got our famous historical people like the Hogwarts founders, and Merlin. We also got people on the Chocolate Frog cards, there's one of Merlin, and there's Albus Dumbledore, he's the headmaster o' Hogwarts, Morganna, Circe, n' Paracelus are all on cards too. There's plenty more, s'well."

He paused for a moment to hand someone a drink and pick up another glass. "But they ain't the most famous. No, no, the most famous are the Traveller, You-Know-Who and,"

"I'm sorry, I don't know who," interrupted Mr Granger.

"Voldemort," Harry whispered to him, downing the rest of his drink. "We'd better go now," he said in hurriedly, jumping off his stool and grabbing Hermione and Liz in order to hurry them out. Mr Granger put his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"No, hold on. The good man's about to tell me who the other famous person is."

Harry looked around nervously, as if searching for a way to escape without letting them know that he was the Traveller too. "And Harry Potter," finished the barman, setting down his glass.

All five Grangers turned to Harry. "Harry *Potter*?" asked Hermione incredulously.

"Sorry?" he offered, running a hand through his hair, exposing his lightning bolt scar to the barman.

"Bless my soul," he whispered. "I've been talking to Harry Potter all along and I didn't know it."

The bar had fallen completely silent. For a few seconds there was no noise, then there was a scraping of chairs as people scrambled to get up to see Harry. Harry flushed a bright red, and muttered something about getting out of there while it was still possible. Pushing Em and Liz out the back door, he shook the proffered hands

as he himself squeezed out of the door. Hermione and Mr and Mrs Granger followed quickly.

They emerged into a courtyard like area, where no-one else was. The three Grangers were looking around warily as if someone was about to pop out of the ground and attack them, while they were distracted, Harry opened the gateway to Diagon Alley.

While still very familiar to Harry, he was disappointed to realise that many of his favourite shops had disappeared over the thousand odd years, including Everything. He was, however, pleased to note that Hencoops Handbooks was still around, and upon further inspection, Clara Chesnee's was as well.

The Grangers were still looking at Harry for an explanation on why he was famous, not that they knew he was two of the three most famous people, so he began his story, giving them the extremely short version.

"Well, you know Voldemort? He was a wizard who went bad. He killed a lot of people, including my parents. But the thing was, he tried to kill me as well, that same night. Instead, the curse didn't kill me, and rebounded it onto its creator, and defeated him. That's why I'm famous, 'cos my parents died and I didn't."

"Harry, that's awful!" Mrs Granger and Hermione said simultaneously.

Harry resisted the urge to roll his eye, and shifted uncomfortably. "Er... yea. Let's go to Gringotts, shall we?"

They made their way to the building, Mr Granger enquiring fanatically about the goblins along the way.

Harry encountered a slight problem. If he, as Harry Potter, went to the Travellers vault, people would realise that he was the Traveller, if they hadn't already.

He bit the inside of his cheek for a moment, before coming up with an idea. Using his wandless magic, he used an adapted '*accio*'. A cold gold key appeared in his hand, and he went up to the counter, and



placed it on the counter. "I'd like to withdraw some money from my vault, please," he said.

"Griphook!" a goblin came out. "Escort Mr Potter and his guests down to his vault."

The journey was swift, and upon arriving at Harry's vault, the goblin exited the cart.

"Lamp, please."

Mr Granger was pleased to comply, and handed Griphook the old oil lamp.

"Key please," Harry handed Griphook the key, and he inserted it into the lock.

Green smoke came billowing out of the vault, and Harry peered inside to the gold.

Though Harry had amassed more than a million galleons in his time, which was equivalent to 10 billion or something in this time, he was still quite impressed by the wealth that lay inside the vault. He estimated that there were ten thousand galleons, give or take a few thousand. Quickly, not wanting to flaunt his wealth, he filled up a bottomless bag, well, not exactly filled, but nevertheless it became quite heavy.

They left the vault not long afterwards, and the Grangers exchanged some money.

Their first stop was Ollivanders, to get wands. They entered the dusty shop, and a chime tingled. After about two minutes, a man appeared out of seemingly nowhere, which would phase most muggles, however, the Grangers were merely interested as to how they did it.

Mr Ollivander began measuring up Hermione, and turned to Harry. "Ah...Harry Potter. I have been expecting you, ever since your... unfortunate...disappearance.

Harry raised his eyebrows, and leaned over, whispering in his ear. "I already have one of your creations, Mr Ollivander. Perhaps there is somewhere more private we can talk?"

Mr Ollivander was a very inquisitive type of person, which was one of the qualities that made him such a great wand maker, he was not afraid to try unusual combinations, and he lived to know what kind of wand people had. Added to the fact that he had photographic memory when it came to wands and their owners, he was sure that Harry had never come to him, thus intriguing him further.

"Come this way, Mr Potter," he said loudly, putting several wands on the bench for Hermione to try. "You'll know which one is right, but I won't be long." He said, leading Harry out to his workshop. He drew up a chair, literally, for Harry, and sat on his own spindly one. "May I see your wand, Mister Potter?"

Harry handed it over, and said. "You may. What I am about to say is very private, and I can't have anyone overhearing. Please place some anti-spying wards up, Mr Ollivander."

Mr Ollivander got out his own wand, waving it whilst muttering some things, then, he turned back to Harry. "Please continue, Mr Potter,"

"That," Harry told him, "Is precisely the problem. If you look at my wand closely, you'll notice that I am not Harry Potter. In fact, Harry Potter doesn't exist, except on paper."

Mr Ollivander frowned, and looked at the wand. The first thing he noticed was the wood. The tree that it had been made from was extinct by 500 years. Most people would not notice this, as it bore a great likeness to Oak, but Parcelus Oak was actually very magical, and had very different properties to Oak. The only reason Mr Ollivander himself recognised it was because he worked with wood so often, and had learnt to distinguish between the slightest difference in woods. He could tell if wood came from the same tree as another piece, he was that skilled.

His eyes widened at the implications. "How did you get a wand like that?"

“Well,” Harry explained. “It was quite simple. Father took me to Ollivanders one fine day about 1000 years ago, and Maximilian Ollivander sold me this wand as it was right for me.”

Ollivanders head spun. “What are you talking about?”

“I suppose, I should start from the beginning. When I was five, nearly six, I discovered one of my rarer abilities. I became the Traveller, and transported myself to my parents time. Though, the only problem was that my parents weren’t Lily and James Potter. See, they were Godric Gryffindor and Rowena Ravenclaw. Time passed...blah blah blah. That’s basically the story.”

Ollivander surveyed him through eyes that held a bug like eeriness. “I see, Mr Gryffindor. You are assuming the name Potter, I assume? That would mean you need a wand to use in this time.”

Harry nodded. “Correct.” They tried several wands, before Harry found one that looked similar to his other wand, before going back out to the Grangers, who had not seemed to notice that any time had passed. Ollivander glanced at Harry quickly, and Harry confirmed that he had been holding them in a time bubble.

Hermione had just found the wand for her. It was willow, with a unicorn tail hair. Ollivander wrapped it up, muttering ‘Curious, curious.’

Hermione could never stand a mystery, and asked him immediately. “Sir, what’s curious?”

“Well, Hermione, it would be that the unicorn that gave the tail hair gave just four other hairs. It is curious that I have sold this wand today, when the other four have also been sold recently. It is very curious indeed, and even Mr Gry-Potter holds one of these wands in all its glory.”

Harry grinned at Hermione, and made some hand signals, which they both knew meant, ‘tell you later.’

She signed back quickly. ‘You’d better, and why did he start saying another name?’

‘Never mind, I’ll tell you at Christmas.’

Hermione made angry signals back at him, before she gave up.

The rest of the day was spent shopping for school products, extra books, and eating scrumptious ice cream.

### **August: 1991**

Albus Dumbledore scratched his chin with his quill, before looking back at the staff. They were in the middle of a meeting. “That’s all very well and good, Minerva, but—”, he stopped mid sentence, staring in stunned silence at the fluffy blue owl that had just flown in the window.

The owl landed in front of Professor McGonagall, and she looked at in surprise. Seeing her name on the back of the envelopes, she removed the letters, and went to break the seal. Unfortunately, she was distracted by the sudden change in the owl. It had turned into a Muggle contraption that was similar to a quill.

The whole of the staff stared at it for a few seconds. Finally, McGonagall spoke. “That was a rather shabby piece of work,” she sniffed, turning back to her mail. The wax seal opened with ease, and she pulled out a slip of parchment, stared at it for a moment, before reading it out loud.

“Dear Professor McGonagall,

I, Harry Potter, accept my place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Sincerely, Harry Potter.”

Silence followed her ‘announcement’.

Snape was the first to react, with a rather predictable smirk. “So the little brat decided to turn up after all.”

Professor Dumbledore glared at him, silencing him easily. “Is there any other clue as to where he’s been?”

McGonagall shook her head. Snape rolled his eyes. "Hello? Are you all blind imbeciles? There is another letter!"

Flushing brightly, McGonagall picked up the letter, broke the seal, and read it aloud.

"Dear Professor McGonagall,

I, Hermione Granger, accept my place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. I will be going with my friend, Harry Potter, to collect my school things, so do not bother sending someone.

Sincerely, Hermione Granger."

"See? Potter is a brat. Even his friends are rude!" Snape cried gleefully.

He was on the receiving end of many glares. "There's something funny about this though, Albus," Minerva directed her words to the elderly headmaster.

"What is it, Minerva?"

"Well, although I can tell that the note was written by the same person, probably Potter, since he'd have explained to the Grangers about the magic world, the style of writing seems slightly odd." Dumbledore looked confused, and held out his hand.

McGonagall passed up the slips of parchment, and the headmaster straightened his glasses. He peered at the slips of parchment for some time, before placing them on the table, and leaning back in his chair. "Mr Potter is proving very elusive indeed."

"What is so strange about the letter?" Snape asked.

"It is not the words, Severus, but the fashion in which they are written."

Snape rolled his eyes. "Please. I'd rather not have to work out your riddle."

“The writing feels distinctly old fashioned, and the letters are formed the way they would have been 1000 years ago.”

Snape stopped, the words, ‘1000 years’, pulling him into memory. They were at Potter’s former residence. “Albus, forgive me for being blunt, but we are not going to get anything by asking, let *me* handle it.” he said.

Immediately, he used Legilimency on the woman, sneering at her defencelessness. ‘Alright, now... memories pertaining to Potter with his father... there, she was thinking about them so it would be far easier’. He took a peek. She was resisting, a mere muggle was resisting. He looked around at the way her mind was organised, everything was behind doors, which swung open easily at the drop of a hat. So, when he looked at the door of Potter and his father, he thought it could be just as easy. However, it was not. The door was firmly closed. His spiritual self pulled out its wand, and whispered the unlocking charm. Nothing. Instead, a sign appeared above the door that read, ‘Locked for repairs. Come again at a later date.’

This in itself had confused him, and he had said so to the headmaster. “Continue, Severus. I am sure that you can break open her mind with a little force.”

“Yes, Albus,” he sighed. He pried once again into the woman’s mind, but found the same thing as before. The process continued for several hours, until the woman had learnt to block him out completely. However, in this process, she had unlocked the door that he was trying to open.

He gleefully advanced upon her mind, barging in very indiscreetly. However, the search was fruitless. The woman had completely and utterly erased the incident from her mind. If he didn’t know better, he would say she’d been obliviated, but it was too precise what she’d forgotten, and it was as if she was trying to forget them anyway.

He turned back to the meeting at hand, being brought out of his thoughts by Professor Sprout’s comments. “I also find it strange that Potter would transfigure an owl, or that he could even do so.”

Dumbledore looked to be considering it. "Well, as far as we can tell, young Harry was taken in by a time travelling wizard, perhaps the Traveller himself. The Traveller may have done the transformation for him."

"Honestly Albus, do you really think that the Traveller would care about Potter? After all, when he visited me when I was at school, he never showed a particular liking to James Potter. Seemed to avoid him, in fact." That was Severus. It was common knowledge that the Traveller had visited a lot of prominent people in their childhoods, and shaped many of their lives, Snape's seventh year had been one that the Traveller had visited.

"Not everyone holds their parents against them, Severus," McGonagall sniffed.

"Sure they don't. I bet you think that Potter will be in Gryffindor," Severus shot back. "Just because he's so much like his father."

"Well," said McGonagall. "It's been quite obvious since he defeated You-Know-Who that he would be in Gryffindor. After all, it is a brave deed, and Gryffindor accepts those with 'brave deeds to their name.'"

Flitwick decided to put his own word in. "It all depends on the child's upbringing. For all we know, he could be placed in Ravenclaw."

"You'd love that wouldn't you, the famous Harry Potter in your house, hey, Dwarfie."

"I am not a dwarf, thank you very much! I believe the term is Vertically Challenged!"

"Vertically Challenged my arse! If you were any shorter, you'd be into negatives!"

"SILENCE!" Dumbledore roared. "That is ENOUGH! What comes will come and we'll meet it when it does! Now, onto less pressing matters..."

*Revised: January 2006*

## Chapter Eight

### Sorting Harry

Harry blinked and was instantaneously send back 1000 years into the past. “Mum!” he called, running down the hallways, and into the great hall. “Dad!” He placed a hand on the head table and caught his breath.

“What Harry?” Godric asked, raising an eyebrow at his exuberance.

Harry paused, realising how lame his response was going to sound. “Would you believe that half the shops here are *still* there 1000 years later?”

“Really? Where’s this?” Godric managed to refrain from banging his head on the table.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Diagon Alley. Anyway, I’ve had dinner, so I’m not hungry.”

“Great! You can put Cecil and Róisín to bed,” said Rowena.

“Great! You can put Cecil and Róisín (Ro-sheen) to bed,” said Rowena.

“Alrighty-o then!” he said. He always enjoyed spending time with his younger siblings, and he would often look after them when Godric and Rowena were teaching and couldn’t find anyone else to look after them, though he’d never admit it to anyone. He levitated them both with a flick of his wand, and rolled his eyes when his mother told him to be careful. “Mum, they like it, relax!”

“Just be careful!” she called after them as they drifted down the hallway.

A wave of his wand saw them floating closer toward him, just in front of him. Then, gesturing at himself and slipping his wand in its holster, he was lifted off the ground too, and they all flew to their chambers.



Cecil was a boy who took his father and brother's cheeky nature, who although young, was already being trained by Harry and the poltergeist, Peeves, who had appeared one day after Harry's seventh birthday. No-one except Harry and Uncle Sal could control him, but they never really discouraged his prankster nature.

His sister, on the other hand, Róisín, was of a more academic nature. She was always begging Harry to take her to the future, but Harry as yet hadn't let her, because she looked too much like him. She settled for the many photos that Harry had taken of normal, everyday things, and the promise of Hermione's visit.

"Harry?" Cecil asked.

"What is it, Cec?"

"Can I come to the future wid you?" he pleaded wide eyed.

"Cecil! You know very well that I can't take you to the future, I can't take Róisín either, can I?" Harry lectured sternly.

"No. Bud I fought that it was coz you don't like Róisín."

"I do like Róisín!"

"Harry?"

"Róisín, I do like you. Cec doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Really, Harry?"

"Of course!" he exclaimed, hugging her tightly. "I love you, Síny, and I love Cecil too. That's why you can't come to the future!"

"That don't make sense, Harry."

"It will one day, guys. Look, how about we go visit someone else, not too far in the future though, so, who do you want to visit?"

Róisín put her hand on her chin. "Hermy!"

"Yea! Let's go visit Hermy!"

“No, guys, that’s too far. Somewhere closer?”

“I wanna visit the fairies!”

“Eww! No! I wanna go to the dragons!”

“Okay, guys, we’re not going to get anywhere by arguing. Cec, I know that you like all the animals, and Róisín, I know you like the animals, so how about we go and visit the Unicorn babies?”

“Yea!”

“Okay, Harry!

Harry grabbed their hands, and they flashed into a rainforest 100 miles from Hogwarts. Cecil and Róisín had a way with animals, which was more magical than natural. They could speak to all animals, except snakes. They had speculated as to why, but so far, no real reasons had come up. Harry watched them fondly as they talked with the unicorns. “Harry, do you wanna pat them too?”

“It’s okay, Síny.” He smiled. About an hour later, Cecil and Róisín were tiring, and they were nearly asleep on the unicorns. Harry gathered them up, and flashed them back in time, back to where they’d left off. Then he put them to bed, kissing their foreheads, and tucking in the blankets.

“Harry?” Cecil yawned sleepily.

“Yes?”

“Waynie said that next time you can pat her.” Harry looked confuse, but assumed that Waynie was one of the unicorns, and shrugged it off.

“Alright, then, Cec.”

The next few weeks passed without incidence, and before the Gryffindor family knew it, it was time for Harry to start Hogwarts.

“Mum! Dad! Pur-lease?”

“Harry, for the last time, no!”

“But Mum, if I don’t catch the Carpet with the rest of them, I won’t have any friends! You know that people make friends on the carpet. Pur-lease?” Harry gave puppy dog eyes.

Rowena sighed. “Promise you’ll stay out of trouble?”

In reply, Harry made two of himself, and they both nodded. “*Harry!*” she warned, and Harry sighed. Other Harry disappeared.

“Alright, you can go to the carpet.”

“Yes!” Harry punched the air and did a small dance of victory.

Rowena and Godric passed it off as being a ‘future thing.’ It was, but not like they thought, a normal occurrence. Lilly’s hyperness had invented the victory dance one day, and she’d taught Harry, Louise, Greg, Hermione, Sandy, Pan, Chris, Trent and Dean the dance as well. It was no longer unusual to see any one member of the group doing that particular dance while they were happy.

“Here, take a portkey,”

Godric moved to get his wand, but instead, Harry waved his hand over the slip of parchment offered, and muttered, ‘*Portus!*’ He knew he should use his wand, but he liked to take shortcuts. He dodged a look from his mother and father, and grinned up at them, “Thanks,” he said, kissing all of their cheeks, before taking hold of the portkey and disappearing. “Bye Mum, bye Dad, bye Cecil, bye Róisín.”

Arriving in a small clearing of dry brown grass and sweltering sun, Harry looked around, thinking that maybe he had made a mistake with the portkey co-ordinates. A second evaluation of the area, however, showed him that he had not. He walked about ten meters to the left, and was confronted by a line of trees. Waving his wand in a complicated manner, a small hole formed and Harry was able to step easily into the circle. At the centre where was a large clay structure like a bus stop, surrounded by a stone circle. All around them trees grew, but nothing would take root within the circle. Seeing several wizarding families approaching, he walked quickly through the clay

wall. He was keen on avoiding Pathros Fasset, the sister-in-law of the Dark Arts teacher up at Hogwarts. Last time he had encountered her, she had tried to persuade Salazar to kiss her, despite the fact that both were in long standing marriages. A shiver ran through him at the thought and he turned his mind back to the task on hand: getting on the Carpet.

He was on a long stone side alley, and in the middle was an extremely long magic carpet. It was a specialised one, with smaller magic carpets which hovered over parts of the other magic carpet, which was used for moving to other carpets, and the trolley lady. On each of the carpets, there were cushions which were to serve as chairs. Most of the people had trunks, as well, and the trunks went under the individual mat, almost supporting it.

The wizard-born of them were busily boarding the Carpet, while a few of the Muggleborn students were gazing on in awe, having never seen it before. It wasn't that the wizards didn't want them to, it was the many Muggles held a fear of Wizards and didn't want to get in their way. Harry gazed up and down the Carpet, taking all this in, before deciding to sit in the last empty carpet.

Harry un-shrunk his trunk. He didn't, after all, want to seem *too* different from everyone else, even *if* he only had his Hogwarts robes packed, excluding the stuff he had ready in his compartment for the future.

A while later, a boy stumbled onto his carpet. "Well met, what is your name?"

"Well met, my name is Harrison Gryffindor. Et tu?"

"Pardon?"

"What is your name?" Harry rephrased with a sigh.

"Oh. Norman di Mildura."

Harry almost snorted when Norman attempted to step delicately onto the carpet, and tripped over his cushion and landed on his face, as his arms grabbed at the cushion and failed to support him. His light

brown hair fell all over his face and he had to wipe some out of his mouth, screwing up his already pinched face. Harry held out his hand, and pulled Norman up off his cushion, the latter colouring slightly.

“So,” Harry stated, in a blank moment. “Did you see that episode of ‘The Great Humberto’ on TV last night?”

Norman looked at him blankly. “What language are you speaking?”

“Oh, sorry, future thing.” ‘Bugger!’ thought Harry. ‘Bugger bugger bugger! I didn’t just say that, did I? What has gotten into me?’

“You’re a Prophet?”

“Uh... no. Mother is though, but we call them Seers. You should know that if you’re anyone, don’t Muggles talk about us Wizards anymore?”

“Your mother has this ability? That is astounding. I didn’t think it was possible for women to do anything worthwhile.” Norman sniffed, ignoring the latter part of Harry’s speech. Harry supposed that his parents ignored Wizards for most the part. “Though her visions are probably worthless, seeing as she’s a woman, only good for birthing and raising children.” he added as an afterthought. Harry’s suspicions were confirmed.

Harry seethed. “Now you listen here, you! Women are no lower than men in this world, so you keep your sexist views to yourself, and as for my mother, she’s ten times the person you’ll ever be!”

Norman was about to open his mouth to retaliate, when their argument was interrupted by a girl getting onto the carpet, and sitting down gracefully.

She seemed oblivious to the fact that she had interrupted their argument, and introduced herself. “/,” she said, putting emphasis on ‘I’. “should probably not be conversing with you lowly commoners, but it seems that I have to as there are no other carpets left, so, I shall introduce myself, and then I shall likely not entertain you with my company for the rest of the journey.”

Harry rolled his eyes. "Lowly commoners, I take it you are calling me a lowly commoner? Would you know am if I were to introduce myself?"

Norman appeared to be thinking the same thing. "I am Norman di Mildura, and you, a simple *woman* dare call me a lowly commoner?"

The girl turned away from him in disgust. "I take it he is a Muggleborn," she muttered to herself. "with dolts for parents. Should I have to introduce myself? I need not, of course. You should know, but I shall tell you anyhow," the girl retaliated to Harry's comment, finishing dramatically. "I am Roswyn Quidditch!"

Harry replied before he had time to process Roswyn's words. "Well / am Harrison Gryffindor!"

Roswyn stopped mid charade. "Harrison Gryffindor? Sir Harrison Gryffindor? I thought you were older, I mean, you are a knight and all..."

He shrugged. "Well, you're Roswyn Quidditch. It's only an *honorary* knighthood. And besides. I didn't know that you were this old, I thought you were younger."

"Why on the flat earth would a thought such as that be upon your mind?"

"I am unsure as to the answer myself,"

"I shall have to accept your explanation for the time being."

After a moment of awkward silence, Harry and Roswyn struck up a rapid conversation concerning a love they both shared: Quidditch.

"I was only lucky that my brother Jory had the decency to choose upon his ten and six birthday a name that would suit us both, for I know of many instances where people have not been so thoughtful and they have ended up with names of a poor standard, including poor Elphias Elphan. But Jory and I both feel that a good game of Quidditch would not go amiss, at any time but that of war. It is for that

very reason that Jory became a Quidditch player, and for that very reason that..."

Norman was listening uncomprehendingly to their conversation. "I would beg of you to excuse me, but may one of you please explain in a manner that I can comprehend; what is the exact nature of this 'Quidditch?'"

Harry looked at him, and looked to Roswyn. "What say you, Roswyn?"

Roswyn looked at Norman like he was lower than a cockroach. "Well," she said. "I'm not so sure, I mean, he is a sexist pig and all..."

"Well, that settles the matter. I'm sorry, di Mildura. I think we can manage by ourselves."

Norman looked extremely affronted. "You can't refuse me! I am Norman di Mildura, Son of Frederick di Mildura, Duke of..." they tuned out, and looked at each other, rolling their eyes.

Once Norman, son of Frederick, had finished saying who his father, grandfather, etc were, Harry drew himself up, and said, "Well I am Sir Harrison Deogol Gryffindor, Prime Heir to Hogwarts Castle, Fugitive of Death, Child of the Fates, Prime Heir to the Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Ambrosius Fortunes. Son of Sir Godric, Lord of Hogwarts Castle, sole heir to the Gryffindor fortune, Founder of Gryffindor House at Hogwarts. Son of Dame Rowena of Hogwarts, sole heiress to the Ravenclaw fortune, Founder to Ravenclaw House at Hogwarts," Harry stopped, and turned to Roswyn.

"Did I miss anything?"

"I believe you missed quite a few of them Sir Harrison. Or was it simply that you did not wish for the poor ignorant to be scared by your titles, numerous as they are?"

"That is the case. The fact that I cannot remember them all off hand, let alone say them all in one breath may also hold bearing on what it was that I told him." He didn't even want to think bout the titles that he hadn't mentioned. Those were only the ones that the public knew.

“So, Norman di Mildura, you brother is Sterling di Mildura, right? You’re nothing like him – but that is not the topic that we were discussing. That would be that I have every right, according to both Muggle and Magical worlds, to do with you what I like.”

Norman didn’t look like he knew what half of Harry’s titles meant, but didn’t look like he was about to ask. He visibly shrunk, and then he moved to a corner of the carpet, and they didn’t hear from him for the rest of the journey.

When they got off the carpet, they were met by Helga. “It would be much appreciated should the first years find it in their hearts to make their way over here!”

He grabbed Roswyn’s hand, and they fought their way through the pack of students.

“Hi, Aunt Helga!”

“Hi Harry. I suppose you managed to convince your parents to let you come?”

“Yep! I must say that I cannot find reason to regret it. I met and befriended Roswyn, and after a minor disagreement concerning the ignorance of both parties, we became friends of a sort. Also, Roswyn and I had to put up with di Mildura, my new enemy!”

“You find this accomplishment something to be proud of?” Helga asked sceptically.

“Well, he’s a sexist pig of a Muggleborn, who operates under the solid belief that he is God.”

Helga smiled lightly. “Oh, don’t be daft! He can’t be that bad! Even you act a little bigheaded occasionally,”

“He’s horrible, Aunt Helga.”

Helga shook her head. “Hop in a boat, then, Harry. And no magic. You are to row the boat *manually*, and manually only, understood?”



Harry rolled his eyes, and turned to Roswyn. "I really do not know what they have against my using magic. It is not like I would cause an explosion or implosion of any form, I am not quite so dangerous as that."

"Then why is it that you do not do it anyway, for surely you could convincingly act as though you were not using magic." Roswyn whispered once Helga was out of earshot.

"Aunt Helga is not one to miss that type of trick, she is, after all, married to Uncle Sal."

"I shall have to agree with you on that matter for the moment."

Roswyn got in the boat first, and Harry got in after her. "I want no more than three in each raft, but no less than two!" called Helga.

Harry and Roswyn looked like they were set, but then Norman di Mildura appeared at the side of the boat. "Can I get in here?" he asked. Harry was about to tell him to piss off, but Helga came up behind him.

"Sure, dear. Just jump right in!"

Harry sent a glare her way, and she gave him a reproving glance. "I'm sure Harrison and Roswyn would much appreciate your company!"

Harry and Roswyn looked at each other, eyes rolling. Helga departed soon after.

Eventually, they rounded the corner, and they came into view of Hogwarts. This was no new sight to Harry, but the other first years 'oohed' and 'ahhed' as was customary.

Once they reached the shore, they got out of their boats, and came up to a large door that Harry didn't often use, as it was impractical.

Helga heaved the door open, muttering to herself that it needed to be replaced. It let out a loud creak, and everyone closed their eyes and put their hands over their ears.

“Sorry about that, dears” said Helga. “We really need to replace that door, it was cheap when we were repairing the castle, and the wood has swelled over time.”

There were a few murmurs of assent. Helga smiled and led them all into the entrance hall, which Harry thought was completely a waste of space, but it wasn't really his problem, well in a way it was, but not particularly.

Helga showed them into a small empty chamber. “Welcome to Hogwarts, dears,” said Helga kindly. “From here, you shall be taken into the Great Hall, where you shalt be sorted into your houses. There's Hufflepuff, which is my house, I'm Helga Hufflepuff, there's Slytherin, which is led by my husband, Salazar Slytherin, there's Ravenclaw, led by Rowena Ravenclaw,” She smiled warmly, and looked straight at Harry. “and Gryffindor, led by Professor Ravenclaw's husband, Godric Gryffindor.”

“I shall have to leave you here for a moment, but when we are ready, I shall come back for you. It should not be a long wait.”

Then she left the room, and the room burst into terrified chatter in her wake. “How is it that they sort us, Harrison?” Roswyn asked him expectantly.

Harry grinned. “Oh, nothing too hard, just a troll.”

“They make us fight a troll? Is that even legal?”

“If it wasn't, I am of the opinion that they would not do so, for fear of the law interfering.” It appeared that several people had heard the same rumours. One person had even read a whole book on fighting off magical creatures without magic.

A few minutes later, Helga re-appeared, and explained to everyone about the hat. Roswyn looked at Harry, her eyebrows threatening to become part of her hairline. ‘Trolls?’ she mouthed.

Harry grinned sheepishly. ‘Sorry,’ he mouthed back.

Harry watched impatiently as everyone was sorted. “di Mildura, Norman!” Helga called. Norman di Mildura ambled over to the stool, and pulled the hat over his head, though not before muttering to himself that he hoped that it didn’t have insects in it.

The hat remained on his head for a long time, before a smile blessed its ‘lips’ and it shouted out, “Gryffindor!”

Harry groaned. He so did not want to have to put up with di Mildura, but he knew that he was going to have to, as he’d already decided that he was going to be in Gryffindor in the past, Ravenclaw in the future.

“Gandeler, Josef” was called up. The enthusiastic boy practically skipped to the stool, and after a few seconds, the hat shouted, “Gryffindor!” Josef made to get up, but tripped over his own feet as he did so. A slight movement of Harry’s finger ensured that he didn’t hit his face, and he was on his way again.

Harry was next. “Gryffindor, Harrison!” Harry walked over to the hat, grinning slightly. Helga winked at him. “Good luck,” she whispered.

Harry nodded in acknowledgement. Then on went the hat. “Hi Hat!”

“Hi Harry, how are you?”

“I’m good, I need to be sorted. Gryffindor this time, please, and Roswyn Quidditch as well. Oh yes, and in the future I want to be in Ravenclaw. And Hermione Granger too.”

“What if these people are not suited in these houses?”

“As long as it’s not too much of a stretch. Please, pretty, pretty please?”

“Hmmm... alright. Bye then Harry, better tell everyone you’re in Gryffindor!” the last word was shouted for the whole hall to hear, and Harry grinned after the hat was removed. He looked at his family, and saw that Cecil was banging a spoon on the table, singing, but he could tell that there was a silencing charm on him, Róisín was sitting at the table, her pigtails falling out, but she was smiling. She waved at

Harry, and Harry grinned and waved back. Godric was sitting besides, her, looking proud of Harry. Last was Rowena, who was smiling lightly at Harry, with a faraway look on her face, and her hands positioned carefully over her swollen belly. Harry smiled back, and went down to the Gryffindor House table.

True to its word, the Hat put Roswyn in Gryffindor, and Harry chatted to her and Peeves for the whole feast.

## Chapter Nine

### Journeying Harry

#### September: 1991

Hermione bounced around in excitement. "Harry, it's so stimulating!"

Harry looked at her and shook his head, sighing. "Hermione, please, speak like a normal 11 year old. Wouldn't want to draw any unwanted attention to ourselves, would we?"

"But Harry! You already draw attention to yourself *anyway*, I mean, you know half the spells that we learn anyway, and you're famous!"

Harry grinned lightly. Hermione could be so funny sometimes. Hermione had been his friend since he was six, they'd always know more about each other than any of the other kids they met. At the moment, they were in the Granger's car, driving to the Hogwarts Express. Harry had noted to himself that carpets were outlawed, and that they had a train instead. He wondered idly if it were in the same place as before, before realising that it was, he knew that already, because the ticket was for Kings Cross Station, which was built over the old meeting point.

Harry was jolted out of his thoughts by Hermione's enthusiasm. "Harry, test me on my spells!"

"Mione, you won't need them yet I don't think..."

She pouted, insisting. "Just test me."

Harry was left with no choice. "Fixing Charm."

"Reparo. Move your wand in a clockwise motion, then flick slightly." Harry nodded, and took off his glasses. He tapped them hard on the trunk beside him, and they broke.

Hermione retrieved her wand. "Reparo!" The shards of glass returned to their original positions, and Harry smiled at Hermione proudly. "Great! Mione, you're going to be just great!"

“Yep! I know! I’m always just great, though, aren’t I Harry?”

“Yep.” Harry and Hermione both knew that the only reason that they were doing this was to keep their minds off Lilly, Louise and Greg. They didn’t feel as bad, since Lilly and Louise were going to a boarding school in France, and Greg was going to one in Scotland, but it was still pretty horrible to have to lie to your best friends, and leave them behind. Sandy, Pan, Chris, Trent and Dean weren’t so much a problem because they weren’t as close.

“Hermione, why can’t we come too,” Em and Liz wailed, seeing her perform another spell.

Hermione smiled at them. “Maybe you will one day. Maybe.” She repeated, and Liz screwed up her face, half crawling onto Harry’s lap.

“But I want to go now!”

“Sorry, Ivanna Elizabeth. Not today.”

They were nearly at the station. “Now, Hermione, do you remember the cover story?”

“Yes. When you were five you disappeared for a few months, then you reappeared in my neighbourhood, and you couldn’t remember at all what happened to you. You could, however, remember what whoever kidnapped you told you about magic. You have been living with your long lost Uncle Marvin, who was your mother’s second cousin, twice removed,” she recited. Then, “But I still don’t see why you won’t tell the truth.”

“You’ll understand at Christmas,” the car stopped, just as they finished their conversation.

Hermione just sighed.

They got out of the car, and Harry dragged his trunk off the back seat, tipping Hermione’s over to her side. “Grab that,” he said, quietly and discreetly summoning over some luggage trolleys. In no time at all, both Harry and Hermione had their belongings placed onto the trolleys and were ready to leave.

Harry yawned and rubbed his eyes, and looked over at Hermione. She was not at all tired, rather the opposite. She was as excited as it was possible to be, or maybe more, due to the fact that Harry had given her a red cordial just before they left, and some red frogs in the car. She was one of those people who got hyper incredibly easily on red stuff, and usually avoided it, but in her excitement, and later hyperness, she had totally forgotten to check what colour the food that Harry was feeding her was.

So Hermione was bouncing around like a hyper ferret, and Harry was looking at the platforms in interest. Checking their ticket, he realised that there was no platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

“Bye Mr Granger, bye Mrs Granger,” he said to them. Liz jumped up and hugged him tightly, and Em grabbed his legs. “Bye Ivanna Elizabeth, bye Syrinx Emily.”

They then moved to attack Hermione.

“Bye Harry, bye Hermione, love you and see you at Christmas!”

“Bye Mum, bye Dad, Em and Liz! Love you all!”

Assuming that the Witches and Wizards of this day and age used the same place as before, he led Hermione over to Platform 10. “I think we go here, I’m not sure, but I think.” He told her. They both leaned against the platform, and with a slight pop, fell through. Harry looked up, and realised that they were on the wrong platform. “Mione, this is the old platform,” he said, tugging her sleeve. She was staring in awe at the carpet.

The platform was totally deserted, apart from a few rats, who had made the carpet their home, and were eating crumbs from the floor. Harry could see the scorch marks on the grass, signifying that a battle had taken place here. Most of the marks were stupefys, but there were some more sinister patches. “Hermione!”

She jumped back slightly at his barking cry. “What?”

“Stop staring at the carpet. I have no idea how we got here, I thought this had been closed off years ago, but that carpet is illegal, and we need to get to the Hogwarts Express,” he told her harshly

Hermione nodded, and they both went back through the barrier. Harry looked at his ticket once again. 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ . “Okay, Nee, we are going to try again. This time, go to platform 9.”

They both walked over casually, and leaned against the barrier. Immediately they reappeared on the other side, and looking around, they were relieved to see that there were many other people there, and that a gleaming red steam train sat on its rails, the words HOGWARTS EXPRESS printed neatly across the carriages. Standing there staring was not the most intelligent thing they’d ever done, however, as they were bowled over by a redhead appearing through the barrier, still running, who knocked them and their things over. “Watch where you’re going, why don’t you!” Hermione snarled at the person as she started to repack her trunk.

They moved out of the way, and in quick succession, five other redheads appeared. “Ickle Aldykinns crashed into someone, naughty, naughty,” a cheeky looking boy said. Another boy appeared at his side, looking exactly the same.

“Ickle Aldykinns seems to have lost his manners. Aldykinns, help the poor people that you crashed into.”

A plump looking woman who appeared to be their mother spoke. “Now, Fred and George, you leave Ald alone.” She turned to Harry and Hermione. “I’m ever so sorry!” she said, drawing her wand. “Pack!” their things did as told, and the lid closed after them. “I’m Molly Weasley. These are my sons, Fred and George, Perce, and Ald. This is my daughter Gina.”

“Hi,” said Harry. “I’m Harry, and this is Hermione.”

“Are you first years?” asked Mrs Weasley kindly.

Harry and Hermione nodded. “So is Ald!”



The boy who had crashed into the flushed a bright red. "Mum, just..." he trailed off, not really finishing what he was saying, but Harry understood. This woman seemed a bit pushy, and the way she was acting was as if she wanted to choose Ald's friends, and make sure that she liked them.

Harry pretended not to notice this, and seeing Hermione about to say something, he signed, 'pretend you didn't notice.'

Hermione nodded in return, and Harry smiled at Ald. "So, how about we get onto the train?"

Hermione nodded, and they started to walk away. When they noticed that Ald wasn't following, Harry stopped. "Ald, are you coming?"

Ald looked surprised for a moment, before he ran after them, dragging his trunk.

Eventually he caught up with them, and Harry pulled out his wand, and waved it. "Wingardium Leviosa," he muttered at their trunks, and they floated into the air. The trio walked up and down the train, looking for an empty compartment. Eventually they found one.

Harry directed their trunks inside, and they all sat down. "Is that hard?"

Harry looked around in confusion. "What?"

"Making it float," Ald nodded his head in the direction of the trunk. He looked over at it, before turning back to Ald.

Harry shook his head, "Nah," he said. "Easy peasy!"

Ald's twin brothers appeared in the compartment. "Hi Ald, Mum told us to tell you that you have something on your nose, and we're going down to the middle of the train. Lee Jordan has a giant tarantula."

Ald appeared to be a slight annoyed, and rubbed at his nose, succeeding only in making it pink and spreading the black mark further.

Harry perked up at the sound of tarantula. "Can I come too? I had a pet tarantula when I was 5."

Fred and George looked delighted. "Okay, that'll be really cool!"

Harry nodded, and turned to Hermione. "Nee, I'm going to look at the tarantula, coming?"

"Nah. I'll stay and talk to Ald."

"Okay, see ya,"

Harry got up, hurriedly shoving his wand in his pocket. He followed the twins down the train, and they emerged into a compartment that was chock with people. In the centre of the throng, was a black boy with dreadlocks and a shoebox. Inside the shoebox, Harry could hear clicking.

*'... worse than sitting in that store all hours. Now the only difference is I get less food.'*

Harry scanned the area with his eyes, and seeing no-one watching him in particular, he clicked under his breath. *'Well met, I know what you mean. Do you know anyone called Arathla?'*

*'Arathla... yes. That would be one of my mother's cousin's friends. She has passed recently. Who asks?'*

*'I am one of the humans. I am a time Traveller, of Tribe Gryffindor, known to the spiders as Harry of Tribe Potter.'*

*'Of course... the only human to ever learn our language in the same method as we do.'*

Harry grinned. *'That's me. Thank you for the news about Arathla. Pass my regards to her family if you ever see them, will you?'*

*'Of course, goodbye, Harrison of Tribe Gryffindor, known as Harry of Tribe Potter.'*

Having gotten what he came for, Harry said thanks to the twins and left.

At around half past twelve, a woman with a food trolley came around, selling things. Harry jumped up immediately, and Hermione jumped up beside him. "Harry, can I borrow some change? I left my lunch at home, it was honey and no butter." If there was one thing that Hermione hated, it was honey without butter, because the bread soaked it all up, and made it stiff and crunchy.

"Sure," Harry agreed, and put his hand into his money pouch, pulling out a few sickles. "I think I have some other stuff that we can eat in my trunk," Hermione nodded, and they both made their way to the trolley.

Though Harry had had wizarding sweets before, in the past of course, he and Merlin hadn't really delved that far into the modern wizarding world, they had sure changed over the years, and Harry was disappointed when he couldn't find the Baboon Bites, his favourites. For four Rhunnins he could get a whole kilo. They were small, animated baboons made completely from a soft white thing similar to marshmallow, but more moist, and dusted with pink sugar that stained your fingers cerise.

Harry instead grabbed some Droobles Best Blowing Gum, Bertie Bott's Every Flavoured Beans, and Chocolate Frogs, which all looked relatively safe compared to some of the things on the cart, Cockroach Clusters, for example.

Hermione instead decided that she wanted to stuff herself with pumpkin pasties and cauldron cakes. 'They will be much more substantial as lunch, Harry. I'm sure you'll be sick if you don't eat anything proper.'

Harry just shook his head. Flashing quickly to the kitchens in the past, he managed to get the house elves to give him a roast with a warming charm on it. Licking his lips, he flashed to the future, and placed it in the bottom of his trunk, about 10 hours before they left. Harry had not yet looked in the containers that had been in the bottom of his trunk when he had awoken, knowing that he'd figure it out later. Then he opened his trunk, pulling out the roast. "Uncle

Marvin put a warming charm on it," he explained, and she nodded and licked her lips. Harry put the food on trays and offered some to Ald.

Ald looked reluctant, but Harry handed him the plate and left him with no choice, not that he minded. The three ate their way progressively through the sweets, Ald telling them about his family as they went. Harry was grinning in amusement, because Ald still hadn't seemed to notice that he was talking to the 'great' Harry Potter.

"And look, Fred and George told me a spell to make Scabbers yellow!" he exclaimed.

"Lets see,"

"Sunshine,                      daisies,                      butter                      mellow,  
Turn this stupid, fat rat yellow,"

Scabbers twitched his whiskers. Harry laughed. "Ald, that's not how it works. Here, I have an idea. I'll turn him yellow, and you can tell Fred and George that the spell worked.

"Macula Yellow!" he said, and pointed his wand at Scabbers. Scabbers turned bright yellow.

"Cool!" exclaimed Ald.

Harry nodded. "It was in a charms book that I found a while back," he said offhandedly. "So, what house do you want to be in?"

"Gryffindor," he replied immediately. "All my brothers are in Gryffindor, and so were my mum and dad. Imagine if I was put in Slytherin! I think I'd leave. And Hufflepuff're a lot of duffers." Harry glared at him. It was all so much more personal for him. "But Ravenclaw wouldn't be too bad," he added as an afterthought.

Harry nodded. "My mum and dad were Gryffindors, but I think I'll be sorted into Ravenclaw."

Hermione nodded. "I'm a Muggleborn, and I think I'll be in Ravenclaw," she told Ald.

As they discussed further the attributes of all the houses, and why or why not they'd want to be in them, when the compartment door slid open, and a pale blonde boy with a pointed face appeared in the doorway, with two others who looked like they were bodyguards. "Is it true?" he asked. "They've been saying all down the train that Harry Potter is in this compartment."

Harry was confused as to how that fact had gotten out, as only he and Hermione knew who he was, but just nodded slightly anyway. "That's me."

Ald looked absolutely flabbergasted. "You're Harry Potter?"

The pale boy sneered. "You don't even know when you're talking to one of the most famous people in our world? Who are you anyway?"

Ald's ears turned red at the tips.

"Ald Weasley. What about you?"

"Oh, right." He turned back to Harry. "I'm Dray. Dray Malfoy."

Ald concealed his laughter in a cough. "Think my name's funny, do you, Weasley? Yours isn't much better."

Harry didn't listen to the rest of what Dray was saying, instead, he blinked at Dray. "Sit down," he invited.

Dray looked taken aback, he had been in the middle of arguing with Ald, and here was Harry, out of the blue telling him to sit down. Shrugging to himself internally, he obliged.

Ald looked like he was about to protest, but Harry quickly signed to Hermione. 'Shut him up. Know thine enemy.'

Hermione gave a slight nod of her head in reply, the degree of inclination being so small that only the trained eye could detect. She turned to Ald, and began talking about families.

Ald had quite a bit to talk about in that respect, so with him distracted, Harry could talk freely with Dray, with only one restriction.

“Get rid of your goons.”

Dray was momentarily confused, but nervously refused. Harry leaned forward, and whispered in his ear. “Are you stupid? Get rid of your goons. There isn’t enough room in the compartment, for one, and I can tell that you don’t really want them. He sighed dramatically. “You should really be a little more subtle.”

Dray’s eyes widened slightly. “Crabbe, Goyle, get out.”

The brainless bodyguards walked out, and wandered around aimlessly outside the compartment. Harry chuckled lightly. “So Dray, what house do you think you’ll be in?”

“Slytherin.” He replied immediately.

“What house do you want to be in?”

“What do you mean? You just asked me that”

“No, I asked what house you think you’ll be in. It’s totally different from what you think you’ll be in. For example, I think I’ll be in Ravenclaw, though I would like to be in Gryffindor, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff.”

“You still want to be in Ravenclaw,” he pointed out.

“That’s beside the point. What house do you want to be in?”

He flushed as if extremely embarrassed to be admitting it, before he whispered as if it were the most revered secret in the world. “Well, Ravenclaw wouldn’t be too bad I suppose...” Which, if you knew him well, it was saying something.

When, at the end of the train ride, they got out of their compartment, they realised that Crabbe and Goyle were still wandering aimlessly around the train, and were currently trying to open a window, but weren’t getting far, as they were too dumb to work out that you had to squeeze the clip to open it.

Harry, Hermione, Ald and Dray laughed, and then, realising that they'd agreed on something, Ald and Dray turned to glare at each other, before they turned away. They still hadn't resolved their differences, but Harry was confident that they'd soon be the best of friends.

The four got in a boat together, and Harry, feeling that the boat was moving too slowly, even with magic, he gave a slight flick of his hand, and they went zooming forward, much to the mystification of that gamekeeper, a large burly man called Hagrid.

Scrambling out of the boats and onto the pebbled ground, they made their way to the castle in a disorganised group, tripping over each other more than once. They reached the door that Harry remembered walking through what was only a day ago to him, but 1000 years to everyone else, and Hagrid knocked on it loudly. It was immediately opened by a prim looking woman, and, judging by the horrible sound it made when pulled open, the door had not been replaced. Harry smiled affectionately, and looked around. The rest of the class, the teacher and Hagrid included, had covered their ears with their hands. When the screech had finally come to pass, they removed their hands, and one boy asked the teacher. "Excuse me, but why don't you replace the door?"

"The Traveller said to do it next year," was the only answer, and Harry's grin widened if possible.

## **Chapter Ten**

### **Placing Harry**

#### **September: 1991**

The woman led them through familiar halls, stopping in a smallish room. "Welcome to Hogwarts. I am Professor McGonagall."

She paused, and everyone peered around nervously. "The start of term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the great hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The sorting is a very important ceremony, because, while you are here your house is like your family. Your triumphs will win you house points, and your misdemeanours will lose them."

As she droned on, Harry's mind faded out, and turned to more important matters, Quidditch for example.

Thinking about his last game with his father and brother, he silently replayed it in his head, but was abruptly pulled out of his daydream when Hermione nudged him in the ribs.

"Harry! Were you listening?" she asked him reprovingly.

He replied with an all too guilty expression. "Uh... no?"

"Is that a question?" she demanded, raising an eyebrow.

He looked away with an over exaggerated guilty look. "Ah... no?"

"There you go again!" she cried in exasperation.

He had the sense to employ his acting skills. "Sorry." However, he had never really excelled in the practical part of drama.

"You're not sorry! Anyway, Professor McGonagall explained what the houses are like-"

She was cut off by the sudden appearance of several ghosts. Even Harry was surprised about that. It wasn't as if there were many



ghosts in his time at Hogwarts, apart from Peeves, who technically wasn't a ghost. He had never even been alive, as Poltergeists just come into being occasionally, looking like ghosts, but are slightly more solid, technically, they are just bits of chaos coming together. Anyway, back to the point. Peeves was the only ghost-like creature at Hogwarts in his time, and he hadn't really been expecting ghosts.

As they emerged from the wall, the ghosts didn't even notice that everyone was staring at them, and continued on their conversation.

"My Lord, he is really far too much of a nuisance to forgive, in my humble opinion."

"What have I told you about that? I AM IN NO WAY A LORD!" a ghost wearing robes like what Harry would wear to a formal Knights gathering replied with childish impudence. In fact, he didn't look to be much older than a child anyhow. At most, he could have been Harry's age.

"But, My Lord, you told me yourself, your mother's father was a Lord of this ver—" replied the first ghost, bobbing his jelly like head at the boy.

"And a disgrace to his name, Eduardo! Look at the way he disgraced my grandmother and mother! You can't possibly expect," he seemed to cut himself off mid sentence, and noticed the students.

"Why are you here?"

Not a single person answered him, and Harry was still gaping in shock. What a scandal that seemed to be taking place with these ghosts. He had to find out who the boy was!

His problem didn't last for long. "I," the boy proclaimed to them, "Am David of Goliath."

Another young ghost that Harry hadn't noticed whacked him. "Don't be ridiculous, David. He's my brother, and I am Amber di Kanneley." She smiled widely at them. "You're our age, you know."

"How'd you die?" asked one boy bravely.

“Oh, there was a war and we got in the way when we pretended to be knights.” She informed them pleasantly. “It was in this very castle, you know. Dangerous times, then. I had many relatives lost to war.” She shook her head in an overly grown up manner. David batted her.

“Move along now,” said the sharp tone of Professor McGonagall. She had obviously reappeared while they were talking to the David, Amber and Eduardo, as well as the other unnamed ghosts. “The sorting ceremony’s about to start.”

The ghosts vanished through the wall one by one, and when they had all disappeared, McGonagall spoke up again. “Form a line and follow me!”

Harry entered the hall with a grin on his face. The familiar ceiling which he had become accustomed to was stunning the rest of the first years. Hermione leaned over to him and whispered, “It’s bewitched. Remember, we read about it in Hogwarts, a History.”

Hardly any of the other students seemed to be aware of this, but Harry nodded. Hogwarts a History had fast become one of Hermione’s most battered books, and she had poured over it for days on end, pointing out things which seemed to amaze her. Harry, however, was rather displeased with the account of the founders lives, and it was fairly obvious that the author hadn’t researched this section of the book very well. They wrote that Godric and Rowena only had two children, which was most definitely wrong, as Harry included, there were at least three, and his mother was pregnant again, which meant at least four. They also wrote very little about Salazar and Helga, apart from the fact that Salazar was an evil wizard, which Harry knew to be wrong. Salazar was a perfectly nice man, if you passed over his sadism.

Harry looked down from the ceiling again, just in time to see Professor McGonagall place a four legged stool in front of the first years. On top of the stool, she put a familiar looking hat, though it was now frayed almost beyond recognition. It had patches in varying states of fading, and Harry was sure that most of the hat was patches and that very little of the original material remained, if any.

Everyone in the hall was now staring at the hat, so Harry stared too.

The brim of the hat opened wide, and it burst into song. Harry was mildly surprised, as it hadn't done that before. It must be a new tradition. He listened closely to the song.

"Oh me, I am the sorting hat,  
and I'm here to sort you all!  
It's up to me to find out,  
Where you belong in this hall

Gryffindor is where you sit,  
With Godric who was brave.  
And chivalry he cherished,  
Until he fell into his grave.

How about old Hufflepuff?  
Oh Helga she was oh-so true,  
And it's loyalty she treasured,  
This house may be for you.

Ravenclaw's another choice  
My Rowena, she was quite smart  
It was wit that she held closest,  
And clever minds held her heart

And last not least is Slytherin,  
Held by Salazar the Sly  
He valued most his cunningness.  
And ability to lie.

So wear me now so I can find,  
Where you ought to be!  
With one of four that founded  
You'll live and learn, you see!"

The whole hall burst into applause, and Ald, who had been panicking whispered to Harry. "I am going to kill Fred and George. They told me that you have to fight a troll!"

Harry almost laughed. Had his rumour really lasted that long?  
Professor McGonagall stepped forward holding a long roll of

parchment. "It's funny how they use parchment instead of paper," Hermione commented offhandedly.

'*Yeah, it is,*' he signed disinterestedly, trying to hint at her to shut up. She took the hint and they turned to McGonagall.

"When I call your name, you will put the hat on your head and sit on the stool to be sorted." She informed them, and hardly giving them a moment to absorb this, she called the first name. "Aagesan, Persephone Lilac!"

"Gryffindor!" The Gryffindor table cheered, and Persephone made her way down to sit with them, her cheeks pink with joy. Evidently she was glad to be seen as brave.

A while later there was "Black, Masobelle Stellar,"

"Gryffindor."

While she walked down, a few others were sorted and they came to "Bones, Susan Amelia,"

"Hufflepuff!"

Harry tuned out and in, catching the occasional name (Flamel, Shane Nigel – Gryffindor)

It was nearly Hermione's turn, when something jumped into Harry's mind. Too late to warn the Hat himself, he quickly signed to Hermione. "Mione, I need you to tell the hat from me that it should be extremely careful where it puts everyone, and to look *below the surface*." The last three words were signed with very sharp movements to signify emphasis.

Hermione looked at him curiously, and her name was called, so she quickly signed back. 'Okay,' and ran to the hat.

A few seconds later, the hat looked straight at Harry, and he could have sworn it winked. "RAVENCLAW!" it shouted loudly.

Hermione ripped the hat off her head, and before she went to the Ravenclaw table, she signed discreetly at him, 'Message delivered.'

Harry nodded lightly to let her know that he had 'heard' her, in a manner of speaking.

"Malfoy, Draco Ignis" Dray walked forward, a small grimace displayed in his aura, and jammed the hat on his head. The hat seemed to be muttering to him for a while, and finally, it opened its mouth wide. "RAVENCLAW!"

Harry grinned, he had hoped that this would be the case, but Dray seemingly didn't feel the same. He was positively green as he removed the hat slowly, and dropped it back on the stool. He slowly made his way over to the Ravenclaw table, and Harry saw him looking hopefully up at the staff table. Harry followed his gaze, and saw a man with greasy black hair and a long hooked nose looking at Dray in disgust.

Harry thought this was a rather odd reaction, after all, Ravenclaw was one of the best houses! (Lopez, Marrok Nicholas – SLYTHERIN!) But then, he supposed, not everyone would agree, and his opinion was slightly biased, due to the fact that his mother was the founder of that house. He didn't half mind Gryffindor either, for the same reason, except that it pertained to his father.

Harry was brought out of his reverie by his name being called. "Potter, Harry James!"

As he stepped forward, whispers broke out like hissing fires. "Potter, did she say?" "Harry Potter? The Harry Potter?"

Then, he saw people craning to get a good look at him, before the blackness of the Hat encased him. 'Hi Hat.'

'Hello, Harrison,' said the hat formally.

Harry wrinkled his nose. 'Excuse me, if you don't mind, but, it's Harry in this time.'

'You'll always be Harrison to me,' replied Hat tauntingly.

Harry mentally folded his arms, 'You didn't call me that before.'

'Stop being so childish'

'Me? Childish? Not at all.'

Hat changed the subject 'I haven't seen you for nearly 1000 years,'

'I bet you have. You just ain't going to say.'

'Well, as you so quaintly put it, 'I ain't going to say'. If my memory serves me correctly, you wanted Ravenclaw this time around?'

'Yep. But no need to shout it out yet, got some things I need to tell you.'

'What?'

'Well, in a while you'll be getting an Ald Weasley. He's not the sharpest knife, but I can fix that, I think he'd do well in Ravenclaw.'

'Weasley's always go in Gryffindor. No-matter what.' Said the Hat stubbornly. 'I can't sort him into a house he won't suit.'

'Oh, but he will! From what I hear, he's a great chess player.'

'Harrison Deogol Gryffindor! I can't sort someone into a house where they won't suit, no matter who says! I only put Hermione and Draco'

'Dray.'

'Fine, Dray then. Anyway. I only put Hermione and Dray in Ravenclaw, and I know that's what you meant, because Hermione would have gone there anyway, and Dray would have been bordering between there and Slytherin. That's where he would have gone if you hadn't mentioned it, because the rest of his family went there.'

'You're a stick in the mud. Can you at least make an effort? Look further in Ald, I know he'd suit Ravenclaw.'

'If you keep going, I'll put you in Slytherin.'

'I get the point, just... try, okay? Not that there's anything wrong with Slytherin, I mean...'

If the hat had had eyebrows, it would have raised them. "RAVENCLAW!" It shouted, evidently sick of the argument.

Harry removed the hat from his head, and made the way down to the Ravenclaw table, which had exploded, figuratively, of course, in cheers. Sitting down next to Hermione, he almost put his hands over his ears. 'They are so loud!' he signed.

'I know what you mean!' she replied. Harry turned to his other side, and saw that Dray was sitting there. "Hey Dray!"

"Hi," he moaned, sounding sick.

"Are you okay?"

Seeing that no-one was watching them, or listening to them, Dray moaned again. "Father is going to kill me," he muttered.

Harry looked grim. "You'll be cool, if your father does get that horrible, just call me."

Dray smiled gratefully, but said no more. Next, Harry turned to the high table. The elderly looking man in the centre appeared confused, as did most of the staff. The only one who looked remotely as though they knew what was going on, was a smallish professor, who was grinning at the hook nosed one in a kind of triumph.

Harry watched the professors for a while longer, marvelling at how different Hogwarts was, yet how much it was the same. Then, casting his eyes around the hall, he realised what was missing. "Peeves," he breathed.

Peeves had obviously been banned from the feast, surely he wouldn't listen to anyone, unless Uncle Sal was around here somewhere...

His train of thought derailed when he heard a familiar name being called. "Weasley, Ronald Bilius!"

Ald stumbled forward, and the hat soon came down over his eyes. A few seconds wait, in which Harry had his fingers crossed, before the hat gave its verdict. "SLYTHERIN!"

Harry was slightly disappointed, and judging by the looks on his brothers faces, so were they. Ald himself had turned bright green and looked as if he were about to be sick.

Ald came down to the table, looking slightly confused, and collapsed into his chair across from Harry, while the rest of his table were still applauding him. "I thought I'd be in Gryffindor," he murmured dazedly to Harry, before smiling weakly, and turning back to his own table.

After 'Zzald, Eric Richard' had been sorted into Ravenclaw, McGonagall rolled up her scroll and took the hat and its stool away.

The Dumbledore fellow had gotten to his feet. "Welcome! Welcome to a new year here at Hogwarts! Before our feast begins, I'd like to say a few words, and here they are..."

Harry ate for a while, picking out potatoes and lamb, his favourites. He was pleased to note that that quality of the house elves work had not gone down over the time, and chatted animatedly with his housemates for a while.

Starting to feel warm and sleepy, Harry looked up at the staff table again. Professor McGonagall was talking to Professor Dumbledore, and the hook nosed one was talking to the short one.

Harry turned his head for a second, missing the gaze of one of the professors, and a sharp, hot pain coursed across Harry's scar. His hand flew to his forehead, and he eyed the Professor's table warily. "Ouch!" he yelped.

Hermione turned to him instantaneously. "Are you alright?"

Rubbing his scar methodically, he nodded. "I'm fine. Just... something weird happened to my scar."

"Oh... that's weird."



“Well, it is a curse scar. Maybe we can find something in the library?”

“Yeah, we’ll look tomorrow.” Hermione agreed.

At last, the puddings disappeared, and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet and began to give the start-of-term announcements such as magic not being allowed in the corridors between classes and Quidditch trials. The mention of the Forbidden Forest intrigued Harry, but Hermione refused to come with him when he asked her if she’d like to come with him. There hadn’t been a forbidden forest in his time, and he wanted to check it out. As soon as he heard about the out of bounds dungeons on the right-hand side of the castle, his interest perked. Anything that was forbidden was worth exploring though he did frown to himself hearing that the dungeons were off limits to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death. What would they keep in a school full of students that could possibly cause a painful death and why? The rest of the house was looking at each other in unease, as scattered laughter came from other tables, who would be stupid enough to laugh at a death threat?

Harry glanced back up at the head table in time to see the emotions on the teacher’s faces become forced. Dumbledore’s next words explained this perfectly.

“And now, before we go to bed, let us sing the school song! Everyone pick their favourite tune and off we go!” Dumbledore flicked his wand and a golden ribbon flew out, hovering in the air for a moment before gracefully writhing into words.

Harry sang to the actual tune that went with the song, grimacing as he did so. He hated this song, but his parents, Aunt and Uncle just wouldn’t listen. They had insisted upon making this the school song, despite Harry’s valiant protests. Of course, it could have had something to do with the fact that each and every one of them had been less than sober at the time.

Finishing up, Harry waited around for awhile while everyone finished their songs, allowing Slyvia Snider, a first year Slytherin, to finish with her heavy metal rock mix.

Professor Dumbledore wiped his eyes. "Ah, music!" he said. "a magic beyond all we do here, and now, bedtime. Off you trot!" he said. The Ravenclaws followed their prefect, but were stopped before they even got out the hall. Professor Flitwick, their head of house, pulled Harry aside.

"The headmaster wants to see you," he told Harry.

"Alright," he said. "Just a moment, please."

'Mione, headmaster wants to speak to me. I'll be back," he signed swiftly, gave a little wave, and headed off with Flitwick.

They stopped before an unusually ugly gargoyle, which Harry was always mystified by. Why his parents would want such an ugly gargoyle guarding their room was a mystery to him. "Droobles Best Blowing Gum" said Flitwick in his squeaky tone, and the gargoyle sprang to life, and the wall behind him split in two. They stepped onto the spiralling staircase, and slowly ascended in the same manner as an escalator. Finally, they reached gleaming oak door, which had a knocker in the shape of a griffon. Flitwick pulled the griffon, and let it go, making a resounding knock on the door.

It opened silently and they entered. Harry looked around, taking in the changes. It was still large, and still circular, but that couldn't really change that much, but it was now filled with curious noises and funny little instruments, whirring and swirling, emitting puffs of smoke. There was a phoenix on a perch. Harry smiled at it. Then, finished looking around, he turned to Dumbledore, sitting at his desk.

Dumbledore, Harry noted, was an elderly man with a grandfatherly disposition. His long white hair and beard framed a delicately wrinkled face, with many lines of laughter. His eyes were his most stunning feature, they were a bright blue, and sparkled with the light of 1000 candles. Though Harry had glimpsed him at the feast, he hadn't studied him quite so much, and was pleasantly surprised at the life that the old man gave off.

"Ah, Mister Potter." He said, as he motioned for Harry to sit down. Harry took up this offer, and relaxed into a fluffy green chair that had appeared in front of him.

“What would you like, Sir?” he asked in a stiff, formal manner.

Dumbledore frowned and stared straight into Harry’s eyes, slightly unnerving him. “Well, Harry, you know that you disappeared from our view when you were five, do you not?”

“Yes, sir,” he replied, still in his formal, stiff tone.

“Can you tell us where you went?” asked Dumbledore, frowning at how unbearably polite Harry was being.

“I’m sorry, sir. I’m not entirely sure myself, sir. See, I believe I was selectively obliviated, sir. I was allowed to keep my knowledge of what I had learnt of the wizarding world, but I do not know how I learnt it, where I learnt it, why I learnt it or who I learnt it from, sir. All I know is that I was taught it, and when I had been taught the basics of what I needed to know, I was sent to live with a man who I knew only as Uncle Marvin, sir.”

Dumbledore had been listening with rapt interest, and was quickly onto ‘Uncle Marvin’

“Do you have any idea who your Uncle Marvin is?” he said quickly.

“No sir, not other than that he’s Uncle Marvin, sir. I do know that he knows the Traveller though, sir.” Harry said, telling the truth. “I’ve talked with the Traveller myself, sometimes he gave me lessons, sir.”

Once again, it wasn’t a lie. This was because future Harry often came and taught him things. It was a rather difficult thing to get his head around, so he didn’t really think about it too much.

Dumbledore looked pensive. “Is there anything else?”

Harry hesitated for a moment. Could he trust Dumbledore? ‘No,’ he decided. He hadn’t even told Hermione, and she was his best friend, but he hardly even knew this Dumbledore man. “No sir, nothing, sir.”

“Alright then, Harry. If anything comes up, don’t hesitate on coming here. Oh, and congratulations on getting into Ravenclaw.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Harry. He had the feeling that Dumbledore was fishing for more information, but wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of knowing that he had outsmarted him. He was, after all, a Ravenclaw. And you couldn’t outsmart a Ravenclaw.

So he left with a polite, stiff, “Goodbye, sir.”

## **Chapter Eleven**

### **Sporting Harry**

#### **1011: September**

It felt kind of strange to Harry, sleeping in the dorms. He usually slept in the private quarters of the castle, which were a good five minutes walk away from the Gryffindor dorms, but Harry was usually a fair bit faster, making his way around the castle. For one thing, Harry knew the castle as well as all the founders put together, if not more.

After all, when they had founded the school, the castle had already been there. Actually, it had been a wedding present from Merlin to Godric and Rowena. They hadn't exactly gone around, looking for all the secret passages, though they had added a few things, and changed it slightly.

Since they were adults, they weren't as interested in the castle, and when Harry had come, he'd been a curious child. Cecil and Róisín knew a fair bit of the castle, but to them it was normal, never seen as something to explore and find passages in.

It was just home, like to Hermione, her house was just home, and she'd never found it particularly interesting. Or even Lilly and Louise, they had a fairly large old house which would probably have a secret passage or two, or Greg, whose modern house was ridiculously large, with many areas that he'd never bothered to look in.

So, upon waking up late the next morning, not being used to waking up so early, and having five minutes to eat breakfast, Harry noted that everyone else was asleep too.

Seeing Norman di Mildura and the bed next to him, he totally skipped on him, instead placing a sleeping charm on him that would wear off in an hour, give or take a few minutes. He then stumbled over to Josef's bed, and shook him awake. "Come on, we have to get to the hall in a minute if we wish to eat breakfast. And we have Father first thing, so you might want your energy."

"What about Norman?" asked Josef pointedly.

"I see not the point in waking him. He is a rather annoying person whom believes he owns the world, thus he would not care for it."

Josef looked hesitant, but realising that he was talking to the son of his head of house, he nodded.

"What of the girls?"

"There only be Roswyn and that other girl, Guinevere fa Rayne was her name was it not?"

"I think that be so," said Josef.

"I shall go wake them." Harry made his way up the stairs, and Josef tried to follow him, but was beaten down. Harry knocked on the door of the dorm, and when no sound came, he opened the door, and shook Roswyn and Guinevere awake. "Come on, it happens to be that we have four minutes left in which to eat our breakfast!" Harry exclaimed.

"Four minutes!" Guinevere cried. "But how will it be that I get dressed so swiftly?"

"Don simply your underwear and robes!" Harry yelled running back down to the common room. "You need not bother with all your petticoats and other such nonsense!"

About a minute later, Roswyn and Guinevere appeared, their robes slightly skewed. Harry flicked his hand discreetly, neatening them slightly. "Come on!" he yelled, running ahead. They were hot on his trail. He led them through a web of intricate passages, and a less than a minute later, they were in the great hall.

Harry looked up at the high table as he rushed in, and saw his mother and father smiling at him. He quickly piled some eggs and bacon on his plate, motioning for the others to do the same.

He had his last forkful of bacon halfway to his mouth, when he felt a tugging on his leg. "Harry!" it was Cecil.

"Hi Cecil," he said breathlessly, taking a swig of pumpkin juice.

“Waddabout me?”

“Yes, you too, Róisín. Look, I am really sorry, but it happens to be that I have to go to class now. How about after I shall take you and we can play with the Unicorns?” Harry gabbled quickly, shoving a spoon of fruit loops down his throat and trying to catch his breath at the name time.

“Okay Harry.” Said Cecil, and grabbed Róisín’s hand, and they made their way back up to the staff table. Guinevere, who was sitting on Roswyn’s right, who was on Harry’s right, cooed. “Oh, they are so adorable. It is that I have not seen such tiny people for what is such a long time!”

“Yeah, yeah. Come on.” He unconsciously looked at his wrist, before realising that he wasn’t wearing a watch, and got up from the table. His father had left the staff table a few seconds earlier.

“We shall be late if we do not see fit to hurry!” Harry grumbled. Old English was so much more complicated, and made the sentences twice as long.

“I have not yet collected my equipment from the other rooms!” Guinevere cried out.

Harry forced a smile. This Guinevere person was going to have to learn to get ready earlier.

“You shall just have to do without, or borrow someone else’s. You shall only be needing but a quill and roll of parchment to day.” He told her, and shunned them into a secret passage.

They arrived about two seconds before Godric did, sliding into their seats as he walked through the door.

“Welcome to Defence Against the Darkest of Arts. It is I who will be your professor in this subject, and I am fully expecting that you shall all work hard, doing what is the best that you can do with your ability. This would be because Defence Against the Darkest of Arts is a very important subject.” Godric began.

Harry had heard this speech many times, often he sat in the back of the class while his father conducted the lessons.

“First, I shalt call the roll, as to determine whom is absent.”

He called out name after name. “di Mildura, Norman.”

No answer. Harry started to snicker under his breath. “Norman di Mildura?” Still no answer.

“Does it happen that anybody know where upon Norman di Mildura could be found?”

Harry, by now, was laughing quietly, but Godric caught his eye. “Harry, would it be that you have any idea?”

“I tried to wake him this morning, Father, but he would not wake.”

“Are you sure that is what was what happed?”

Harry didn’t answer. “I shall be talking to you after class, Harry.” Harry rolled his eyes, but agreed, looking slightly sheepish.

“So what be it that really happened, Harrison?” Roswyn asked.

“Tis that I put a sleeping charm upon him, and please, Harrison is too formal. Only Mother calls me that, and even then, it befall only when she’s angry. It is for you to call me Harry.”

Roswyn snickered. “di Mildura deserved it. When will it happen that he shall wake up?”

Harry thought for a moment. “About now, I think.”

Sure enough, he was correct. Ten minutes later, a puffing, red faced di Mildura arrived outside the door. “Sorry that it be that I was late sir. I believe that I must have slept in.”

“Indeed...” said Godric, catching Harry’s eye. Harry spluttered out in laughter again. “I shall let you off this time, but next time I shall not be so lenient, is there anything of that which is not understood by yourself?”



“No, sir,” di Mildura sat down in his seat, his cheeks very red, and got out his books and his wand. To make things worse, he didn’t know any of the wand movements, and hadn’t even looked at his diagrams, as they didn’t have set books since not everyone could read.

Harry, on the other hand, was excelling. He had no trouble with the spell, completing it easily, only having trouble with the wand. He wasn’t really used to using his wand, and he didn’t find it as comfortable as wandless magic, but they had decided that Harry’s talents would remain a secret, for now, at least.

Eventually, the lesson ended, and Harry told Roswyn to go ahead, and that he’d catch her up. Of course, being the stubborn person that she was, she decided to wait outside the door.

“Harry,” said Godric in a warning tone, slipping back into ‘normal’ speech. “What did you do to Norman?”

“He deserved it dad. He’s almost as bad as Vernon, Petunia and Dudley were,” catching his father’s incredulous gaze, he looked down. “Fine, not quite that horrible. But he still is bad, dad, you have to admit it.”

“Harry, you still didn’t tell me what you did.”

“I put a timed sleeping charm on him.”

Godric put his head in his hands. “You used your wand, I hope?” he asked, looking up at Harry in exasperation.

“What do you take me for? I’m not entirely stupid, Josef might have been watching!”

“And he didn’t speak up why?”

Harry shrugged. “Never told him not to. But I think it might have been more that he thought I just didn’t wake him.”

“Did it occur to you that he might be afraid of you?”

”⊥Harry’s eyes widened. “Afraid of me

“Yes.”

“Well... no?”

“Is that supposed to be a question?” Godric asked rhetorically, and sighed. “I know detention and losing points won’t do you any good, so I’m going to punish you differently.”

Harry’s stomach churned at the thought. “What?”

“No magic for the week except when absolutely necessary.”

“WHAT! Dad, come on, it was just a harmless prank.”

“And I’m a headless hippogriff. Harry, you embarrassed him on his first day of classes.”

Harry sighed and looked at his feet feeling slightly guilty. “Can we at least shorten the punishment?” he asked, resigned to his fate. Actually, he wasn’t that worried, and Godric seemed to notice. After all, it was hardly like Godric could stop him.

Godric looked thoughtful. “Actually, I think I have the perfect punishment!”

Harry groaned in despair. “What is it?”

“Well, Cecil and Róisín need their lessons seen to and you’re the one with the perfect means to do so.”

“I don’t think Mum will agree.” Harry said quickly. His was one punishment he didn’t want.

“I think that she will. I’ll discuss it with her tonight. You may leave now.”

Harry exited the classroom. “What was the punishment that you managed to procure?” asked Roswyn.

“Cecil and Róisín are to be given lessons at my hand.”

“That will surely be found to be a bother.” She said irritably.

Harry screwed up his nose in agreement, wishing that the people of this time were a bit less placid and would say 'bugger' or 'damn' once in a while.

Later that day, Harry and Roswyn relaxed in the Gryffindor common room, chatting about nonsensical things. Harry opened his eyes blearily and cast his eyes around the room trying to keep himself awake. It was only 5 o'clock! It was then that he spotted it.

"Roswyn," he said pointing at it. "Would it be that you would like to attempt it with me?"

"Is my name is Roswyn Quidditch, sister of Darius Quidditch, renowned beater of the English Quidditch Team, or not?" she demanded. "When is it to be?"

"I believe that it will be at the weeks end."

"Great!" Harry and Roswyn waited impatiently for the weekend, and on Saturday morning at 10.00am, they made their way to the Quidditch pitch, brooms in hand.

"Alright! Those who be trying out for the position of chaser, you are to line up here! Those who be trying out for the position of seeker, you are to line up here!"

Roswyn moved into the line of potential chasers, while Harry joined the line of seekers.

There were only about five people trying for seeker. Both Harry and Norman di Mildura were lined up, with di Mildura sneering at Harry. "I would think it would be best that you would save your pride should it be that you drop out now, Gryffindor."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Nah," he drawled, slipping into a less formal language, before realising his mistake, and regaining his formal manner. "It shall be that you who be the one who would be wise were you to drop out. It happens to be that I've practically been raised on brooms."

"And be it that I was not?" di Mildura shot back indignantly.

Harry choked back a laugh at the obvious lie. "I had previously thought that it happens that we have already established the solid fact that you would be Muggleborn? Why, you asked me for assistance concerning your training in Quidditch. It appears that you have procured the help of another, then, di Mildura?"

A few of the people who had been listening sniggered as di Mildura's face coloured. He mumbled something that Harry couldn't hear, before turning around and looked at the ground, which had become extremely interesting.

The captain was Bartholomew Paulson, though he much preferred the nickname of Tolly, but there wasn't much he could do about his surname, after all, his older brother had chosen it at sixteen. Unless he was made famous for something, or someone of a higher status than his brother renamed him, he was stuck with it. And it wasn't as if he was Paul's son. His mother had been widowed and remarried before having him. A scandal at the time.

"Seekers. It will be as is specified in the following words: I shalt release twenty snitches, all of which are spelled that that they will keep within the pitch. It will be that you shall sit down where we are now for a period of five minutes, and then you are to go after the snitches. The people with the most snitches and what are the most skilful tactics will go through this process again, until we have a clear winner. Is this clear to all?"

They nodded in unison, most of them looking slightly panicked. Harry simply yawned.

The captain gave them all the same brooms so that they were on even footing, released the snitches, and five minutes later, signalled for them to go. Harry immediately flew up to the top of the field and began circling. Realising that the others were copying him, he groaned. He thought for a moment, before 'spotting' a snitch, and racing down to the ground as fast as the rickety old broom could take him. Just as he was about to hit the ground, he pulled out of the dive, and flew up the pitch toward the goal posts, and snatched up a glinting golden snitch. Looking back, Harry nearly laughed. All four of

the other seekers had fallen straight into his trap, and were on the ground a little worse for wear, having flown straight into it.

Handing the snitch to the stunned captain, Harry sped after another snitch.

By the time all the snitches had been caught, Harry had ten of them, two had three, one had four, but di Mildura had none. In fact, di Mildura was having trouble even staying on his broom.

“Okay, Gryffindor, you get the actual position, and la Corte, you get reserve. You guys were by far the best.” Tolly told them.

However, di Mildura didn’t quite agree. “You are in most probability, putting Gryffindor on the team only be the cause that his father is the head of house! It is not likely that he has any talent!”

“Oh, pur-lease!” la Corte said patronisingly. “You would do well to stop being such a sore loser! Gryffindor as it stands caught half of what we know as snitches, and that he has great tactics! I see that you have what we may call a problem with him, and if that be the case, it does not mean by default that every one of us does. And anyways,” he sniggered. “It wasn’t as if it were you who caught any, so if it be that anyone of us can be said to have no talent, it is surely you!”

Paulson broke it up before a fight started. “Okay, come on. Di Mildura, if you want to try out for chaser, feel free to join the line, same goes for the others that didn’t make the team.”

They all moved over to the line of chasers, which was extremely long, compared to what the seekers line had been. Nearly every Gryffindor in the school had come, well, maybe not, but there were twenty students trying out.

The captain sighed, his wavy chocolate brown hair ruffled by the wind. “At least we need a full team of actuals and reserves.”

Harry watched the chaser tryouts. They consisted of having teams of three, playing with the Quaffle and trying to score goals. Each person played in a team with every possible combination of people, so that

the captain could see how well people worked with each other. Eventually, they had chosen two teams. Roswyn and her cousins Fiona and Frederick Parry, who were both 16, were in the actual position, while three students that the others didn't know made the reserve team.

"Well done, Ros" he congratulated the brown eyed girl.

"Ros?" she asked curiously, twisting a long strand of chestnut hair around her finger.

"Roswyn is a name that, in similarity to all these complicated sentences, takes too long to say," he informed her bluntly.

"Right then." she replied. She was picking up some of Harry's less formal language.

Then they headed off to Hogsmeade.

Sibley Fasset and Norman di Mildura did everything within their power to annoy the hell out of them, before Roswyn got the better of them by practically calling Sibley's mother a slut. Sibley's ice chip eyes flashed in anger, and Harry turned to gape in shock at Roswyn. "Apologise. That was low, and we have standards," he said coolly.

Roswyn shook her head. She was stubborn as hell.

Harry, sick of it, pointed his wand at her. "Apologise."

Roswyn huffed. "I am truly sorry for insulting you and your mother, Sibley," she said the standard apology with false calm. Sibley flicked her hair behind her petite ears.

"And that is the way that it should be," she said, accepting the apology in the traditional manner, before flouncing off with Norman at her side.

After their tiring day in Hogsmeade, Roswyn literally dropped into the chair, collapsing from exhaustion. Harry followed her example, closing his eyes, planning to have a little nap.

“Hazza! Harry! Daddy said you have to take us to the Unicorns for Care of Magic Creatures lesson!” Róisín tugged on his leg. “Hazza! Come on, Harry!”

Harry blearily opened his eyes. “Cecil! Róisín! Can’t I just sl- sl – sleeeeeeeeeeep?” he yawned loudly.

“Unicorns!” Cecil persisted. Harry blinked a few times, and relented. “Hold on, Cec.”

“Now! Unicorns now!”

“Five minutes ago!” Róisín shouted. “I wanna see the Unicorns five minutes ago!”

Harry yawned again. “Right, five minutes ago, got it.”

Harry hardly even realised that Roswyn was watching them. “How are you going to see the Unicorns five minutes ago?” she asked.

Harry’s eyes widened, as Cecil replied. “Doan be silly! You gots to know how to go back five minutes.” Harry gave Cecil a pointed glare, and flapped his hand in his and Róisín’s direction, effectively silencing him.

“You know what, Ros? I think I’ll just take them to see the unicorns. Bye!” he said quickly, and rushed them out of the common room.

Once they were away from anyone else, courtesy of a few secret passages, Harry wrapped them in a time capsule, and pulled them back about 100 years, before the castle was inhabited. “What do you think you were doing, Cecil?”

“What?” he asked innocently, blinking up at Harry through wide eyes.

Harry ground his teeth. “You know you’re not supposed to talk about time travel.”

“Bud she was your friend!” he cried in confusion.

Harry sighed, thinking about what Roswyn had said to Sibley. "Yes, she is, but I don't think you should tell her," he decided on finally.

"Bud Harry..." he moaned.

"But nothing. You don't tell anyone."

Cecil yawned, and Róisín looked up at Harry pleadingly. Figuring that this was the best he was going to get, he sighed, and they were back in the 1011. Suddenly, Róisín spoke up. "We won't do it again, Harry," she said, and Harry smiled lightly down at her.

*'I hope so, Róisín, I hope so,'* he muttered in Latin.

*'We will, refrain from doing it again'* Róisín returned in the same language.

Harry shook his head. "Are you sure you need lessons, Róisín? I mean, you know Latin--"

"You taught me in the first place." She cut him off quickly.

Harry groaned. He should have known that would have come back to bite him. "Yes, but do you need lessons?"

"Mama said," she insisted.

Harry sighed. "Unicorns, right?"

"Yep!"

"But... I don't want to do unicorns today," he said, yawning again.

He thought for a moment. "Okay, guys, I'm going to give you are Merlin lesson."

"Yay!" Cecil shouted.

Róisín pursed her lips, and Harry shook his finger at her. "You shouldn't be so serious, Róisín."

"Well, what are we doing then?"



"Today?" Harry asked.

"Yes, today."

"Well," he said, flapping his hand, and summoning his wand. Róisín eyed it warily. He usually only used his wand for spells that were hard. She was right to be wary. The next second, before she could even try to defend herself and Cecil, Harry had shouted out "*Caecus!*" which was the 'Don't Look' Curse, temporarily blinding them.

He waved his hand slightly, manipulating the spell.

"Okay, guys, as you've probably guessed you've been blinded. There is, however, one thing that you can see. Now, I'm going to take you into the forest, I want you to work with each other to try and find your way out." He paused briefly, allowing his siblings to process the words.

"I have put a 'point me' spell on this twig, which you will take turns in carrying." He ran their hands over it so they could feel it. "The other will be carrying this rucksack. It has a warm blanket which you are to share, a bag of salt and vinegar crisps for you both, coz I know you love them, and a bottle of water that's never-ending." He paused for a second, bringing out two orange plastic bracelets.

"These are for your personal safety. You must not take them off. If, and only if, you are in a seriously dangerous situation, you are to take them off, but otherwise, no. Taking them off will immediately alert me that you are in danger, or the me that is in relation to you." He rummaged around in a bag bringing out matches and two stones.

"Now, these are matches, because I haven't taught you how to make fire with wandless magic yet, and these are flint stones, in case the matchbox gets wet, or lost, or something. This is your weapon. Cecil, I know dad's taught you how to use a sword, well, started to, so I'm giving you this, it's a small Elvin broadsword, and Róisín, you can have the Elvin longbow.

"They have been shrunken, but you do know how to do an engorgement charm with wandless magic, or you should, since I taught you last week. There are also two toothbrushes and

toothpaste in these, you know what to do with them... what else? Oh, yeah. This is a decontaminator. Put it on any dead creature for ten seconds and say the incantation '*defaceo!*', and then you will be able to eat it. I've also given you a pocket knife, be careful with it, and... that's all."

Cecil frowned. "Bud why do we need all that stuff? It's not like we going to be ages."

"Well, it depends on how long it takes you to get out of the forest."

"What are we doing it for anyway?"

"Well, you need to learn how to work well with others, especially each other. And you're blinded to make it more challenging."

"We won't always be with each other."

"Trust me, Róisín, I know what I'm doing."

### **Unknown Time: Unknown Month**

He held both their hands, and they walked through the trees and into the forest. About an hour later, they were both well and truly exhausted. Harry called a tent and some sleeping bags to him, deciding to finish the activity in the morning. Just before he was about to fall asleep, he pointed his wand at his twin siblings. "*Auctus Consisto!*" then, "*Tempus!*"

It was 7.30. Committing it to his memory, he yawned once more, before falling into a light sleep.

## Chapter Twelve

### Teaching Harry

#### Unknown Time: Unknown Month

Harry put his hands behind his head, and sighed, looking up into the starry night sky. He lifted a hand, and traced his fingers across the sky, making out the constellations. If he really wanted, he could find out exactly where he was by looking at these stars, but he honestly found it more interesting not knowing. He'd just willed them to a forest that would be good for this exercise. On his right, Cecil whimpered lightly in his dream, and rolled over. He cast his eyes over to the small bodies besides him, and sighed. They were so innocent, so trusting. They thought that nothing could hurt them. Well, they would learn. That was, after all, what this lesson was about.

There was a low moan, a slight sob, and Róisín tossed over, unfortunately rolling onto a rock. She was jolted awake by the impact of the rock in the small of her back, and she let out a slight scream. "Mama!" Since Rowena wasn't there, Harry was immediately at her side.

"Shh, Róisín, it's okay." She sniffled a bit, and rubbed her eyes with the palms of her hands. A few tears escaped her eyes, and she sniffled into her older brother's chest. After about five minutes, she had calmed down enough, and confided in Harry what was getting her down.

"I had a bad dream, Harry. I had it last night and the night before and the night before that."

"Shhh, it's just a dream, Róisín, shhh, what was in the dream?"

"I saw you fighting a man who looked..." she searched for the word, before finally settling on "Ugly." Her eyes green flecked amber eyes were wide, and she was looking at him with utmost terror. "But... he wasn't all human, Harry."

"What do you mean?"

"He... he felt evil. It wasn't right. Buh... but Harry, he killed you! You died!" she let out a loud sob. "You was lying on the floor, all gone, all g-g-gooooone!" she wailed, and buried her head in his stomach.

"It's okay, it was just a dream," he soothed.

"It didn't feel like a dream," she cried. Harry just rubbed circles into her back.

"Shhh... it's okay," Harry wasn't too worried about it, it seemed like a normal nightmare for a child. After all, when he had first met Godric and Rowena, it had seemed too good to be true, but when it had finally sunk in, he'd had nightmares that they'd died and he'd been sent back to the Dursley's. Of course, it hadn't happened.

She had finally stopped crying, weeping, and had calmed down considerably, when she looked up Harry with wide, trusting eyes. "Can you make sure that if he does come, you make him dead?"

"Róisín, I'm sure I'll be fine, but just in case, I'll do an extra hour training every day, okay?"

Róisín seemed to consider it, before nodding in a stubborn kind of way. Not moments later, she was fast asleep again. Harry stared at the sky for what seemed to be hours, before falling off to sleep himself.

He was awoken the next morning by Cecil, who was shaking him awake. "Harry, Harry, Harry" he chanted, and Harry sat up.

"Cecil, please. Calm down for a second."

Cecil still insisted on bouncing around with the enthusiasm of a demented rabbit. Harry rubbed his eyes. "CECIL FRANZ GRYFFINDOR!" Cecil stopped jumping, and fell down on his bottom. He looked up at Harry in a kind of 'terrified but not' way.

"Yes, Harry?"

Harry raised his eyebrows at his brother, but, satisfied that Cecil had calmed to some degree, proceeded to continue with his instructions.

“I am not going to follow you around and save you from every attack. I’ve taught you both some wandless magic, which I expect you to use to keep yourselves out of danger. You have the right to talk to animals, though you are to do so sparingly. Since mother and father haven’t allowed you to purchase wands yet, as they don’t want you using magic, you have very little magic at your disposal, and will have to rely on each other.”

Cecil and Róisín nodded. They knew that if they were in any real danger, Harry would have them out in an instant, but he would let them get a little battered first.

Harry repeated the blinding spell, which he’d taken off before they’d gone to sleep, and with that, Harry, the tent, and the numerous blankets disappeared.

Cecil and Róisín turned to where they each knew the other was standing, before seeming to come to a mutual agreement, and grabbing onto each other’s hands. With his spare hand, he picked up the rucksack and slung it over his shoulder. Róisín groped around on the ground for a few seconds, before finding the stick with the point me spell, and placing it on her palm. “Point me,” she whispered. The twig spun around in her hand, and she felt along the top of it, before clasping her brother’s hand, and heading north.

“And I,” Harry thought, watching them walk away, “Will go and pick up where I left off.”

## **September: 1991**

Travelling, Harry appeared in front of the Ravenclaw common room, and, after waiting about ten minutes for someone to come and give him the password, and nobody arriving, he knocked on the mirror. There was no answer. He slumped down at the side of the corridor, and slowly started to nod himself to sleep, even if he had just had a little doze. He’d never really made up for all those years of Jet Lag, sort of. There was a tapping on his shoulder, and he jerked awake. Professor Flitwick was standing next to him. “Mr Potter, the password is ‘*Agnitio*’.” The mirror shimmered for a moment, before admitting him. He smiled gratefully at his head of house, who directed him to the dorms. “There are five people in each dorm; the names are on a

sheet on the doors. Once you've found your name, just head right in, but please, try not to disturb anyone."

Harry nodded his understanding, and made his way up the wide staircase that led out of the common room. There was a door on each level, each labelled with a year level. Seventh years had the bottom floor, while the first years had the top. Harry pushed the door open, and saw another mirror. What was with this place? It never used to have so many mirrors... There were two more doors, one said boys, the other, girls. Harry pulled the boys door, before realising it was a push door, and entering. There were four more doors, which meant, Harry calculated, that there were 25 male students in Ravenclaw, and, if we were saying that was an average, then that meant 200 students in year, which was 1400 students in total. That was heaps more than there were in his other time. The average was three students per house per year. His class had been extremely large, with five students in every house.

He scanned the lists on the doors, before entering dormitory 1R3B. He wondered briefly if Hermione had some nice people in her dorm.

Before he even had a chance to look at anyone else, to see who was in his dorm, he fell onto his bed, woozy from using so much forced magic while in the forest with Cecil and Róisín. Forced magic tired him out because it was raw magic, and used a lot of magic to get the desired effect. This was why he refrained from willing things to him more often.

And for the next 10 hours, he was blissfully unaware of the world.

He awoke the next morning to the bustle of people getting ready for school, well, that, and Dray shaking him awake. "Come on, Harry, we'll be late."

Harry groaned. That would make it the second time in two days. He got up quickly, and, in his confusion, put on his Gryffindor robes. Luckily, he noticed before anyone else did and used a simple switching spell to switch them with his Ravenclaw robes, which were a much more modern style.

He and Dray walked down to the common room, where they noticed that Hermione was waiting for them. "Come on, come on, we're going to be late!" she exclaimed, and they both rolled their eyes at her behind her back. "And stop rolling your eyes! Let's just go! I do plan to eat breakfast, you know, Harry James Potter!"

"Yes mum," he sighed, and she slapped him, just as they found their way into the hall. As they sat down, they could hear the screeching yells of a howler. "...SHAME OF MY FLESH, RONALD BILIUS! SLYTHERIN! EVEN HUFFLEPUFF WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER THAT THIS! WHAT A POOR EXAMPLE YOU ARE SETTING FOR YOUR SISTER AND YOUR COUSINS!"

"Ald has cousins?" asked Harry.

"Yeah," Dray said. "A grand total of eighteen on his mothers side. Dunno how many on his father's side. See, their father's brothers and sisters all moved to America at the start of the first war."

"How many brothers and sisters did he have?"

Dray counted under his breath for a moment. "13." He announced.

"Whoah. Mum's side?"

"2."

"2? And eighteen cousins? That's got to be about 9 each!"

"Yep. Their mothers brothers were twins, and they married twins from a good pureblood family, and every time one of Ald's Aunt's gets pregnant, so does the other. They always have the same sex as well. Then, if one is called Henry Phillip, the other is called Phillip Henry. Their mothers are Rosa Karen and Karen Rosa, and their fathers Gideon Fabian and Fabian Gideon." He frowned. "Or it might have been the other way around."

"How do you know all this?"

“Father made me learn about all the pureblood families. Every Prewett and Weasley has freckles and red hair. And all of them, except Ald, are Gryffindors.”

He pointed over to the Gryffindor table. There were just under 20 redheads sitting at one end of the table, glaring at Ald. Ald shrunk back in his seat as four of them got up.

“That’s Elizabeth Edith and her brother, Cleave Arthur. The other two are their cousins, Edith Elizabeth and Arthur Cleave.”

If Harry hadn’t had Dray telling him all this, he would have thought that Edith and Elizabeth were twins, and Cleave and Arthur were twins. Both pairs of cousins looked exactly the same. Harry looked at the table, and he could immediately pick the Weasleys from the Prewetts. The Prewetts all had doubles. There were even six of the same person sitting there. Two sets of triplets.

“Every ‘set’ of cousins was born on the same day,” Dray said lightly. “The rest of the wizarding world think that the Prewetts are under some kind of curse.”

Harry nodded and the subject was closed.

Harry and Hermione surveyed the food, plates of bacon, platters of toast, trays of egg, bowls of cereal, tubs of yoghurt, dishes of porridge, jugs of juice, making their mouths water. “Em and Liz would love this,” Hermione moaned appreciatively as she filled her bowl with yoghurt.

“Mmmm,” Harry agreed, his mouth full of fruit loops.

He had just piled some bacon onto his plate when he felt someone’s eyes on his back. The hairs on the nape of his neck prickled, and he turned around and his mouth dropped open in absolute shock.

### **Unknown Time: Unknown Month**

Meanwhile, or not so meanwhile, Cecil and Róisín had run into a little bit of trouble in the forest. “Did you hear that, Síny?”



"Hear what?" she asked.

"That." There was a crackling in the background. Róisín gripped Cecil's hand tightly.

"I wish I could see whatever it is!" she answered. Cecil nodded his agreement, then, realising that she couldn't see him, he worded his agreement.

"Yeah. I wonder what we can see though. Hazza said there was one thing we can see."

"Well, we won't see it by keeping our eyes closed, will we?" she told him.

"But we might walk into something, and poke our eyes out or something."

"Harry won't let that happen."

"Merlin would."

"Yeah. Do you remember that time Merlin accidentally let Harry burn his hand?"

"Oh, yeah. It was red for weeks and he couldn't do anything about it. I remember he told Hermione, Lilly, Louise, Greg, Sandy, Pan, Chris, Trent and Dean that he'd dropped a pot of hot tea on it."

"Yeah. And Mum was furious with Merlin."

"Mum doesn't like Merlin. Neither does Dad, come to think of it."

"I wonder why?"

"I think Merlin took Harry when he was a baby, and they didn't see him until he was bigger than us. Can you imagine if we never met Mummy and Daddy, and had to live with mean people?"

"How do you know that?"

"I overheard them talking one day."

“Oh. Where was I?”

“Begging Harry to take you to the future.”

“Oh.” She stepped on a twig and it flicked up onto her leg, tickling it. “Ahhh!” she screeched loudly, before realising what it was. “False alarm.”

“Síny?”

“Síny what?”

“Do you think...?”

“Do I think what?”

“Stop that. Do you think that...” he was cut off as he stumbled into a tree, and released Róisín’s hand, and she went tumbling over the root, and dropping the spelled twig.

“Blast!” she cried out, hearing the twig snap. “Now we’ll never get out of this damned forest.” Rowena would have tried to wash her mouth out with those words, and then have turned on Harry, who taught her them.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that, we still have our friends.”

“What do you mean?”

*‘A forest is sure to have animals’*

*‘Yes, but Harry said not to do it much.’*

*‘Oh, come on! One monkey won’t hurt,’* Cecil protested, slipping in and out of Lingubestian.

“Monkey?”

“I saw one before,” he said, shrugging. Róisín had now managed to get her foot from under the tree root, and was gripping onto the tree as she stood up.

“Great.” She drawled sarcastically. “The one thing that we can see is a monkey.”

“What’s wrong with monkeys?” Cecil asked, before realising what Róisín had moments earlier. “Great.”

*‘What on the flat earth was he thinking?’* came a voice from the sidelines.

*‘What are you talking about’* Cecil asked, clueless. Before the monkey could answer, he had launched into a round of questions. *‘Who are you? Do you live here? Can you help us?’*

The monkey skipped by the first three questions and went straight to the last. *‘Well, that depends what you define as help.’*

Cecil and Róisín looked at him blankly. The monkey sighed. *‘What do you need help with?’*

*‘You’ll help us’*

*‘Probably.’*

*‘Well, first, can you help me find all my stuff and stick it in this rucksack,’*

The monkey ran around for a few minutes, before stopping, asking Cecil to repack himself, and, once that had been done, it shook his head. *‘That sack is ripped. I’ll help you get all your things though.’*

Cecil sighed disappointedly. *‘Can you help us find our way out, too?’*

*‘Sure, but, uh, well,’*

*‘What?’*

*‘Your water bottle has split down the side as well.’*

*‘Oh no! We needed that, Cecil!’*

“Don’t you think I know that, Róisín?”

“Well, yes.”

“What’ll we do?”

Róisín thought for a moment. *‘Can you lead us to a waterhole, or a river or something?’*

*‘It would be my... pleasure...’* said the monkey, its bottom lip curling upward.

Neither Cecil nor Róisín really thought that the monkey could have more sinister intents, after all, it was a monkey, an animal, and animals had never, ever lied to them or tried to hurt them in their lives. And besides, the monkey was cute.

The monkey started to lead them towards the river, as was requested. They could hear the water running in the distance, yet they could only see the monkey. They could see that he seemed to be gripping some of their things in his feet and he swung through the branches, yet they could not actually see the things. Cecil had a hold of the bags of chips, while Róisín had the blanket. The monkey had the decontaminator and the pocket knife, and their toothbrushes were in their pockets, Cecil was able to carry the crossbow by threading his arm through it, though the monkey had his elfin broadsword. Their plastic bracelets glowed luminously on their skin, causing the monkey to glance at them every ten seconds.

Eventually, they seemed to be on the waterside. The monkey spoke again. *‘Cup your hands together and drink like this,’* he said, cupping his hands and collecting some water in his palms, and pretending to sip at it. *‘Come, drink,’*

Cecil and Róisín shrugged, and did so. Straight away they started to feel drowsy, and not even seconds later, they dropped to sleep. They hardly noticed that they could see the water. By the time they had regained their consciousness, night had well and truly fallen. *‘What happened? Hey, monkey, are you there?’*

The voice that answered was not the one that they had expected to hear. *‘That unfaithful beast has left this place. He is working for the*

*tribe shaman, who has the same ability as you, that of speaking to animals. He took your belongings with him.'*

*'What!'*

*'Which things did he take?'*

*'He had with him a bottle of water, a blanket, and some other things which I could not see as they were concealed in a rucksack.'*

*'But that water and the sack were ruined!'*

*'Lies are the words he speaks.'*

*'Who are you, anyway?'*

*'My name is Rodor, I am a beast of the blue-sky.'*

*'You mean a bird?'*

*'If that be what you call the beasts of the blue-sky.'*

*"Look, Rodor, whether you like it or not, you are a bird. But I really don't like you speaking in that ridiculous way. Please, plain Lingubestian!"*

*'Fine.'* Rodor huffed. *'What do you want?'*

*'Can you tell us where the monkey went?'*

*'The monkey went home to his master. His master is the shaman of the Willow tribe.'*

*'Great, uh, can you direct us to the willow tribe?'*

Rodor seemed to be considering. *'Cross the river and follow along it's path until you come to a fork. At the fork, you should turn your heads to the north and walk straight.'*

*'How should we cross the river?'*

*'If you go south for 100 meters, there is a fallen tree which you can go across.'*

They followed Rodor's directions, and, as they came to the fallen tree, Róisín volunteered to go first. Balancing very carefully, she made her way to the middle, where there was a stable platform as the tree branch forked, she called out for Cecil to follow. Cecil shivered as the raging winds threatened to knock him off the log, but he clung on stubbornly each time, his grip on wandless levitation charms no doubt helping.

He had just made his way to where Róisín was standing and clutched her hand in his when a very fierce gust of wind swept around them, and the sky began to cry down on them, the clouds creating a gloomy atmosphere as thunder crashed about in the sky, before it came to life and struck a tree nearby them. Róisín whimpered and held Cecil's hand tighter, she had never liked the lightning. Cecil just curled up to her. "Come on, Síny, we need to keep on going. Get off this log." But Róisín was frozen in absolute fear.

"No," she whimpered back. "If we go there, we might get hit by lightning." She refused to budge. So, instead the two siblings huddled up together on that forking point of the branch, clinging to each other for warmth, stomachs rumbling loudly, and mud, dirt and grime clinging to their skin, as the storm took out its anger on the world.

Because of the noise of the storm and the running water, Róisín and Cecil failed to notice the sound of nibbling on the wood. There was a few minutes, before they heard a rather loud creak, and on side of the log snapped, and they held on tightly, just about to fall off. There were a few seconds before the other side snapped also, and the log plummeted into the fast flowing river.

"Great!" Cecil groaned.

"Beavers!" Róisín finished for him. They both let go of the log as it rolled in the water, as although the river was quite deep, there were a lot of rocks on the bottom, and many of them weren't small, and they weren't too fond of the idea of being ripped to shreds by sharp rocks. Cecil and Róisín grimaced at the bitter frostiness of the water, and the fact that it was raining and it was night time didn't help any either.

However, they didn't have long to think about how cold the water was, because the river was moving *extremely* fast, and they had already gone about 500m west, and had reached the fork. Cecil and Róisín clung to each other, and when a medium sized branch whacked into them, ensuring that they'd have impressive bruises the next day. Cecil latched onto it, and they flew down the right fork, which was, unbeknownst to them, the wrong fork, and incredibly dangerous at that. They soon discovered this however, as they heard what sounded like thousands of litres of water falling straight down. Suddenly, their vision was swamped by a massive waterfall.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

## Chapter Thirteen

### Impossible Harry

#### Unknown Time: Unknown Month

Cecil and Róisín tumbled down the waterfall, screaming their lungs out. At that point in time they were entirely frozen with fear. It took a few moments, but Róisín eventually gained control of herself, and thought for a split second. She could see the ground plummeting toward them. Taking an even tighter grip of Cecil's hand, she breathed deeply and tried to manipulate her magic and the magic around her to make them stop. It would have been far more effective if she had simply tried to levitate herself. Instead, in her effort, she couldn't stop Cecil's hand from leaving hers as she stopped abruptly, making him move even faster than he had been before. "Cecil!" she screamed, almost bursting her lungs. "Stop! Cecil, please stop!"

"HOW!" He shouted back, his voice growing fainter and slipping under the roar of the waterfall.

"Use your magic!" She shouted back twice as loudly, but she wasn't sure if he could hear her.

She just floated with the water thundering down over and behind her, waiting fearfully for her twin. '*Cecil!*' she thought desperately.

'*Róisín?*' came a confused sounding thought through her mind.

'*Cecil!*'

'*Róisín?*'

This went on for a good few minutes, but they finally confirmed that they were thinking to each other.

'*Cecil, are you okay?*'

'*I've stopped and the water shoved me into a cave off the side.'*

'*That's good. What do we do now?*'



*'Well, I'm going to try and get out of this cave and onto the side banks. I can hear the water crashing about a meter below me.'*

*'Alright. I'll try to get there as well.'*

*'Can you still see the water?'*

*'No. I think we can only see things that present an immediate danger to us'*

*'Right'* Cecil thought, before they cut off the connection and concentrated completely on trying to get out of the waterfall relying solely on magic. And considering that they didn't know what they were doing, and were just making it up as they went, it took them about half an hour before they had gotten to the side.

*'G'night!'*

*'G'night Róisín.'* Cecil thought, the thought coming through with a yawn. Then they both collapsed on the banks and slept for about five hours.

The sun was rising as they awoke. They were both, by now, starving. "When I see that monkey," Cecil ground out. "I will physically kill him and have him for dinner."

"That's probably not a good idea, Cecil. He could be diseased."

"We can use magic to steal the decontaminator back."

"We'll get it *all* back." They found each others hands after a quick bathe in the river and filling themselves up with water. Then they headed to find the tribe shaman, remembering the directions from Rodor.

## **September: 1991**

Harry gaped for a good few seconds, before he seemed to take it in. He could feel Hermione gaping beside him, before they both cried, "Lilly! Louie! Gregy!"

At the same time, Lilly, Louise and Greg shouted out “Hazza-y! Hermione-y!”

The five of them immediately did their ‘victory’ dance, before they stopped, realising that everyone was staring at them. They looked around and soon enough everyone went back to their own business, and they were grinning like mad. Harry was utterly confused. It was impossible! Physically impossible! Uncle Merlin had said that you had to have magic when you were born to have magic, and their auras had *clearly* been free of magic when he’d first met them, but what he saw now seemed to conflict against it.

He was incredibly happy at this revelation, and, although he didn’t know it, Draco felt like he’d been dropped like a hot potato, which it seemed he had been. Lilly, Louise, Greg, Harry and Hermione were chatting away like old friends which they were, and leaving everyone out. Though they were still upset that all their other friends couldn’t come (they had quite a lot of them), they were pleased that the five of them had made it, as they were *best* friends, so Sandy, Pan, Chris, Trent and Dean didn’t really matter at the moment.

They chatted animatedly as they chewed their way through their breakfast, and, looking at their timetable, they realised that Harry, Hermione, Lilly and Greg had History of Magic as their first period. Harry was pleased about this as History was usually one of his mildly enjoyable subjects.

However, Kieran Kantooth had different ideas about history, and it immediately skyrocketed to his favourite.

“I am a half blood.” He began after he had called the roll. Everyone was looking at each other confusedly, wondering what his point was and what it had to do with History. “Even though both my parents were Muggle.”

Harry blinked. Hermione blinked. The rest of the class blinked. “What?” they all said as one.

“Every person that has magic in their veins has to have some ancestors who had magic, except for a few exceptional cases.” Kantooth explained. “So, for our first project this year, we are going to

research our family trees. There is a spell that can help with this project, which can be found in one of your books. I think it was Notable Witches and Wizards.”

He looked around the room, and was not in the least surprised to hear groans. “I know,” he laughed good naturedly. “But it’s part of the curriculum. This year, we do ancestry, ancient binding methods, etc. Next year we do famous people, though we do cover them briefly this year. The year after that we do goblin rebellions. Then I think you do magical artefacts. Fifth year you do wars, sixth year do legends, and in seventh year, you go into the finer points on all these things.”

“Today we will find out what you know about family lines, and then we’ll play some games.”

“Okay. For the first six weeks we will be working on Family Trees and learning about certain abilities, etc, that run in family lines.” Kantooth looked around the class, and pointed straight at Harry.

“You’re a Potter, am I correct?”

Harry almost said ‘no, I’m a Gryffindor,’ but instead, he just said “Yes, Professor.”

“How much do you know about the Potter family line?”

Harry thought hard. “The first born child is usually a male?” he asked. He wasn’t very familiar with the Potter/Evans side of his family. He was closer to the Gryffindor/Ravenclaw side.

Kantooth nodded. “Does anyone know anything special about their family lines? Muggleborns can put their hand up too.”

Lilly immediately put up her hand, almost falling off her seat. “No-one from my dad’s side of the family has ever had any other eye colour but blue.” She said breathlessly.

“Good. Anyone else? Traditions count as well.”

Another Hufflepuff raised their hand. “Yes?”

“Well, in my family, we do name blessings.”

“Do you want to explain to everyone else what a name blessing is?”

“Well, a name blessing takes one of the meanings of a name and turns it into a blessing in a way. For example, my name, Susan Amelia, means Trusting Worker, and my name blessing is ‘May you always be trusting and work hard for what you get throughout your life.’”

“Well done! Five points to Hufflepuff!” Susan practically shone with pride, and her smile threatened to snap her face in half.

Lilly grinned as well, and turned to Harry, sticking her tongue out. *‘We’re better than you!’* she signed.

Harry huffed. *‘Not in a month of Sundays!’* he replied.

This is where Greg put in. *‘Oh, stop being so full of yourself. And what have I told you about girl germs?’*

*‘Oh, shush!’* he signed in irritation. Greg just smirked, and turned back to doodling on his parchment when he should have been taking notes.

They turned back to the lesson. Kantooth was certainly a great teacher, no doubt about it. He had every student hanging on to his every word, fascinated. It was clear that he was passionate about his subject.

Harry and Hermione were sorry to leave by the time the lesson had ended, and they had to go Defence Against the Dark Arts, which they had with the Gryffindors. Louise smiled when she saw them entering the same class as them, and introduced them to her two new friends.

“This is Masobelle Black, she’s in my dorm, and this is Shane Flamel.” Then, so no one else could understand, she signed quickly and discreetly. *‘Shane’s mum and dad are 600 years old! Can you believe it?’*

*‘It’s called alchemy, Lou. Alchemy.’*

“Excuse me?” Asked Masobelle. “Are you just going to stare at each other? Or are you going to talk?” Masobelle flicked a strand of thick black hair over her shoulder. Her voice sounded slightly thick as she spoke. “Well?”

They never answered her, as the teacher arrived and ushered them through the door.

Once they had their seats, the professor smiled sweetly. “Okay, class! Stand up and let's say good morning!” she said, pointing her ruler at the board where it read “Professor Pandora Parry”

“Poor Pan,” Harry whispered. “She has to share a name with this crazy creature.”

Hermione and Louise batted him, while Masobelle, Shane and Dray just looked on curiously. But indeed, it seemed that Professor Parry was crazy, and she did nothing to discourage this image. She didn't wear robes. Instead she had a pair of fluoro orange jeans and a Muggle tee shirt. It was tie died in fluoro pink. She had a lime green and lemon yellow crimped sash tied around her waist, and her hair was died pink, like the colour of her shirt and shoes. For most of the lesson, her voice was several tones too happy about things like the discovery of shielding charms. The students were torn between hating her and loving her. So they all pretended to hate her while secretly liking her. The girls would always whisper snide comments like ‘I think she must be a troll – wait, that's an insult to the trolls!’ to each other and giggle at them. The boys were slightly crueller. There were several times where they stuck pins on her chair, unfortunately, Parry hardly seemed to notice. It was highly unnatural. They all giggled when she walked out with pins stuck to her bum.

After morning tea they had Potions. Harry had been surprised when he had learnt that there were only two potions lessons a week. Surely, he thought, Potions was far too an important subject to be skimping on. He soon found out why. The Potions Professor, Severus Snape, was horrible. He seemed to have a grudge against Harry, Hermione and Dray. The moment they entered his classroom, he fired questions at them, which, due to Hermione's incessant studying, Harry's lessons with Helga, and Dray's pre Hogwarts potions tutoring,

they were able to answer. This seemed to make Snape hate them all even more, unfortunately.

The rest of Ravenclaw House was pleased. They were usually ignored by Snape, as were the Hufflepuffs. Having him hate them so much would give them some kind of chance to prove themselves.

After Potions, they had Charms. Professor Flitwick, their head of house, taught that. Flitwick was so short that he used a levitating charm to keep his head above the desk. He told them that he used to use a pile of books, but he had hated to use books for such a task. Then he went through to role and explained the course objectives. Harry was sure that he'd be bored as hell by the end of it. They were learning the Levitating Charm in October, and the month following up to it would be Theory and learning different wand movements. He'd done most of these movements years ago. He'd learn to do them wandlessly first, then he'd do them with his wand. He always felt that using a wand was too complicated though. Cecil and Róisín seemed like they would take after him in that department. They didn't even have wands yet and he taught them wandless magic. He had taught them the more practical spells first, then the others.

So basically, his five year old siblings had already covered the future Hogwarts first year Charms course, wandlessly. Nope. He wouldn't have any fun. In fact, the only remotely new sounding spell was the Core Swapping Charm, which simply swapped the magic of one person to another person. And he wasn't looking forward to that. He liked his magic where it was, thank you very much! Luckily, it wouldn't sap his travelling ability, as no other bodies would be equipped for it.

They had Herbology with a sullen witch, Professor Clear. She hadn't yet divulged her first name to anyone, saying sullenly that it was an embarrassment and a disgrace to the family. She seemed to think that her mother was insane. The liked it when her lessons were cut short. She was almost as bad as Snape, apart from the fact that she didn't take points, or hate anyone specifically. She was just, well, to put it simply, a pessimist. Her first words to them had summed it up. "Bad afternoon, class. If we go inside, maybe we have a slim chancer of surviving."

And it had been perfectly sunny and happy.

They had Transfiguration after Herbology on Mondays. It was with the head of Gryffindor House, with the Hufflepuffs. Their first lesson was to turn their matchstick into a needle. Harry thought that this was pretty pathetic, because in the past, even the Muggles knew how to do things like this.

They knew all about it, and studied it as part of their normal lives, they just weren't able to physically do anything. It was prohibited by the Council for a Muggleborn child to practice any magic before the age of 11, when they could go to Hogwarts and gain a professional education. So most Muggleborns knew how to do the basics, they just needed to practice them. Even di Mildura would be up to the level of turning a rock into a bit of wood. It was simply a matter of altering the composition of the particles, though for the first week they would revise these things.

Harry transfigured his needle within a few minutes. He could have done it heaps faster, but he turned it into a mouse first and he had to try and catch it. This was because he only knew how to do summoning charms wandlessly, which, quite obviously, he couldn't be doing in front of 100 other people including McGonagall. McGonagall seemed to think that he had messed up the transformation, but he didn't care what she thought because he knew better. He held the mouse by its tail in his left hand, twirling it around and making it dizzy, before pointing his wand at it, whereupon it vaporised and reformed into a needle. He smirked arrogantly, not even Hermione had managed to do it fully. By the end of the lesson, he had a pile of needles on his desk. Professor McGonagall made a big show of it, before noticing Harry's obvious lack of interest and dismissing them rather crossly.

### **Unknown Time: Unknown Month**

Cecil and Róisín had finally made their way to the tribe. They could smell the food cooking over what they assumed was a spit fire. Cecil drooled at the thought of it. They hadn't had anything more substantial than water for nearly 24 hours, and they were beginning

to get stomach cramps. Cecil pinched the bridge of his nose. "Róisín, I *need* that food." He whined.

"I need it too, but you don't see me whining, do you?" she snapped at him, pushing a strand of black hair back behind her ear, wishing that her ribbons would stay put for once.

Cecil rolled his eyes. "Geez," he muttered, and frowned in thought. He really needed that food.

Although he hadn't been taught the proper wandless magic summoning charm yet, he decided that he would have to have a go at it. He concentrated hard and felt the magic snaking out of his hand. He directed it toward the smell, where it ripped off a large chunk of meat. It slowly wound its way back to the twins and by the time that it did, Cecil ploughed into it, not stopping to think if Róisín would like any.

"That is gross, Cecil!" she exclaimed, but ate her share anyway.

Unfortunately for the twins, there had been someone watching the food while it cooked. Upon noticing that a bit had been brutally ripped off the side, she summoned to the tribe shaman and they both followed it back to where it had come from. When they stopped in front of a cave and saw the two pale younglings, the woman was shocked. She'd never seen anyone white, before. The tribe shaman was not quite as shocked, as his pet monkey Podi had described them to him. He had been pleased with his monkeys gaining, but he had not realised how young the people he had taken them from had been.

However, deceit was Pilan's forte, and he could work this situation exactly to his liking. Or so he thought.

Cecil and Róisín could see the man the moment that he appeared. When he leaned down and said something in his native tongue, they cowered and moved further to the back.

Seeing that they couldn't understand him, he switched to Lingubestian, which Podi had assured him they could understand.



*'It's okay, I want to be your friend, I want to help you,' he whispered softly.*

*'Yeah, right.'* thought Róisín in Putoration. *'He probably wants to boil us up in a pot.'*

*'Or he might want to steal the rest of our stuff.'*

*'What else have we got?'*

*'Um... our bracelets?'*

*'So, how about it?'* They tuned back into the conversation that was going on I Lingubestian.

*'Um, alright.'* Cecil muttered, hoping they might get food.

*'Excellent, now younglings, what are your names?'*

*'I'm Róisín and he's Cecil.'*

*'No, no, that won't do. Do you have any siblings?'*

*'We have an older brother.'*

*'Good, good. Róisín, your tribal name can be Winona. Cecil, what is your father?'*

*'Um... he's a knight, and he's a teacher.'*

*'NO! His title.'*

*'Oh. Lord Godric of Hogwarts.'*

*'Great, you can be Yuma.'*

*'But sir, can't we keep our names?'*

*'No, you must have proper names, Little Pauwau'*

Cecil was utterly confused, and he conveyed this feeling perfectly in Putoration *'Huh?'*

*'Don't ask me. And don't believe anything he says,'*

*'I'm not stupid, Róisín!'*

*'That's "Winona,"'* she mimicked the shaman's voice in her mind.

Cecil snorted mentally. *'Sure, and I'm Yuma'*

*'You are.'* Róisín teased.

*Revised: January 2006*

## **Chapter Fourteen**

### **Tribal Harry**

#### **Unknown Time: Unknown Month**

Cecil and Róisín were introduced as visitors from another tribe, Winona and Yuma. There were three other children their age, whom they played with for the duration of their stay. At first they had difficulty understanding what was going on, and the Shaman had to translate for them all the time, but after about two weeks, they had got a basic hold of the language, with their magic filling in the gaps. Of course, it was extra hard when you could hardly see anything, but luckily, the spell was wearing off, and they could now see a vague veil of colour and movement. There were only a few things that stayed completely clear, Pilan, for example.

Of the children who they played with, Nova was the quietest and most brooding. Paytah and Mahala informed their two new companions that she had used to be more bubbly and bright, but when it was discovered that she had 'Shaman Power', it was decided that she would make a good sacrifice for the Moon Goddess. The next Moon Festival was only a few days away. Cecil and Róisín realised that they would probably be sacrificed as well, as 'the more powerful the sacrifice, the kinder the Moon Goddess would be to them'. The Moon Goddess looked after well, everything. They had two gods, the Moon Goddess, and the Sun God. The Sun God made sure to chase off the darkness, and the Moon Goddess did everything else.

Nova understood that the sacrifice was for the good of the tribe, but no-one in their right mind looks forward to their own death. And no mother in their right mind looks forward to their child's death. Nova's mother, Zaltana, was in her right mind, and although it could mean that she was sacrificed instead of her child, she would save Nova. The visitors with pale skin were also to be sacrificed. Though Winona and Yuma were fairly happy within the tribe, Zaltana was sure that their mother was missing them dearly.

Zaltana pondered. And pondered. And pondered. Finally, Zaltana made her decision, and not a moment too soon. That night would be

the Moon Festival. *'Nova! Winona! Yuma!'* she called to the three younglings. *'Come here'*

*'What do you want, Zaltana?'* Cecil asked her, pausing between his words to consider what he was saying.

*'You must go, now. I have found where Shaman Pilan has put your things. Follow me, we must hasten.'*

The men had all gone out hunting, and the Shaman had gone with them to increase their luck on the day of the Moon Festival. The women were all making things for the Moon Festival, and the children were playing in the other clearing. No-one was there to see them sneak into the Shaman's Tent, Podi the Monkey had gone with Pilan, leaving all their things unguarded. It appeared that Pilan had had no idea what to do with any of it, as it lay untouched in the rucksack.

*'Are you coming with us, Zaltana?'* Róisín had a far better grasp on the language than Cecil.

*'All I ask is that you look after Nova. Take her away and don't ever come back, can you do that for me, Winona, Yuma?'*

Cecil swallowed, before replying in clumsy tribal. *'Will we die if we stay?'*

*'Yes.'*

*'Zaltana, we can try. But, just so that you know, you can come.'*

*'I'll just be a burden.'*

*'You won't, truly!'* Róisín protested fiercely.

*'I have to stay here'*

Cecil and Róisín looked at each other for a moment, before coming to a simultaneous decision, and ripping their luminous bracelets off their wrists, shocking Nova and Zaltana. The twins hadn't let anyone near their bracelets. Protecting their bracelets had been like protecting their lives. As soon as the bracelets were off, they stopped glowing,

and a very serious looking boy appeared. "Cecil? Róisín? Are you okay?"

He pulled them behind him and drew out a stick of wood. "Hazza, it's okay! We're fine!"

*'Winona? Yuma?'* Zaltana was utterly confused.

*'Hold on, we'll explain in a minute!'* Róisín said hurriedly.

"Then why did you remove your bracelets?"

"Because if we stay one more night, they are going to sacrifice us and Nova to the Moon Goddess."

"Who's Nova?" Cecil indicated the dark haired, dark skinned little girl that was besides him.

Harry was horrified. "So, what are we going to do?"

"Zaltana, that's Nova's mum, wants us to take Nova home and look after her."

"Cecil, Mum has enough to worry about without"

"But Harry, she'll die if we don't look after her." Róisín cut in.

Harry thought for a moment, then sighed.

"We'll work it out with Mum and Dad. Tell Zaltana that we'll make sure Nova is safe."

*'Zaltana, My brother says that we'll make sure that Nova is safe.'*

*'Thank you so much!'* Zaltana wept.

Harry grabbed Nova's hand, and Cecil and Róisín gripped his shirt.

## **September: 1011**

After taking the age retardation spell off the twins, he turned to Godric and Rowena.

“Mum? Dad? We have a situation”

Nova was looking scared, and let go of Harry’s hand, turning to Róisín. *‘Where are we, Winona?’*

*‘We’re at my home. We escaped from the tribe, you won’t have to be sacrificed anymore. And when I’m here, my name is Róisín, not Winona. Yuma is Cecil.’*

*‘Alright.’*

Rowena noticed the little black girl. “Harry? What’s this?”

Harry took a deep breath. “Well, I gave Cecil and Róisín a Merlin lesson.” Rowena looked reproofing, but didn’t say anything, instead motioning for him to go on. “Basically, I set them loose in a forest and told them to find their way out. They had bracelets, which they have to take off if they were in any real danger. While they were in the forest, they found a tribe, and the tribe took them in. However, tonight, they were going to be sacrificed along with Nova here unless I came and got them. I couldn’t leave Nova behind, and her mother begged me to take her.” It was a white lie, but he was sure Zaltana would have begged if he’d refused.

Rowena’s face softened. The situation of a mother begging for their child to be spared touched her heart. She turned to Godric. “We can’t just leave her,” she pleaded.

Godric didn’t really want another person in his house, someone who he hardly knew, someone who could hurt his family. Why, the girl didn’t even know English yet. They’d have to teach her everything. But on the other hand, it was a little girl, very much like his own, and his family seemed to be attached to her already.

“Are you sure that you can look after her? You already have enough to do and with the baby,”

“Godric, I’ll be fine. Harry can help, and I’m sure that Helga and Salazar will help too.”

“Okay then. She can stay.”

Róisín jumped up and down and turned to Nova. *'Did you hear that, Nova, you can stay! Of course, you'll have to learn English and everything, but you can stay!'*

*'I can?'*

*'Yes! Is it not great?'*

The next few weeks were very hard for Nova. Firstly, she was adjusting to a whole new culture, with no-one who she loved near her. Of course, there was Cecil and Róisín, but they were just friends. Then she was adjusting to a new language, and also the way the castle moved all the time was very disconcerting.

Whereas, Cecil and Róisín had had each other, and they'd been able to speak something fluently with the Shaman, not that he was all that great, but they'd been able to speak it fluently and fast. Cecil and Róisín, though they were smart, had never really gained a proper fluency of Tribal. The Tribe had not moved and tents had not changed places every few minutes, and there hadn't been 100 people, including students, teachers, and hired help. There had only been about 50, and they had only needed to know a few of them, and they all looked different. To Nova, all the people looked exactly the same. Then there was the matter of clothing. Nova wasn't allowed to wear her deerskins any longer, and she had to go and get some robes from a place called Diagon Alley. It didn't help that everyone had two names, and some of them had three or four! Nova only had one name, all the people in Nova's tribe had only one name. And depending on where she was, people had to be called different things. And people called her many things. One of the more common was something called a Mudblood, and a Nigger. Both these were cruel terms. One was apparently because her biological parents weren't magic, and one was because of the colour of her skin.

When people teased her about this, at first, she didn't know what to do, so she cried. Then they called her a cry baby Mudblood Nigger. After this incident, Harry reassured her that they would get their own back, and that her dark skin was beautiful, as was her tightly curled black hair and dark brown eyes. Soon the insults were like water rolling off a ducks back, and they ceased when they realised that she

wasn't reacting. She was relieved, because she wasn't sure that she could ignore them for much longer.

After a month, Nova had adjusted quite well to her new lifestyle, however, and the only thing that she really missed was her mother. Her father had always been rather brutal, and, as she'd revealed to Rowena, he'd been the one that had said she'd make a good sacrifice. Then, she defended him by saying that it was only because she had a gift.

She really enjoyed her lessons, attending them with an almost fanatical zeal. She was attending all the lessons with Cecil and Róisín, and she could at least half communicate with them. While she was coming along quite nicely with her English, she hadn't fully mastered it, and in the meantime, she had been teaching them more tribal. They were both fluent by this point. Her favourite lesson was by far transfiguration. Though she couldn't do any practical, as Rowena and Godric were refusing to let them get wands, she still enjoyed watching Cecil and Róisín turn things into other things. It was in one of these lessons that she revealed what her gift that had almost had her killed was. She was a natural Animagus, and could turn into a butterfly at will.

However, it was obvious to everyone that Cecil and Róisín were happier, having someone other than themselves to talk to and play with, so after a long talk, Godric, Rowena, Helga and Salazar decided to employ a full time child carer, and they brought other young magical children to Hogwarts. Sometime just after this, Helga realised that she was pregnant. She was overjoyed, as she had always wanted a child, though she was frightened, because last time she'd gotten pregnant, she'd had a miscarriage. Rowena assured her that it would be alright, and they did a spell to see how far in she was. She was three months. Rowena, in the meantime was six months along, and getting very large.

They had to employ someone else to take Charms and Divination, as she was just too large and delicate to be in class still. "It won't be long until we'll have to do the same for you, Helga," Rowena gushed excitedly.



Helga was positively glowing. "Just as well Salazar is good at Potions, otherwise we would never get someone to fill the post. Potions Mastery isn't very popular these days as an occupation."

"Yeah," Rowena agreed, laughing. "Imagine if Salazar got sick or something. You of course could take Transfiguration, but we'd never get a new Potions master."

"I know, but Harry could take me back to double up lessons."

"Only as a short term thing, though."

"Yeah."

Harry, on the other hand, was breezing through all his lessons. Although in the past there were 40 lessons a week compared to the 28 in the future, he knew most of the material. Actually, everyone knew most of the material. They were merely going over it to make sure that they did.

Harry was sitting watching Roswyn study. He had finished his long ago, and was trying to convince her to help him with a prank.

"Aw, Rossy! Come on, have some fun!"

"That's easy for you to say. If any of us normal people try to have fun, Peeves ruins it."

"He's not that bad, Ros."

"He's absolutely horrible!"

"You don't know that. Here, come with me."

He got up, and Roswyn immediately was at his heels. They made their way through several passages, before appearing in a small room. "Oy, Peeves!" he shouted loudly. "C'mere!"

They sat down to wait for a few moments, then with a little puff, Peeves appeared. "Hazza!"

"Hey Peeves. Look, I have a problem."

“Anything you need, Haz Haz.”

“Do you mind, Peeves? It’s Harry, or Hazza.”

Peeves gave a long suffering sigh. “Yes Haz.”

“A!”

“Hazza.”

“Good. Anyway, Rossy here thinks-”

“Roswyn or Ros, *not* Rossy!”

“Fine, Roswyn then. Anyway, Roswyn here thinks that you’re no fun.”

Peeves looked insulted. “ME! NO FUN!”

“Peeves, shut up.”

Peeves promptly obeyed.

“Anyway, since Ros thinks you’re no fun, we have no choice but to corrupt her.”

“Yes!”

“Corrupt me? Harrison, that doesn’t sound fun.”

“What have I told you? It’s Harry in the very least. Hazza wouldn’t kill you either.” He shook his head and muttered under his breath. “No one ever just wants to call me Harry or Hazza. Why the hell did Mum call me Harrison anyway?”

“Because it sounds nicer than Harry or Hazza?” Peeves offered cautiously.

“Probably. Anyway, Roswyn, Peeves, we aren’t here to discuss my name. Oh no, we are here for a *much* more serious reason.”

“What’s that?” asked Roswyn, while Peeves just looked excited.

“To plan a prank!”

Roswyn groaned and dropped her head into her arms. However, within a few minutes of Harry and Peeves discussing the pranks while she stayed silent, she slowly warmed up to it.

“We can’t prank Mum or Aunt Helga. I wouldn’t recommend Dad or Aunt Sal, so that leaves us with... Bellamont, al Parvin, Opinus, le Rowe-Ellison, la Corte, Andsaca, Prenestins, Martinez, or Fasset.” he said, listing off the surnames of all their teachers.

“Well, Isobella Bellamont is nice, so we don’t need to prank her Aunt, Jared le Rowe-Ellison is nice enough, and so is his father, so we’ll skip Professor le Rowe-Ellison, I don’t really know the la Corte cousins, but Professor la Corte seems nice enough. Cuthbert Ó Caollaidhe is a bit weird, but he’s harmless enough, so there goes his relatives, Sibley Fasset is absolutely horrible, and her ‘darling Uncle Daere’ is a horrible teacher. I hate the Dark Arts. Or, at least, I hate them when he teaches them.” Roswyn deduced. “So therefore, we should prank Professor Fasset.”

“Great reasoning, Ros! We’ll make a prankster of you yet. Next...what should we do?”

Many things ran through Harry’s mind, including transfiguring his shoes into rollerblades, but then he thought that was too futuristic. Next he thought about using a mild Dark Arts spell to make him sing the Wizard of Oz, but once again that was too futuristic. He thought about other songs, but he didn’t think that the effect would be the same.

“How about we make him proclaim his love for Professor al Parvin?”

“Nah, that’d be mean to al Parvin.” He thought for a moment, but couldn’t think of anything. “Peeves? Any thoughts?”

“Yeah, I could steal his wand.”

“And replace it with a fake!” Roswyn agreed.

“Or we could spike his pumpkin juice with a truth potion, and make someone question him!”

“Or we could make him make random admissions about weird things!”

“Yeah, like, he could say...” Harry put on a really goofy voice. “I wish I had married a piece of slime. My brother did. He stole my piece of slime! I wanted to marry that it of slime!” Peeves and Roswyn were laughing.

“Anyway, a vote. Wand?”

Everyone put up their hands. It was decided, they’d switch his wand.

The next day was Friday, which was when they had Dark Arts. They had Herbology and DADA in the morning before Morning Tea, then they had Flying, Potions, Magical Theory and Charms, then lunch. After lunch they had a double period of Dark Arts, which finished at five o’clock.

When they were ushered into the classroom, Fasset called the roll as usual, sneering as some of the people came in late. “Today, we will be learning about the Dolo Pain Curses. They are a set of three curses, each designed to cause pain, each incantation is similar, yet each holds a slight different level of pain. The first is ‘Dolor.’ It is the least painful. The second is ‘Doleo.’ It is about twice as painful as ‘Dolor.’ The last and most painful is ‘Dolens’. Dolens is three times as painful as Dolor.

“Now, we need a volunteer.”

No-one raised their hands; the last volunteer in this class had ended up in the Hospital Wing. “You!” he pointed at the girl sitting closest to him. It was Penelope Hila di Puff, a Hufflepuff.

“You’ll be our example today.”

Penelope gulped and stood up shakily. When Fasset reached for his wand, he didn’t realise he had a fake. He pointed it at Penelope “Dolor!”

Penelope blinked in confusion. “Dolor!” Fasset shouted again, louder. Still no result.

After his fifth turn, there were a few giggles spreading though the class. “DOLOR!” he yelled. Penelope giggled softly.

By the time he’d tried fifteen times, the whole class was drowning in laughter. It was topped off when his wand turned into a rubber chicken, which followed a gimmick he’d seen in a joke shop in 2000.

By the end of the lesson, Fasset was a laughing stock. Only di Mildura and Fasset Jr. weren’t laughing at him, but then again, the terrible two had no sense of humour, so that didn’t really count.

Nigger (Sometimes *Niger*) is a derogative term and I do *not* in *any* way condone its usage.

*Revised: January, 2006*

## Chapter Fifteen

### Giving Harry

**September: 1991**

They had been at Hogwarts two weeks, and it was suddenly Hermione's birthday. Harry, Lilly, Louise, Greg, Masobelle, Shane and Susan all realised at the same time that they hadn't got her presents. And it was her birthday the next day. Hermione was in the library at the time, and they were all sitting by the lake and chatting. Harry was the first to realise. '*Oh sheet,*' he signed forcefully.

'*What?*' the rest of the group from St Hedwig's signed back.

"I forgot to get Hermione a present!"

There was a brief pause. "Bugger!" the rest of the group shouted at once.

Harry bit his lip. "Well, we can't not get her a present." he said. He was sure that he would be able to get her a present, but the others, well, it was a pretty big problem.

He thought hard for a moment. "Okay, who wants to sneak into Hogsmeade?"

"Harry!" Susan scolded. "How do you propose we do that?"

"Well, there're plenty of secret passages out of the school."

"But Hogsmeade has like, no variety!" Masobelle protested. "I can't get her a present unless we can go to Diagon Alley as well." She waved her hands and said it with such conviction that anyone would be convinced the world would end if she had to shop in Hogsmeade for a birthday present.

"Merlin, Bellé, you'd think you'd be happy to go to Hogsmeade."

"Well I'm not. Big deal."

Shane snorted. "It is a big deal. How do you expect us to get you to Diagon Alley? And won't people kind of guess that we are skipping school?"

"No-one will know the difference." Harry looked around quickly, and, sure that no-one was watching him, he morphed into someone who was taller, got rid of the scar, and basically turned himself into a man who looked nothing like Harry did.

Lilly, Louise, and Greg had seen him do this before, but the others hadn't. They gaped a few seconds, before simultaneously exclaiming "I didn't know that you were a Metamorphmagus." Harry just grinned in his new shape.

"Now you have a supervising adult." He paused, fishing for his wand.

He pointed it at them. "*Specto Adultus!*"

"Now you have a group of adults." He grinned.

They looked at each other. "Hazza, how did you get so bloody smart?" asked Lilly obtrusively.

"I just am." He grinned cheekily.

He nullified the effects of the spell, and motioned for them to follow him. They made their way in a winding line toward the dungeons. As they drew closer and closer to the forbidden area, the others were getting steadily more uneasy. Apart, of course, from the ever energetic Lilly.

He came to a sudden halt in front of a wall. "Helga Hufflepuff." He intoned in a bored voice.

There was a shimmering quality to the wall, which faded and solidified into a picture after about ten seconds. "Hello Harry!" Helga said cheerfully. Rowena waved, smiling brightly. Cecil and Róisín were sitting on her lap, both of them yelled out at Harry.

"Hello! We haven't seen you in aggges."

Harry looked at them warningly, and Rowena scolded them for 'being rude.' They both knew what she meant though and smiled innocently. Covering for Harry, Rowena spoke. "A week is a long time for them,"

"Yeah. I know. Anyway, can I come through?"

"Sure." The wall shimmered again, and they faded away, revealing a long corridor. There was a small wooden cart sitting at the start. It was similar to the Gringotts carts, but slightly larger. They all squeezed in upon Harry's order, and the cart was off. Once it was moving, they asked Harry how he knew the people in the portrait. He just mentioned that he'd found it a few weeks back, when he had gotten lost. They seemed to accept it. Harry had often gone off and used the excuse that he had gotten lost. He never really explained what happened when he did.

After about two hours of travelling at a constant speed of 120 km per hour, Harry and the others were starting to become Uncomfortable. "Stop." Harry ordered the cart, staring at it in disgust as they piled out in the middle of the tunnel. The others all wondered off, looking at and talking to the paintings on the wall. They all were pleased to have someone other than themselves to talk to, and talked animatedly. Harry surveyed the cart and muttered a few well chosen words at it. The cart immediately formed into a box with wheels. It was long, and thin, allowing for space at either side of the tunnel. It had a simple wooden door. From the outside, it looked unremarkable. He rounded the others up, and once he had done a quick head count, ushered them back onto the cart, or train, and jumped back in himself, shutting the door behind him. His companions were now seated on plush red chairs, like what you'd find in a personal aeroplane in a movie. There was a small table in the middle of the room, which, strangely enough, seemed to be square. Underneath the chairs, there were drawers, and above, there were cupboards. There was a door which led to another room, in which there were tins of food and some boiled sweets. There were also a few things which were less likely to keep, which all had preservation, and in some cases, cooling charms. There was a box of soda, bags of crisps, and some milk and milk arrowroot biscuits.



They were much more comfortable for the rest of their journey. The good thing about Harry making it more luxurious and closed in, was, with the help of a charm on the carriage, they could move at speeds of 500 km per hour, without even noticing it. For them to notice that they were even moving, they would have to go at 1000 km an hour. It wasn't long before the cart stopped. Lilly made for the door, but Harry stopped her. "Wait."

She stopped. "*Specto Adultus!*" Once again, they looked like older versions of themselves. He morphed into the same person he had while he was on the grounds, and after doing a quick check to make sure that they had all been hit by the curse, he ushered them out. They emerged into the store room of The Travellers Legends. The sun shone through a window and straight into their eyes. They blinked for a few minutes, wondering why on earth someone would keep the curtain open at that time of the day, because it couldn't be doing them any good. The sunlight would only damage some of the more delicate products.

Passing it aside, the group left the shop, and began to wonder around Diagon Alley. Lilly and Louise bought Hermione a really great present, but it was kind of expensive, so they'd had to buy it together instead of apart. Harry was slightly annoyed that he hadn't gotten to it first, but just sighed and moved on. Greg bought Hermione some hair colouring potion, so that she could dye her hair. She'd been expressing a desire to do so a few months back. Those who hadn't gone to St Hedwig's with them were surprised. Hermione hardly seemed the type to want to do something that out there. However they were getting used to surprises, and they just accepted this. It was probably Lilly and Harry rubbing off on her, they thought. They were by far the most hyper of the group.

Harry ended up buying her a sparkly robe that shimmered in the light. It had auto fit charms on it, and once it was fitted, it would allow any amount of growth. Of course, it was terribly expensive, but Harry didn't even make a dent in the Travellers vault.

Masobelle got her a pendant with a magical jewel on the end. The jewel could be charmed with many charms, and it would absorb them and use them when they were needed, so Masobelle had the

attendant place an advance shield charm on it so that HHHermione would always be protected.

Shane was having difficulty choosing what to get Hermione, and so was Susan. Susan was the poorest of the group, and couldn't get expensive presents like the rest of them, so Shane asked her if she'd chip into his present. She agreed happily and they ended up buying her a book. However, it wasn't a normal book. It would talk, and yell at anyone who tried to read it without permission, and growl if it was treated badly.

Just as they were on their way back to the tunnel to Hogwarts, they crashed into a hooded figure. "...damn staff!" it muttered, before moving off. Harry and the others looked at each other confusedly.

They shrugged and moved into the shop, sneaking back into the passage, and slipping into the cart. About half an hour they were back at Hogwarts, and their presents were wrapped and hidden.

The next day, Hermione woke up. Except, things were a little different. Seven people were crowded around her bed. "Happy Birthday!" they cried.

"Thanks guys." She said. "But like, don't we have to go to breakfast?"

Harry shook his head no. "I got the house elves to bring breakfast up here."

"House elves?"

Harry nodded. "Jerky," he called. A small being with huge brown tennis ball sized eyes and greenish skin appeared.

"Yes sir?"

"Just stay here for a second." He turned to Hermione. "This is a House Elf. It does all the work, cooking, cleaning, etc."

Hermione gaped for a few seconds. "Um. Can you send it away, please?" she murmured weakly. Harry obliged her, and they started

to give her her presents, and the incident with the house elf was forgotten.

She was delighted with her hair dye potion, and promptly drank it. It was after she had done so that Greg explained how it worked. It would, for a year, effectively give you the power to Metamorph your hair. After that, your hair colours would fade. Harry instructed her quickly, and not moments later, she had blue streaks in her hair. She loved the robes that Harry had given her, but refused to try them on yet. She wanted to wait until the right occasion. She did, however, put on her pendant from Masobelle. She promised that she'd test the lengths of the pendant's ability when she had time, and opened Shane and Susan's present, and gave them both huger hugs when the book spoke to her. She was delighted with it.

But her favourite present was yet to come. Lilly and Louise apologised, but their present was arriving at dinner. Hermione was fine with it, but she was insanely curious.

"So, how was your day, Mione?"

"It was great! It was one of the best birthdays I've ever had!" she gushed, the smile covering her whole face.

"That's good." He said. "Do you want anymore ice-cream?"

Hermione nodded, and Harry handed her another bowl. Their whole group was sitting at the Ravenclaw table, and they were all pleased that Hermione had had such a great day. Except, they were all waiting for something.

They didn't have to wait very long. Just as they were about to be dismissed, a great white owl came flying through the owl and landed on Hermione's shoulder.

"Happy Birthday!" Lilly and Louise chorused.

Hermione looked owl on her shoulder, and smiled. "What should I call it?"

"It's a her." Louise informed her dryly. Hermione hardly seemed to notice.

"Well then, um... I know! Hedwig. Because we went to St Hedwig's." she explained. Her suggestion was met by smiles, so it was decided. Hermione's snowy white owl was Hedwig.

Harry trudged up to the common room, and gave the password. He slumped in his chair as he watched Hermione nagging at Dray to study. Although Dray wasn't his best friend, or even in his group of friends, but they were still friendly enough. Dray was friendlier with Ald, strange as it was. Harry had kept pushing them together, and eventually they had spoken to each other properly. They'd been friends ever since. Dray was adamantly refusing, and kept turning back to his game of exploding snap with Luke Zeller.

Luke kept winning, due to the fact that he wasn't being distracted by Hermione. "Fine, fine!" Dray gave in. "but first you have to play wizards chess with me."

"Yeah, Hermione, it's really great! Give it a go. Please?" Harry begged, looking at her with puppy dog eyes.

"No." she said stubbornly.

Harry sighed. Time for reverse psychology. "Well, I suppose so. You probably wouldn't understand it anyway..." he trailed off.

The effect was instantaneous. "I would so understand it!" Hermione stood up, daring Harry to challenge her.

"No you wouldn't!"

"Would too!"

"Prove it!"

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

Hermione sat back down at the table. Dray had been setting up the board while they'd been arguing. "Just tell the pieces where to go," Dray told her.

She nodded her understanding.

"Pawn to..." the game had begun.

Harry watched intently for about half an hour, occasionally giving Hermione tips.

Then, grinning in triumph, Dray moved his queen forward, and Hermione was in checkmate. "How the *ll*eh did that happen?" Harry exclaimed.

Hermione shrugged. She couldn't believe that she'd been bested.

Dray just smiled and sat back in his seat. "Ald can't beat me either."

"Yes he can." Harry replied automatically. He'd travelled a few years into the future and watched them play a game a few weeks back. He distinctly remembered Ald gloating that he'd never lost a game to Dray.

Dray looked at him with curiosity written all over his face. Harry just smiled wanly and picked up a copy of the Quibbler. He turned to one of the quizzes. "What kind of friend are you?"

He quickly did the quiz, and read the description: Brave, loyal and kind. Your friends couldn't be luckier. If one of them turned out to be a werewolf or of niffler decent, you'd stick with them until you found a cure. Maybe you should ease up on your protectiveness of them though. You're acting like a Crumple Horned Snorkak in mating season.

Harry snorted out loud at the description, and handed it to Hermione, pointing out what he'd read to her. She sniffed. "Hazza, the Quibbler is full of rubbish. Everyone knows that."

Harry merely shook his head. "You'd be surprised at the accuracy of the articles, or, more precisely, their underlying messages."

Hermione didn't seem to agree with him, but nodded just to get out of an argument.

## **October: 1991**

They had a very interesting lesson with Professor Parry.

"Now," she began. "We all know that there are spells which can only be done with a certain amount of training, or by certain people. These spells are ignored, the majority of the time. Most people believe them to be completely useless, like the plush carpeting spell, which can only be learnt by those of the Ravenclaw bloodline. This is because when Rowena Ravenclaw made the spell so she could have soft carpet in her children's bedrooms, she was very busy and forgot to use the code for it to be of public use. Now, I am going to give you 15 minutes to write down ten ways that you would use this spell defensively if you had the ability."

The students stared at each other for a moment. "She can't be bloody serious!" Shane exclaimed loudly.

"I am bloody serious, Mr Flamel. Unless you plan on visiting me for detention tonight, I advise that you try very hard to think of at least something."

Harry, Hermione, Louise, Masobelle and Susan all looked at him sympathetically. Shane grimaced and looked at the quill in his hands. Fifteen minutes later, Professor Parry called Shane up to the front of the class.

"Read out what you have for the class, please, Shane."

Shane gulped and got up. "Point 1," he began. "I believe that if you were duelling you could make carpet grow on someone's head."

There were a few snickers from around the class, but Parry motioned for Shane to continue.

"Point 2," he began again, his confidence growing. "If someone was trying to throw a curse at you, you could grow some carpet and make it like a shield. Point 3, if you were duelling you could grow some

carpet on the floor and make them trip over it. Point 4, you could grow carpet on someone's hand to make them drop their wand." He faltered. "That's all I got."

Professor Parry looked at him, and sighed. "Those were all good points. Has anyone got anything different?"

No-one raised their hands.

"Alright then. Now, I want you to all learn the spell."

"But Professor!" Hermione interrupted, her hand flying into the air and waving.

"Yes Miss Granger?"

"What is the point of us learning the spell if we can't use it?"

"There is none."

"But..."

"Miss Granger, you will be learning the spell whether you like it or not. The incantation is 'Vestis Mollis Largior', and you should wave your wand in a circular motion."

Harry picked up his wand and swallowed. 'Concentrate, Gryffindor,' he told himself. He was fully aware that he couldn't get the spell.

"*Vestis Mollis Largior!*" he said, sweeping his wand around. A faint blue light appeared, but Harry quickly squashed it, hoping that no-one had seen him.

Unfortunately, that was not the case. "Potter! Come here and demonstrate the spell for us!"

Harry came to the front of the class. "*Vestis Mollis Largior!*" he said loudly, and waved his wand again. This time he made sure none of his magic leaked out. Thus, it appeared that nothing happened.

Professor Parry seemed disappointed and she told Harry to sit back down. None of the class noticed that the carpet outside was growing.

In fact, by the time the lesson had finished, they couldn't even open the door because the spell had gone so far out of control. Everyone was stuck inside the classroom.

*Revised: January 2006*



## Chapter Sixteen

### Handy Harry

**October: 1991**

Hermione was panicking. “We’ll be late for Transfiguration!”

The rest of the class didn’t seem to care. In fact, the majority of the class seemed to think that this was a great thing, even if it meant being stuck in the classroom with Parry for a while.

Unfortunately, well, unfortunate for everyone but Hermione, it wasn’t like that for long. “Okay,” said Parry commandingly. She had thrown some Floo powder into the fire. “When I call your name, you will get in and shout out Transfiguration Classroom, or Potions Classroom, depending on where you go next.”

“Persephone Aagesen, Christina Adamson...”

Harry was beginning to get bored as Parry called out their names. He decided to play a prank. Signing quickly, he conveyed his idea to Louise, who looked delighted at the very thought. Unfortunately, Hermione wouldn’t join them, and they had no way of contacting Shane and Masobelle, as they’d already left.

Finally, they called out Harry’s name. “Andrew Poll, Harry Potter...”

Harry walked forward. “Transfiguration *Classdoom*” he intoned. No-one seemed to notice that he had said it wrong, but there was a swirl as Harry was dragged through the flu network, and finally deposited somewhere in the dungeons. He sat down and waited for Louise, and about ten minutes later, she came through.

“What took you so long?”

“What took me so long? Well, Ben choked while he was saying it, and guess what? He ended up in the potions room, and we were all waiting for him to come back, for like, five minutes. And Parry talks so slow!” she complained.

“Ben who?”

“Todd.”

Harry snickered. It was a well known fact that Ben’s name wasn’t Ben. His middle name was Ben, well, technically Benjamin, though it was Ben for all intents and purposes, but his parents had been extremely drunk when they’d named him (or something) and they’d given him the same last name as first. Todd Benjamin Todd.

Louise started to mimic Parry. “Todd, whoops, I mean Benjamin Todd, Lisa Turpin, Caitlin Vine, Louise Walters.” she simpered.

Harry laughed at the impression. “Okay, what do we do now?” Louise asked.

Harry shrugged. “We can’t go to Transfiguration.”

“Yes we can!” Louise said indignantly.

Harry simply motioned toward the ever growing mass of carpet. Louise shrugged. “Lets swim through it!”

Harry sighed. “It’d be so much more fun if Lilly and Greg were here. But Hermione would probably tell us to go back to class.”

“Well, why don’t we get Lilly and Greg.” Suggested Louise reasonably.

As if they’d heard, Lilly and Greg appeared at the other end of the corridor, chatting together. Greg had a white bandage wrapped around his fist.

Lilly looked up, and gasped in surprise at seeing a huge wave of carpet coming toward them, and her twin and friend right in its way. “Hazza! Lou! Look out!”

They whipped their heads around, and saw the mass of blue carpet. They got up and started to run. Greg and Lilly joined them when they reached them, and the carpet followed not long after.

“So,” Harry panted. “what exactly were you doing down here and out of class?”

“Oh, we had potions. Our cauldron exploded and Greg’s hand got covered in potions. He had to go to the Hospital Wing, and I went along for the ride. He told us to come back afterward to clean up, and he’d write us a note for the next class.” Lilly explained while she was running.

After a while, everyone but Harry seemed to be tiring. Finally, he gave in. “I’m with Louise,” he told them.

“Huh?” Greg and Lilly said simultaneously.

Harry stopped dead in his tracks, and they all halted with him. “Orbis” **He said loudly, and a few seconds later, a bubble appeared in his hand. He jammed it over Louise’s head, where it settled and turned blue. Louise took a few moments to get used to it, and Harry proceeded to make one for Greg, Lilly and himself.**

**By the time each of them had a bubble crammed on their head, the carpet was not a millimetre away from them. In fact, it consumed them not even a second after they were done. There was a long silence as they all scrambled to find each other. Once they had, everyone but Harry started to panic. How were they to breathe? Harry tapped their bubbles, and breathed out slowly and heavily. He screwed up his nose when it fogged up, and wiped the outside clean with his hand. This also caused the inside to be cleaned. “You can breathe.” He informed them, and his voice sounded kind of muffled.**

**The panic receded and they started to ‘swim’ through the carpet, which was very tiring.**

**“To the potions lab?” he asked.**

**Lilly nodded, but then remembered that he couldn’t see her. “Yes,” she told him thickly.**

**He mentally mapped out where they were, and began to make his way toward the potions laboratory. About an hour later, they**

seemed to have reached a place where there was no carpet, and their heads popped out the side. They looked at each other, with amused/confused expressions on their faces. They were about six foot off the ground. There was no way around it. Harry gave his hand a slight wave and was jolted out of his 'cocoon.'

He then motioned toward the others with his hand, and they came shooting out and landed softly on the floor. Before he gave them a chance to say anything, he swung open the door, and they all trotted in.

They were all enchanted by the wall. It was a swirling pink mass. Lilly reached out to touch it, and Harry grabbed her arm. This cause Greg to grab Harry, and Louise to grab Greg. Now, the swirly pink thing was not an ordinary swirly pink thing.

When Lilly touched it, it turned bright green, and Harry jerked her away in a panic. Her fingers went dark black, and she whimpered. Harry shoved them all out of the room, and pulled her hard. By the time that she'd gotten out of the room, her whole hand was black, and she was crying from the pain, and biting her lip.

Harry was panicking, the wall was obviously cursed. He lashed out with his magic to stop the curse from spreading, and luckily, the sheer power of the magic that he was using was able to slow it down, and hopefully, he would be able to find a cure before she was killed by the spell.

He thought quickly, and, just for appearances, he created a duplicate of himself that looked like one of his alternate identities, and said to himself. "Harry, you stay here. I can handle it."

"But Coby," he moaned to himself. "I really, really, want to come!"

"Harris-y James Potter! You are staying here."

"No!" finally, 'Coby' gave in, and he travelled with them to the headmasters office.

Professor Dumbledore was in the middle of a chat with Snape. He was startled by the sudden appearance of the Traveller with Harry Potter and Lilly Walters, or was it Louise?

This was the same version of the Traveller who had travelled to Snape's seventh year.

"Mr May, what can I do for you?" The Traveller was always angry if someone used his first name without permission, and Dumbledore had never been granted permission. In fact, very few people were granted permission.

Coby looked at him pensively. Harry was impatient. "Cobe, we don't have time! Hurry! Please!" he begged, belting his leg.

Snape waited in sick anticipation for Coby to get angry at the boy. "Hazza, let me handle it." He simply told the irate boy.

Harry wasn't happy, but had to comply with his older self. Snape and Dumbledore looked stunned. The Traveller had basically just allowed the boy to treat him with disrespect. No-one had ever treated the Traveller with any disrespect, and gotten away with it.

"Professor Dumbledore, I understand what you are protecting behind that wall, but you could have at least locked the door? One of your students," here he motioned to Lilly, "Mistook it for the potions classroom, after swimming through a sea of carpet, and as you know, it draws people to it. So, naturally, your student touched it."

Professor Dumbledore's face paled. "Which student?"

"Lilly Marie Walters. Lilly, show him your hand."

Lilly stretched her hand out obediently, and Dumbledore saw the blackened arm. By now it was halfway to her elbow.

"So Dumbledore, I hope you have a cure?"

Dumbledore's face whitened still. "There is only one cure." He choked out hoarsely. "We'll have to chop off her hand. Now, before it spreads even further."

“WHAT!” Harry exploded. “Coby, can’t you do something?”

Coby shook his head. “Lilly, I am really sorry. Harry, you do a numbing charm. Make sure that it’s strong. Preferably wandless.”

Harry stared at Coby. “COBE! Didn’t you say not to tell them?” he said, nodding his head at Dumbledore and Snape. Both were looking on with their mouths slightly open.

“Harry, we haven’t got time now, okay. Just do what I say!”

Harry pouted, but muttered the charm anyway. “*Amoveo Morsus!*”

A dull grey ball of light appeared in his hands, like a weightless orb. He held it in one hand and put it to Lilly’s arm where it was crossing between black and the normal, paler colour of her flesh.

“Lils, do you want me to blind you for a moment?” he asked, his voice filled with sympathy.

Lilly’s face had by now paled to the extent where she looked like she’d never seen sunlight in her life, and she was growing slowly greener. She nodded her head weakly, not really wanting to see her hand being cut off.

Harry whipped out his wand. “*Caecus!*” Two pale green beams of light came from his wand and flew straight at her eyes. They were automatically clamped shut, blinded, and reopened. Lilly clamped them tightly shut anyway, shivering at how creepy it was to have her eyes open but not being able to see.

Snape and Dumbledore continued to gape. Not only had Potter just done a curse that was mildly dark, but often thought to be impossible to master until you were at least 50. And Potter was hardly eleven.

Coby nodded at Harry, seriousness captured in his now ice blue eyes. “Hold it there.”

Harry held the numbing ball with both hands, and chanted softly, as the ball grew in power and size, and lighter in colour until it was

completely white. It emanated a coolness, numbing Harry's hands at the same time.

Coby used his index finger to trace a line around Lilly's arm, about a quarter until her elbow, where the rest of her hand would be removed. There was about two centimetres of clean flesh being amputated. Beneath that was a dead black hand which looked a bit like it was a bit of charcoal that had been carved into the shape of an outstretched hand.

Coby began on the spell, closing his eyes to bring the power to the surface, continually tracing around her arm, falling into an almost meditative state. "*Aveho mundus, aveho tersus!*" He whispered softly and repeatedly.

**Warning: Skip if squeamish or under 14.**

Harry was careful to memorise exactly what he was doing, as one day he'd have to do it. After about a minute of chanting, he opened his eyes, and removed his fingers from her slowly darkening flesh. He moved his index finger in a slashing motion against Lilly's skin, where a line had appeared. As he did so, the skin ripped and sewed itself back together again, but as he did it more and more often, it started to attach to either side of the arm. But that was just the skin. He did all the skin first, and then reached the muscles. He used the index finger of his other hand to slowly move her muscle to either side, pushing lightly. Soon the muscle faded below the skin, and all he had left was the bone. Grating away slowly at the bone, it was nearly ten minutes before the rest of her arm fell off.

Harry, Dumbledore and Snape fought not to be sick, and Harry concentrated extra hard on the numbing spell. There was a smooth bit of bone sticking out the end of her arm, for about five cm. Coby's index fingers went blue as he started chanting again, and he pressed them softly and gently against her protruding bone, pushing it back under the skin.

The other side of her arm resembled the end of a sausage, until Coby rubbed slowly at it, smoothing away the flaps and making it look more like the end of a pillow, though it was a bit of a sore comparison.

## **YOU CAN START READING AGAIN**

He then finished the spell, and told Harry to remove the numbing spell. Harry pulled the ball away from her arms, and dropped it on the floor. Once the feeling had returned to his fingers, he put both hands above it and wriggled his fingers like kids did in plays to show that it was raining. The ball became steadily greyer as the magic flowed into his hands through ten different channels, one for each of his fingers. Eventually, it was as small as a marble, and almost completely black. Ripping the bubble that was still on his head, he shrunk it and pushed the little marble sized numbing ball into it and shoved it into his pocket. Then he retrieved the magic from the don't look curse, and Lilly could see again.

Coby leaned down to Lilly's eye level once Harry had countered the Caecus. "Lilly, are you alright."

Lilly whimpered and shook her head. "Hurts," she whispered, her eyes tearful.

Coby nodded. "I know. I once got stabbed in the abdomen when I was fighting in a war. It is going to hurt for quite a while, You aren't going to attend any classes until you're ready to do so, okay?" his voice was soft and tender, making Lilly feel safe.

Lilly, nodded, her eyes brimming with tears. Coby pushed her hair away from her eyes. "You're a brave girl, Lilly. Not many could be this composed when they've just lost their hand." He told her.

Coby stood up and turned to glare at Dumbledore. "In future, I expect that door to be locked. Nothing, not even alohomora should be able to open it." He said coolly. "We don't want to be needing any more hands, do we?" his magic pulsated softly around him, and Dumbledore swallowed. The Traveller had far more magic than him, it would not be wise to argue with him. He finally nodded.

At this, Coby decided it was time to be leaving. Just for effect, he drew his hands across the air, where a silver line shimmered steadily. He grabbed Lilly and Harry, pulling them through the slit. At the same time, Harry and Coby both travelled to pick up Greg and Louise.



Now the office was in a deafening silence, until one of the more quiet portraits spoke up. "If I were you, Dumbledore, Snape, I wouldn't tell anyone about Harry's wandless magic or relationship with Coby." There was a hint of a threat in the voice and they both whipped around.

"If you insist, Lord Gryffindor," Dumbledore said reverently.

"I do." Silently, Godric added to himself, 'If that barmy old man says a single word about my son...' he left the thought hanging, but the rest of the portraits in the office heard, and shuddered.

See, the thing was, portraits could hear the thoughts of any portrait nearby, but they were sworn to complete secrecy. It was impossible for an unvoiced secret to be revealed by them.

Safe in that knowledge, Godric turned to ponder thoughts about what Harry would have to experience that year, and was saddened. If he could only protect his beloved son.

Dumbledore and Snape stood to leave, wanting to get away from the scene as soon as possible. Neither of them noticed when they stood on the discarded black arm.

Once they had Greg and Louise, they travelled to the charms classroom, because they had been gone for more than one and a half hours.

"Excuse me, sir." Said Coby. "Sorry to interrupt, but a few of your students got lost." He pushed Harry and Greg forward. The two scuttled into their seats and tried to disappear from sight. Unfortunately, now that the Traveller had gone, they were on their own and the class had taken to staring at them. "That was bloody brilliant!" Boris Tanner exclaimed loudly, after a few seconds, jolting McGonagall back into teacher mode.

"That is quite enough, Mr Tanner. Potter, why did Walters not join us also?"

"Lilly, Professor?"

“Yes, Potter.”

“Well, she accidentally had contact with a certain cursed object, and had her hand amputated. She didn’t feel like classes.” He replied scathingly.

McGonagall looked shocked, and shut up abruptly. Harry turned to Greg to try and take his mind of Lilly’s hand, and signed. ‘I really wish we had Professor Day for Transfiguration. Louise, Masobelle and Shane said she’s more fun.’

“I agree,” Greg signed back and they turned back to their matchsticks. He seemed to think that Harry was joking about Lilly’s hand, as did Shane and Masobelle, so they ignored it.

*Revised: January 2006*

## Chapter Eighteen

### Halloween Harry

**October: 1991**

It was rapidly approaching Halloween, but the mood among Harry's friends was glum. Lilly had been thoroughly depressed after losing her hand and was still prone to burst into tears at any random time. The teachers were all very accepting of this, and she had been receiving counselling from the school psychologist, a squib by the name of Tabbita Ravencross. Tabbita had asked them to call her by her first name, and gave them a group session on how to cope once a week, while she had an hour with Lilly every day.

Lilly's parents had been contacted, and had wanted to storm the school and have her and Louise removed, but they were finally convinced that it would be okay to let their daughters stay at Hogwarts for now. Lilly had had to relearn all the spells, using her left hand, which made it far more difficult for her to perform well. She also was excused from handing in essays until her handwriting was legible, though she was given instructions that she still should do them, as practice for her handwriting. Every night she would sit up and painstakingly write a paragraph, or two, which would take her an extremely long time. She could also no longer use sign language, as you needed both hands for that. Lilly was currently at the breakfast table, her friends surrounding her, attempting to cut up her bacon with one hand but refusing their help. Tears forming in her eyes, she stabbed a piece that she had managed to chop and brought it clumsily to her mouth.

*'Harry, we should do something to help her,'* Louise signed concernedly, frowning in sorrow at her twin. Lilly was occupied with staring miserably at her plate, and didn't notice their conversation.

*"We'll try to get her excited about Halloween?"* Harry suggested, keeping an eye on Lilly's miserable form.

Louise nodded, and they began a very obvious signing conversation that Lilly wouldn't be able to miss. *'I can't wait until Halloween! It's*

*tonight, and it'll be my first Halloween as a witch! All the decorations are already looking fantastic!*

Harry nodded. *'Yeah! Halloween truly is fantastic at Hogwarts-,'* he quickly amended his statement. *'That's what I've heard. And Nee was reading the chapter about Halloween to the whole common room last night. She used petrificus totalus so we had to listen,'* he joked.

Lilly snickered, seeming to forget her limp stump which was lying on the table. Louise laughed, and Greg shook his head at Hermione in a fake 'I'm ashamed of you' manner. The rest of their group were beginning to get annoyed with their constant signing.

"CAN YOU GUYS PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT IS SO FUNNY?" Masobelle exploded.

"Just what we were talking about,"

"Don't you know that it's rude to whisper? When you do that stupid signing thing, it's like you're whispering. Where and why the hell did you learn it anyway?"

"Oh," Hermione looked quite embarrassed. "One of our best friends was deaf, and she'd never learnt how to speak, so we had to learn how use sign language so we could be her friend."

"I wouldn't have bothered," Shane said.

"That's why you're not in Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff," Harry pointed out reasonably. "Gryffindor has nothing in its description or reputation saying that they want to learn new things or be friends with everyone."

"Are you insulting Gryffindor? Because Ravenclaw isn't perfect either! So stop pulling my house to bits and look at your own."

"Whoah, Shane, calm it. It wasn't saying anything against Gryffindor. In fact, I'd probably be one of the least likely, as you'll soon find out, I was merely commenting that you don't have that reputation. There are bad things about Ravenclaw too, in fact, they tend to be the worst

gossips in the school and are often afraid to ask questions in class because they don't want to be seen as stupid."

Shane thought about it. "Sorry, Hazza. I should have-,"

"That's okay. I mean, everyone usually thinks their house is the best. It's just the way things work," he said supremely, cutting the other boys apology off.

"Stop being so arrogant."

"I can't help it," he smirked, turning back to his Fruit Loops. Apparently, in the thousand years that had passed, the House Elves had learnt something about how to make them. When they'd tried to make him some 1000 years ago, they'd gone stale in 2 hours, and were all kind of white. Now they were the colours that they were supposed to be, and fresh to boot.

Hermione pulled a letter off Hedwig's leg and exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, look Harry! Syrinx and Ivanna wrote me! They got back from Aunt Zelda's house. Apparently my absentminded parents forgot to tell them that I'd gone!"

Harry sniggered. "That'd be like them,"

"Who're Syrinx and Ivanna?" Masobelle enquired, pouring Fruit Loops into her bowl and splashing some milk on top.

"My sisters. They went to stay with my wealthy Aunt Zelda, who's taken a shine to them. She wouldn't give me a penny, but that's just the way some people are. She always takes them on long holidays, and she pays for them to go to the most expensive private schools. They themselves are quite nice, they don't really like Zelda either, but put up with her so they can go to Hedwig's and have holidays and presents all the time."

"Didn't you go to St Hedwig's too?"

Seeing that Hermione had packed her mouth with a piece of bacon and was drinking pumpkin juice, he answered for her. "Yes, she did,

but she was on a scholarship, most of the time. So was I. The rest of them are just bloody rich.”

“Hazza, that’s not fair. You’re richer than all of us!” Lilly protested. Harry and Louise exchanged a glance, pleased that she seemed to be distracted from her arm.

“And?”

Susan butted in before they could get into another argument and make Lilly depressed again. “So what else can you tell me about Syrin and Ivanna?”

“Syrinx,” Hermione and Harry corrected simultaneously. Hermione went on, after finishing the last of her mouthful. “But you don’t want to call them that. Only Harry, my family, their best friends and I can get away with it. Call them Em and Liz.”

“Where do Em and Liz come from?”

“Their middle names. Emily and Elizabeth.”

Susan nodded.

“Ages?”

“Ten and seven,”

And that was how the extraordinarily strange day, even in Harry’s experience, began.

The first strange thing that happened was that they actually stared to do some work in their classes. In Charms, they began to levitate their feathers. Harry, of course, got his on first try. Hermione got hers on second try, and succeeded in thoroughly annoying her Slytherin partner, Marrok Lopez.

Marrok was jabbing his wand at the father, and it eventually mummified itself. “Cool!” he exclaimed. Hermione looked at the pale youth disdainfully.

“You have to say the spell,” she told him icily.

“You do it then, if you’re so clever,” he said, and pushed the feather in front of her.

Hermione raised her eyebrows at him, but pulled out her wand, “Wingardium Leviosa.” The mummified feather stayed put. Marrok jeered at her, but she refused to acknowledge him. She frowned, bit her lip, and said it again, just as Marrok went to snatch it back. This time, it floated obligingly to the ceiling, and Hermione smiled triumphantly at Marrok.

The Slytherin merely sneered and twisted his face up. “Shut up, you stupid little mudblood,” he told her, not able to think of anything better to say.

Hermione looked as though she were about to burst into tears. This caused Marrok to sneer further.

Later, as they were filing out of the classroom, Hermione hissed scathingly at him, “You’re as bad as a werewolf, you know that? A mindless killer. And you can’t talk, you little werewolf,”

The comment about him being little was hardly unreasonable, as he was hardly taller than a seven year old, let alone 11. He was notoriously small for his age.

She didn’t even stop to consider the effect that it would have on him, and chased after Harry with her book bag, while Marrok looked stricken. He wasn’t seen for the rest of the day.

In Herbology, they had to adopt a magical Snap Dragon as their project. The idea was to keep it alive and make it grow as best you could in two weeks. Professor Clear was being particularly fussy about the state of them, and told Shane off severely because a leaf had fallen off when she had poked it with her wand.

In History of Magic, Kantooth decided to deviate from the plan and began to talk about the Legend of the Halloween Ghost, in light of the event.

*“There was a Ghost that turned up every Friday night, and it would howl loudly outside Mrs Tempus’s Window. Mrs Tempus got extremely angry with the Ghost and cast a spell on it, so that it could only come at Halloween, because Halloween was traditionally one of the most powerful days in the magic year, excepting the 31st of July and the solstices.*

*Before the next Halloween, her husband Kilian died, and when the time came, there were two Ghosts where there should have been one.*

*‘Go away!’ she shouted in fear, and the voice of the ghost that answered was the voice of Mrs Tempus’s former husband.*

*‘Vivien,’ it said to her in its eerie howl. ‘Why did you trap my soul like this?’*

*Mrs Tempus didn’t know what he meant, and enquired as much.*

*‘The ghost that you spelled was my long dead father. You cursed my soul and his to ever haunt you!’*

*‘Your long dead father? Did he not die when you were but ten?’*

*‘He did, he did, but he weren’t looking for you. For him to pass to the other side, he were to visit all of us, Vivi. The only way that we can be released is for you to kill yourself with my sword!’*

*Vivien was not at all a brave girl, so she ran from the ghosts. Kilian Tempus and his father caught up with her, and used an ancient magic to drag her to the sword.*

*‘Vivi, please release us,’ they moaned. Vivien refused to kill herself, so to this day, Kilian and his father come to Hogwarts Castle every Halloween, to see if they can find someone who will commit suicide for them so that they can finish their journey and go to the afterlife.”*

*“Creepy!” exclaimed Craig Zammit. “Is it true, Professor?”*

*“It certainly is, my boy. Some people believe that releasing their souls from Vivien’s spell could lead to the whole world being destroyed.*



Others believe that it will lead the world to peace, but no-one is willing to give up their lives to find out.”

“How did Mrs Tempus die?” Susan asked curiously.

“Oh, she was brutally murdered when she tried to take her husbands place in war,” Kantooth explained as if it happened everyday. The majority of the class looked horrified at the very notion.

“What else?” Zammit asked, obviously intrigued by Vivian Tempus’s story.

“Kilian and his father usually approach people in single, but have been known to approach groups. They somehow know everyone’s real name, no matter how disguised they are. I would say more, but you’re supposed to learn that in sixth year. Besides, the lesson is up.”

The whole class departed immediately, relieved to get away from the spooky atmosphere of the classroom, which hadn’t been helped by the fact that he’d decided to have the lesson in pitch black.

In transfiguration, they moved on to needles into ornaments. They had a test coming up in a few weeks time, and they had to transfigure their needle into something ‘interesting’ in McGonagall’s words.

In their words, something hard. Harry had turned his needle into a solid gold needle. Unfortunately, McGonagall just thought he’d changed the colour, so told him to do something more interesting. He ended up making a necklace with the Potter Family Crest on it. A small clay pot with a sword crossing over a wand stood in one corner, and another had an aurors shield. One had a small stag and another had a small flower with an E on it.

He personally preferred the Gryffindor Family Crest, but that was too recognisable, and it wasn’t his place to use the Ravenclaw Family Crest, which was also recognisable, but far more explainable.

Dinner was an exciting affair. Harry, Hermione and co were sitting at the Gryffindor table. This was because they periodically rotated which tables they sat at. In the morning, they sat with the Ravenclaws, at lunch they sat at the Hufflepuffs Table, and at dinner, they sat at the

Gryffindor Table. When they were halfway through their meal, Lucas Lynch, the other DADA Professor, came running through the hall, and up to Professor Dumbledore. After telling him something, Dumbledore stood up. "Due to unforeseen circumstances, I ask all houses to return to their dormitories. Please keep as far away from the Lower Dungeons as possible. If the Slytherins could stay behind so we can sort something else out..."

Harry thought back for a moment, before grabbing Hermione, Masobelle, Shane and Susan, dragging them with him. "Come this way," he told them, remembering what one of his copies, Coby, had told him.

### **September: 1011**

"Make sure that you grab as many of your friends as possible, but don't make it too obvious, then head to the boys toilets. Don't let anyone see you, and be on your guard."

"When? And which boys toilets?"

"You'll know when and where. Bye." Coby flashed out and Harry huffed in annoyance.

### **October: 1991**

"Harry, where are we going?" Hermione asked.

"You'll see," he ducked behind a statue, and opened a secret passage. "In."

He shoved them. They emerged from the passage, and were in the Lower Dungeons. "I don't like this Harry," said Susan. "We aren't supposed to be here."

Harry huffed in annoyance. "I'm only here because the Traveller told me to come, bringing as 'many of my friends as possible.' So I have to do this, whatever it is, and you have to do it too."

"But Harry, I can *hear something*," she said urgently.

“Well, duh.”

Susan gave him a dirty look, before continuing. “Something that sounds like a... ahhhh!”

Harry, Hermione, Masobelle and Shane looked at her. “WEREWOLF!” she shouted, pointing at the wall, her finger shaking.

“What are you talking about?” Harry began for them, but they could hear an inhuman snarling approaching, and not a minute later, a werewolf rounded the corner, from where Susan had pointed.

“AHHHHH! WEREWOLF!” they all shouted, turning on their heels and running as fast as they could in the opposite direction. Susan was standing, rooted to the spot with fear. Harry, giving up all pretences, Travelled to Susan, grabbed her, Travelled to catch up with the rest of them, and grabbed them, shoving them into a secret passage. “H-H-Harrison Gryffindor,” he panted at the portrait of his father, it smiled at him in what seemed to be a too calm manner for the present situation.

“Why are you running?”

“W-w-werewolf,” Shane panted. “Fu-full moon,” Godric’s expression grew alarmed, and his portrait swung open. He ushered them in.

“What on the flat earth is a werewolf doing in the school?”

“Dad, I’ve told you once and I’ll tell you a million times. The earth is not in any way, shape, or form, flat.”

Hermione, Masobelle, Shane and Susan were by now staring open mouthed at Harry.

“Is that James Potter?” asked Hermione confusedly, thinking that James Potter would surely know that the earth was round.

Harry shook his head. Godric shook his head. “Who’s James Potter?”

Harry glared at him. “My adoptive father, you dolt,” he hissed.

“Oh yeah. Him.”

“Adoptive father?” asked Hermione and Masobelle, as Masobelle elaborated. “My Uncle Sirius said that he remembers when Lily Potter was pregnant with you.”

Shane and Susan stared at her.

“Your Uncle Sirius is insane, he killed 12 people and he is Azkaban,” Susan informed her, not unkindly.

“We visit him, okay?” she said defensively, blushing. “But he said he could remember?”

“He would remember Lily being pregnant, yes.” Godric said. “That child, however was stillborn. Merlin took Harry and gave him to the Potters, and made them pretend that Harry was their son. It wasn’t hard, since they had been charmed from birth to look like myself and Harry’s mother.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, but *who are you?*” asked Hermione finally, frustrated. Harry choked back a gulp. When Hermione found out, it would not be pretty. Unless she was in too much shock or she was going to wait until they were in private. He was all for waiting till they were in private. He’d just make sure they were never in private again.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that. I’m Godric Gryffindor.”

Shane and Masobelle stared. “*You* are Godric Gryffindor?”

“Is there something wrong with that?”

“Harry is your son?” That was Hermione and Susan.

“Yes. That would be why he said Harrison Gryffindor to get in.” Godric said it as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Then why aren’t you in Gryffindor?” asked Shane, turning to Harry accusingly.

"I am. But mum wouldn't be too happy if I refused to go into her house, would she?"

"Who's your mum?" questioned Susan.

"Rowena Ravenclaw."

They looked even more shocked.

"Your name is Harrison Gryffindor?"

"Yes. Sir Harrison Deogol Gryffindor, and quite a few titles on the end there. But that's not why we're here," he changed the subject, turning questioningly to his father. "We're escaping from a werewolf. Do you remember anything that I might have told you?"

"No. But I think you were friends with a werewolf."

Harry quickly counted up his friend in his head. "Nope. So I told myself to come here so I could befriend a werewolf?"

"You told yourself?" Now they were merely curious, and they thought they were past being surprised.

"Yeah, didn't you work it out? I'm the Traveller. Something to do with being pushed around in time when I was young and powerful,"

"You still are powerful." Godric informed him dryly. "You can do wandless magic, can't you? You can see aura's, can't you? You can..."

Harry shut him up with a wave of his hand. Godric looked indignant, but couldn't do anything about it. "Now, how will we befriend this werewolf?"

"WHAT? Hazza, are you insane? You don't just go up to a werewolf in werewolf form and say 'hi!'" Hermione screeched. "I, for one, don't exactly want to die! And we could get expelled! Not that that's as bad as dying, but still!"

"I know that! Now, let me think..."

## October: 1011

Nova hid her face and ducked as Sal walked into the potions room. Sal saw her. Though Sal had never really taken that much of a liking to children, Nova seemed different. She was sweet and quiet, never demanding attention. She was powerful, and she had special abilities.

Although Harry, Cecil and Róisín all had special abilities, Sal viewed them as brats. They were spoilt beyond imagination, it would do them good to not get something, in his opinion. But no, they were whingeing, snivelling brats.

But not Nova. She knew what suffering was like. Sal could identify with that, his parents had believed he was becoming too bigheaded, and placed a curse on him. He'd had bad luck for years, until he'd met Helga. That had been the best day of his life.

And now, Helga would give him an heir. An heir that Sal hoped that when it was born would be like Nova. Quiet, obedient, powerful. All that you could want in a child. And to think that it was only six months away.

Extracting himself from his thoughts, he turned back to the girl. He laid a hand on the small being's trembling shoulder. "It is okay, Nova."

It was the first time he had used her name. He usually addressed her, Cecil and Róisín as brats, girls (or boy), or you. "I won't hurt you."

Nova's slowly stopped trembling, and she looked up at Sal. '*You won't hurt me?*' she asked in tribal.

Sal didn't understand. All of what she said in that language sounded the same to him. Something like "Maknieya forndray nieya?"

Sal shook his head. Nova blushed realising that he couldn't understand. "Doesn't matter?" she asked, not sure if her English was perfect.

"Doesn't matter," he corrected her. "Now, I am going to brew a potion for Helga. Would you like to help me?"

Nova nodded shyly. "Well, up there, there are some very high ingredients. Would you please get them for me?"

Nova wasn't really used to using her powers without ritualistic purposes, but complied anyway. Her form was sleek and powerful, and its strong wings lifted her easily off the ground. Grabbing the ingredients in her beak, she flew back down again, and resumed human form. They brewed potions till the night fell. Finally, Sal decided it was time for her to go to bed.

She whispered carefully in English. "Can I call you Papa?" Sal smiled.

"If I can call you my daughter," he replied, tucking her in and kissing her forehead.

Later that night when he and Helga were in bed, he cuddled her, kissed her stomach and said, "Nova asked me if she could call me papa today."

"I hope you said yes?"

"Of course! I like Nova!" Helga murmured something incomprehensible. Sal fell asleep with a smile on his face for the first time in weeks.

### **Authors Notes:**

Hello my friends. Remember, if you have questions, go to my forum. I will also be posting a chapter by chapter summary in the forum, in case anyone is confused. And, beginning from today, I will have the chapter summary at the bottom of every chapter, right about here:

**Chapter 18 (Halloween Harry):** Lilly learns to deal with the loss of her hand and Hermione has a run in with Marrok Lopez. Then, at the Halloween feast, some of them have a run in with a werewolf, whereupon they discover Harry's parentage and the fact that he's the Traveller.

The question for which the reward is an early chapter if I can get your email, is the same as last chapter, but you are permitted to resubmit

ideas with the new info in this chapter. See if anyone can hit the nail on the head as to why Salazar turns evil.



## **Chapter Nineteen**

### **Animagus Harry**

**October: 1991**

Harry scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I could always use magic to force him out of his werewolf shape...but I wonder if I'd be strong enough. Perhaps if I used a copy of myself and made them all do the same thing..."

He thought for a few more moments, before nodding his head, and opening the portrait. "WHAT?" Susan pulled the door shut, sat against it and held out her wand.

Harry blinked at her. "Suzie!" he moaned. "Don't be a spoil sport."

"Spoil sport?" she asked incredulously. "I'm saving all of our lives. I, for one, don't fancy being mauled by a raging werewolf! JUST LOOK AT IT!"

"Suzie, you're forgetting that we can't all see through walls," Shane said sarcastically. "but yes, I agree with you. Although I may be brave, I am under no circumstances going to be mauled by a werewolf."

Hermione and Masobelle nodded their agreement enthusiastically. Harry rolled his eyes. "Do you think I'm stupid? I'm going to levitate it and hold it in place before I even start trying to reverse its magic. Actually, I'm not. You four are. Hermione, Masobelle, Shane and Susan looked at him as if he were crazy. He rolled his eyes once again.

"I'm going to need my magic. You guys just levitate it, and I'll do the rest."

"Uh-uh," Susan said decisively, backing away. "I am not going anywhere near that thing."

Shane and Masobelle nodded their agreement, and they too began to back away. Hermione looked from Harry to the other three, before joining them. Harry frowned.

“Okay, I know how you’ll do it.” With a flick of his hand, the four were flung away from the door, and Harry pulled it open, and walked out. Then, with a second flick of his finger, the two Gryffindors, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw came out and the door was locked.

The werewolf was coming for them, saliva dripping from its snarling jaws as it flew down the passageway. “Come on! Levitate it!” Harry shouted at them exasperatedly. Finally coming to their senses, the four drew their wands, pointed them at the werewolf, and shouted at the top of their lungs. “Wingardium Leviosa!”

“The power of the spell isn’t increased by yelling,” Harry told them. “whispering would have been fine.”

Then he began on his work. With the werewolf levitated and unable to move, he was ready to start experimenting. Thin beams of raw magic flew from each of his fingers, crackling with intensity, and shining a brighter white than any of the others had seen. They shaded their eyes to block out the light, thus dropping the, from that moment, unconscious werewolf fall to the ground.

“NOW LOOK WHAT YOU’VE DONE!” Harry roared, magic still pouring from his fingers. They quickly levitated it again.

Slowly, it seemed to change. Its snout seemed to shorten, and its tail became less busier. Its howls became more like screams, and it seemed to lose its fur. After about ten minutes of non stop pouring out of magic, they could recognise the form. It was Marrok Lopez. Harry slumped on the floor from the effort, and Marrok was lost to unconsciousness in his human form. Masobelle, Shane and Susan were still holding their wands, and slowly lowered Marrok down. Hermione had dropped her wand when Harry had fainted.

McGonagall had burst into the hallway, brandishing her wand, a few seconds later followed by an even paler than normal Snape, also with his wand drawn, as well as Professors Flitwick and Day. Snape was now bent over the limp form of Marrok, and Flitwick was leaning over Harry.

“What happened here?” demanded McGonagall, angrily. Her nostrils and lips were white and she was staring at Masobelle and Shane. They both shrank back.

“Um...” Masobelle bit her lip.

“Well, it was the Travellers fault,” Shane insisted. “Harry said that the Traveller said to come here.”

McGonagall just looked at him with raised eyebrows. “And why would the Traveller be telling Mr Potter things like that?” she looked over at Snape for a moment.

He shrugged and said something out of the side of his mouth. McGonagall frowned. “Well?”

“Because he i-,” Shane stepped on Masobelle’s foot.

Shane shrugged.

Masobelle shrugged

“I don’t know,” said Susan, shrugging like the others.

Hermione merely put on a bewildered face.

“Very well. Return to your common rooms. The Headmaster will have to be informed of this incident.

“But Professor, what about Harry?”

“Suzie, shut up.” Shane muttered out the side of his mouth.

“We can’t just leave him here,” she hissed back. “Oh! Professor Dumbledore!” she exclaimed.

Everyone looked at her. “What?”

“There!” she told them, pointing at a stone wall.

“Suzie, you must be imagining it.” Shane told her. But sure enough, Dumbledore appeared – from where Susan had been pointing.

Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape came to the same conclusion. "Miss Bones, why didn't you tell anyone that you were a Scanner?" they asked in unison.

"A what?"

Professor Dumbledore was more than happy to tell her. "A Scanner, Miss Bones. They can see through solid objects, and they have enhanced hearing. Your parents would be proud."

Dumbledore smiled at her, and turned rather solemnly to Harry and Marrok. "Miss Bones, Mr Flamel, Miss Black, Miss Granger if you could take Mr Potter and Mr Lopez down to the hospital wing?"

"Yes Professor," Susan and Hermione said quickly, and as soon as Dumbledore had them on stretchers, they had them levitated, with Shane and Masobelle for backup.

"Wheph!" Susan said, once they were out of the range of the teachers hearing, and she could no longer see them. "Thank god we didn't get in trouble. Or lose any points. Or get expelled."

"Why would we be expelled?" asked Masobelle. "We were the very epitome of Gryffindor!" the four eleven year olds shared a look, and Hermione explained to her why they'd be expelled.

"For disobeying a direct order, put in place for our safety and that of others, thereby endangering lives."

## **October: 1011**

Harry appeared in front of his parents. "Hey Mum, Dad."

"Hallo Harry," said Godric absentmindedly, straightening his robes.

"I just thought I'd let you know that I've been called away and I am going to have to fight in the war for three weeks."

This grabbed their attention. They both whirled around so fast that Rowena almost lost balance, and Godric had to catch her. "What!"

Harry chuckled. "Relax, it was just a joke. Actually, I'm not going to be here for three weeks, because I apparently couldn't be bothered coming back when I woke up."

"What?"

"Fine. Let me explain. When I came back when I woke up, you guys told me that I'd told you that I wasn't going to be there for three weeks. Then I'd explained. So. Basically, on Halloween, we had a very interesting day."

"Harrison Deogol Gryffindor, that doesn't explain it enough." Rowena told him reprovingly, her arms folded on top of her stomach.

"Fine!" he grumbled, sat on the bed and launched into a long and complicated explanation.

"... so basically, we met a werewolf and I used up all my magic trying to befriend it. And then I had a magic burnout, and as you know, a wizard isn't built to function without magic, so I had to sleep and replenish it."

"You know Harry, your last two sentences made more sense than all the others put together. Do you mean to say you slept for three weeks?"

"Yes."

"So what are we going to tell everyone?"

"Apparently you told everyone that there had been word of another attempt on my life, so I'd gone to visit Gills."

"Doesn't that sound a little... cowardly?" asked Godric hesitantly. He didn't particularly like the idea of his son being called cowardly.

"Yes. You said that the King insisted, because I'd saved "Princess Jaylynn's" life, he should only do the same." Harry said Gills' name making quotation mark with his fingers because he knew Gills was nothing like the normal Princess that she presented to the world.

“And what if anyone goes to see the King and you’re not there?”

“Oh, but I will be. I’m having lessons with Gills at the moment.”

“What’d he say when you just appeared?”

“I didn’t. You sent word two weeks ago.”

“We DID?”

“*We DID?*”

Harry laughed. “You did.”

### **November: 1991**

Harry stirred in the bed in the Hospital Wing. “When am I?” he asked loudly.

If Madam Pomfrey was confused by the question, she didn’t show it. “You’re up! You have been out for three weeks and three days.” She told him crisply.

She then proceeded to hand him three potions, one after the other. “Drink.” Was her only instruction.

“What are you, a hawk?” he muttered as she hovered over him while he drank the potions. “And besides, I’m fine. Just overuse of magic, that’s all.”

“Using raw magic is never a good idea, young man.” Madam Pomfrey told him firmly.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.”

“Don’t yeah, yeah me! Just drink your potions.”

Harry sighed and rolled his eyes. He was starting to think that he liked Madam Dana better. “How are my friends?”

“Ah yes, that reminds me,” She went over to another side of the room, which was until now covered with a curtain. Harry gaped. It was floor to roof filled with lollies, gifts and cards, among other things.

“Who?”

“Gifts from friends and admirers. Mr Lopez was particularly pleased. He sent you that one.”

She pointed toward the largest item, which was wrapped in muggle paper. “Whoa!”

Harry was amazed, then suddenly stricken. “He does realise that I can’t do it every time, doesn’t he?”

Madame Pomfrey looked at him. “I did tell him that I wouldn’t allow you to do it all the time, yes.”

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. “As much as I’d like to...”

“You can’t. It’s that simple,” said the bustling nurse.

Harry made to get up. “Oh no you don’t. Get back in that bed,” she told him. His face fell.

“*Please?*”

“No!”

Harry glared sullenly at his feet.

About an hour later, Hermione, Lilly, Louise, Greg, Masobelle, Shane, Susan, and surprisingly Marrok, came to visit him. Marrok was separate from the others, but he had still come to visit Harry. When they saw that he was awake, they all crowded around him.

“Why can’t you get out?”

“When can you get out?”

“Guess what Parry did yesterday?”

“Did you get our gifts?” the last one was Hermione, and she glared at Marrok while she said it. The Slytherin pretended not to notice.

“Oh yeah, that reminds me! Oi, Marrok, thanks for the gift, whatever it is. I haven’t gotten around to opening it yet, but it looks pretty damn good.”

The pinch nosed boy smiled faintly. “That’s alright,” he said quietly.

“Why are you talking to *him*, Harry, he’s a *Slytherin*.”

“You have a problem with that, Hermione? Look, he may be a Slytherin, and he may have been rude to you in the past – yes, I know about that and I’m not too happy, but he has problems of his own, and he was obviously not feeling the best that day, but you can still be friends. Now shake hands.”

Hermione looked stunned. Marrok had drawn his hand eagerly. He wanted friends, no matter who they were. Hermione reluctantly place her hand in Marrok’s smaller one, and shook it.

“Now, Marrok, is there any way we can help you? Obviously I can’t do that again. Wolfsbane potion could make you horribly sick if I gave it to you at this age, so what else could we do?”

Marrok shrugged.

Harry shrugged. “I’ll have to ask Coby.” He said decisively.

“When do you get out?”

“A.S.A.P, Greggo, I’m dying of boredom here, say, maybe you’ll help me out-,”

“No, Mr Potter! You are staying right there!” commanded Pomfrey. Harry pouted.

“Marrok, hand me a bag of chocolate frogs, will you?”

Marrok handed him one that was easiest to get to. “Hope you like the cards, Uncle Merlin,” he read out.



Harry rolled his eyes. He opened one, and looked at the card. There was a picture of him on the card.

*“Harry Potter, currently living as a Hermit. He is considered to be the greatest wizard of the millennium, excluding the Traveller. Famous for defeating the Dark Lord Voldemort at age 17 in 1997, creating a spell to kill Dementors and groundbreaking work on a cure for the werewolf curse. The Boy-Who-Lived is a registered animagus and has been known to enjoy Quidditch, pranks, and wandering around the Hogwarts Forbidden Forest in his animal form.”*

Harry read it out, clearly amused. “Then, of course, this is only one possible outcome for the future.” he explained.

They all nodded, amused, as they read the card, and Harry quickly explained to Marrok about some of his abilities. He then turned and picked up a chocolate frog to see the card. Most of them were the same, but they all were excited when they found cards of themselves. It made for a most amusing day, or at least, until Pomfrey kicked them out. Harry had to collect up the cards and burn them, so that no-one else could find them.

After he finally did get out of the Hospital Wing, he invited Marrok to join their group. Slowly, Marrok became more and more acquainted with them, and more at ease. For this, he was ridiculed by his own house mates, except Ald Weasley, who couldn't really talk. After all, he was from a family of 'blood traitors,' and best friends with a Ravenclaw.

Harry was determined to do something for Marrok's condition. For this, he spent a lot of time studying his aura. He had finally been allowed the antidote, but only for this project, according to Merlin. During his studies, he came across a book called '*Ancient Artefacts and What They Can Do*'.

He had read through it, and come across the pink wall that had stolen Lilly's hand. It was known as the Cursed Gates of Hera the Wrathful.

According to Myth, Greek Goddess Hera, wife of Zeus, was jealous of many different fair maidens, including one Io. Io had been changed

into a heifer (whatever that was) so that she would avoid the attention of Hera, but Hera knew that she was Io.

Muggle Myth said that Hera had Argus of the hundred eyes to watch over her, and so on, but what had really happened was that Hera made the Cursed Gates.

She made them pink, and sent them to Io as a love-gift from Zeus. Io loved pink, and she thanked Zeus profusely for the gate, though Zeus knew not what he was being thanked for.

However, Zeus took the thanks, and Io bore his child.

Hera was glad that she had created the evil gate, and set its magic loose. When Io returned to it, she was drawn to it. She touched it with her hand, and it turned green, which was Hera's jealousy showing through. The pink had been showing the love that Io and Zeus held for each other.

Io's hand turned black, and with maximum pain, Hera's Gates slowly killed Io and her child. Seeing that this was an effective way of disposing of Zeus' lovers, she used the gate more and more often, and it grew in power.

Showing this to his friends, they wondered what the school was doing with such an object. Remembering what Coby had said of knowing which object it was protecting, they reasoned that the object must either be very powerful or very dangerous. "Well," Shane said. "It's not the Philosopher's Stone, Mum and Dad would have told me if it was."

"Why would they know?" asked Marrok. After all, he was the only one in the group who didn't know who Shane's parents were.

"Because," said Shane slowly as if it were obvious. "They own it."

Marrok gaped. "Whoa!"

Shane looked uncomfortable as Marrok gaped. "So you're immortal?"

"No. It only covers two people at one time. I did have a brother Claevan about 200 years ago, but I never even met him. Before that I've had about 70 brothers and sisters, you really don't want to know all their names." he admitted.

"And I have a sister, Orva, who's only 78," he added, almost as if it had been an afterthought.

"That's just... weird. No offence," he was quick to amend his statement.

"Anyway," said Harry quickly, to avoid a possible argument between the volatile boy and the Slytherin. "We need to find out what it is. But we can't do that without more clues. We need to do some more snooping."

"Why do we need to know?" asked Greg

Harry was indignant. "For one, the Gates protecting it have already... harmed... us. For two, I'm curious. For three, I'm sure someone is after it. And for four, well... there is no four."

"Great!" Hermione rolled her eyes.

Marrok turned to Harry. "Uh, Harry, did you find anything about my... you know?"

Harry slapped his head. "That reminds me!" he grinned. "Follow me, Marrok. You can all come, if you want."

They all stood up, scraping the chairs in the common room on the ground. As Harry lead them toward the library, he explained.

"See, the werewolf curse essentially makes a person become less human, and puts them in the form of their personality at the time, which is a wolf. Now, according to the author, who claims to have proof, but we can't be sure of that, the way that a werewolf acts in wolf form can be influenced and made more enjoyable by the company of animals."

“But Harry,” said Marrok, his pale lips paler than usual, and his face looking sad. “Wild animals seem to have an inbuilt fear gene, they can’t come near a werewolf without getting scared. Which makes it difficult to get food at times.”

“Food?” asked Hermione, twisting a coil of blonde hair around her finger.

Marrok looked unashamed. “A wolfs gotta eat what a wolfs gotta eat.”

“A wolf has *got to* eat what a wolf has *got to* eat.” Hermione corrected automatically.

“Whatever,” he said in reply. “So what use is that to me?”

“Ah, my dear friend,” said Harry, reminiscent of a certain famous detective. “It is not what use it is to you, but what use it is for us.”

Marrok blinked. “Don’t worry about him,” said Louise playfully. “He always speaks in riddles.”

Finally, they were in the library, and Harry scampered off to find a book.

“Here it is!” he exclaimed, lifting it on to the table. The whole group crowded around. “Memoirs of a Werewolf, by ‘Moony’.”

He opened to a page, which was bookmarked, and read a line. “And it was with the help of my animagus friends, that I could enjoy my transformation.”

They all stared at it for a moment, before Hermione voiced their thoughts. “You want us to become Animagi?”

“Yes.”

“You do realise that it is extremely dangerous and hard.”

Harry nodded. “Not to mention illegal.”

“But if we register—,”

“Where’s the fun in registering?”

“But–,”

“We’ll talk about registration once we’ve actually managed to do the transformation, Hermione.”

She nodded reluctantly. “Say ‘aye’ if you’re in.”

There was a chorus of “Aye.”

“Say ‘nay’ if you’re not.” Not a single person said nay.

“Excellent!” said Harry gleefully, rubbing his hands together in an all together too evil manner. “Let’s get started!”

### **Authors Notes:**

I know some people were expecting (wanting, even) a Hermione explosion this chapter. For the moment, she’s bottled her anger. Wait a couple of chapters until Harry makes another blunder and doesn’t tell her something. The question for an early chapter: what colour is Hermione’s hair in this chapter?

**Chapter 19 (Animagus Harry):** Harry turns the werewolf into a person, and they find he is Marrok Lopez. Harry goes into a coma for three weeks, and in the past he goes to visit Gills. Back in the future, they discover that the thing that took Lilly’s hand is called the Cursed Gates of Hera the Wrathful, and they make some assumptions. They decide to become animagi to help Marrok.

## **Chapter Twenty**

### **Deciphering Harry**

**November: 1011**

Harry packed a trunk of things to take with him to visit Princess Jaylynn 'Gills'. Then, he was off. He took a Portkey to the castle, where he was greeted by servants. They wore a white uniform with the green crest of the king, the crest of their families, and for those who were witches and wizards, they wore crests displaying the area of their expertise and any special talents that they had.

"Her Highness had been looking forward to your arrival for weeks," said one with Tobias stitched onto his uniform. Harry was sceptical as to what good this would do. The majority of the population was illiterate to anything but rune, with mainly witches, wizards, and Royals or Lords, etc, being able to manage most basic language. It was a far stretch from the future, where almost everyone could read and write to a level that was rarely reached in this time.

Gills, it seemed, had indeed, been waiting for Harry. "Harry!" she cried, running towards him and almost knocking him over with a hug. Harry straightened up.

"Hi Gills." He said casually to the short eleven year old. "What's up?"

Gills had actually been to the future, and she knew all about Harry's abilities, as they had practically grown up together and been with each other through all their life changing ordeals. She and Harry had had many adventures together, both in the past, future and present. Gills had even met Hermione a few times, being introduced as Harry's cousin, Zara Evans. She had red hair like Lily Potter had, so this was a believable story, however, Hermione had been severely disappointed to learn that she could not read very well.

"What have I told you about that nickname?" she said sternly, her hands on her hips.

Harry shrugged, laughed, and then said, "That you really wish you'd never gotten turned into that fish?"

Gills nodded. "That's right!" she replied, laughing with him. "So, what magic are you going to teach me today that I will probably never be able to perform?"

Harry went into a long winded explanation of how it was in fact possible to turn lead into gold, and how. Gills, who didn't really understand the science of it, looked confused. Harry sighed. "You know what Gills, I give up."

He got out a leaden dove. "Here. Hold this in your hand." He told her.

She grabbed it in her dainty fingers. Harry relaxed into the pool of his magic, using it to magnify it until he could see each and every atom. He used minute bits of magic to manipulate them, and he pulled away leaving it as a shining gold.

"Keep it," he told her, getting out another lead dove.

"Your turn."

"Harry," she said sighing. "You do know that I am almost a squib, don't you? I didn't, after all, get into Hogwarts."

Harry snorted. "It would have been beyond easy for you to have gotten in," he told her, then switched to the modern way of English that they both favoured. "Your father just wouldn't have let you come. That's why I'm here. You have to learn everything in three weeks."

Gills looked at him. "Well, maybe not," he admitted. "But you would have gotten in easily."

She looked at him through large eyes, which were at the moment purple, due to Harry's spell. "How do you know? I've never been able to manage a skerrick of magic in my life."

"You must have! It's written all over your aura," he said firmly. "Now, hold that dove, and sink into you magic, and imagine it turning into gold."

Gills tried. She truly did. But the leaden bird stayed the same.

“I GIVE UP, HARRY!” she shouted in frustration. “I CAN’T DO MAGIC!” The flowerpot exploded.

“Well, that looked like magic to me.” Harry told her.

Gills blinked. She looked at the exploded pot, then grabbed Harry’s hands. “I did magic, Hazza, I did magic!”

“Yes, Gills, you did magic. Now. Let’s go and get you a wand.”

“But Father...”

“Oh. Yes. I forgot. I haven’t said ‘Hello’ to Uncle Gaz yet.”

Gills shook her head. “Uncle Gaz indeed. You would be the only one that can get away with that, wouldn’t you?”

Harry bobbed his head in agreement.

The throne room was magnificently decorated. The room was about as big as the great hall. The grout between the creamy marble and gold tiles was covered in pure gold. Around the edges of the room, there was a green marble tile trimming about 60 cm (approximately 24 inches) from the wall. All the servants had to stay behind this line, in their green and white outfits. There was a red velvet rope situated just above this line, held there by strong magic charms, which Harry himself had had a hand in. The ceiling, although not as nice as at Hogwarts, was a magnificent series of golden and marble arches and domes. Running down the walls were portraits of former Kings and Queens, along with their years of reign in Anno Domini terms. Gills’ mother was in fact in one of these portraits. She’d died four years before, at the same time as Gills had been kidnapped, which had lead to Harry’s rescue of her and subsequently his Honorary Knighthood.

Presently, Harry stopped analysing the room right down to the stained glass windows, and turned to the King.

“Wassup, Gazza,” he joked. King Gareth III looked at him sternly.

“Harrison Deogol—,”



“Fine, fine. Hello Uncle Gaz, how are you?” his voice seemed to be painted as he spoke. It just wasn’t him.

“I’m well, and you?” replied Gareth politely, as if he hardly knew him.

Harry shrugged, flipping his hands up in an ‘I don’t know’ kind of gesture. “Can’t complain,” he said finally.

Gareth smiled, and they shook hands. “Good, good. Now, what would you like?”

“Gills just blew up a flowerpot, so I thought that I’d take her to get a wand.”

The king blinked. “Jaylynn did that?”

Harry nodded to the stunned king.

“Well... Alright then. But take Edward.”

Gills snickered. “I still can’t believe that Edward changed his name from Ramsey Smith to, well, Edward Warden, just because it meant ‘Rich guard who is a guardian,” she whispered to Harry. Harry nodded, what kind of person changed their name just because of a temporary job, after all.

He would only be able to do the job for two more years, before the King decreed that he would be too old to be any use. However, until then, Edward was Gills’ bodyguard. After the attempted kidnapping, Gills hadn’t been allowed to go anywhere without a bodyguard, and Ramsey Smith had been perfect for the job. Pleased to get away from his name which he hated, he had it changed in the eyes of their King.

There was a mad rush to look for Edward, whom they eventually retrieved from an outhouse, and then, after Edward checked he had all his weapons, and Harry had gotten them into more modern ‘get ups’ and removed Gills’ tiara, they went to the future.

**August: 2012**

Edward had never liked this part of the job. He found that the jeans and t-shirts that he usually ended up wearing ridiculous, and thought it inappropriate for Gills to wear pink sleeveless tops in the middle of the summer, with three quarter length pants and sandals, even though most of the people were wearing much more revealing outfits, as it was 2012. Harry simply ignored it. "You should see 2020!" he exclaimed. "Not even / go there any more."

Edward didn't look like he ever wanted to see 2020. In fact, he looked kind of strange with his entire weaponry stashed up his shirt, and baggy jeans which were sitting far too far below his waist, in his opinion. He grumbled for ten minutes, before even getting ready, eventually obeying so he wouldn't lose his job or head. It didn't help his self esteem in the least that Gills and Harry were laughing at him.

They eventually made their way through The Leaky Cauldron, emerging into Diagon Alley. Ignoring Edward and Gills' excitement at seeing all the new shops, he headed for one of the most ancient shops in the world.

Ollivanders.

Harry didn't know the new Ollivander, a young man in his twenties named Luke, but he was sure that he would be able to get a great wand for Gills from him.

"Hi. This is Zara Evans," he told him.

Luke Ollivander nodded. He looked her up and down. "How old is she?"

"Eleven and five months."

He went over to a corner of the shop where Harry could see that there were a fair few boxes missing from. "A lot of shorties coming in these days," said Ollivander conversationally, while Gills glared at him. "Here, try this one. 10 inches, unicorn hair and yew."

Gills tried. Nothing happened. "Hmmm..." said Ollivander. "I was quite sure. Never mind, Zara, what can you tell me about yourself, things that you are associated with..."

“Well... er, my name means Princess, I was born on the thirteenth of July, er... I live in a palace... er...”

Ollivander surveyed her. “Which subject most interests you for when you go to Hogwarts, then?”

“Er... well, I er... defence?” Gills said, posing it more as a question than a statement.

Luke nodded. He went and got out three boxes. “All 10 and a half inches, oak and phoenix feather. Give them a wave.”

Gills picked up the first one tentatively. She dropped it straight to the ground after several other wands went crashing off the shelves and onto the ground.

Luke simply smiled and motioned for her to go on. She picked up the next one, and her hair turned pink. “Cool!” she said. “I want this one!”

Harry raised his eyebrows. “Just try the next one, Gills.”

She pouted at him, but picked up the next one. As she did so she was flooded with warmth, and green and white sparks came flying from the wand tip.

“We’ll take it,” said Harry and Gills as one. Edward just stuck to looking out of place and uncomfortable.

## **December: 1991**

Hermione walked into the room, humming to herself. “*I’m dreaming, of a white Christmas...*”

“Oh, hi guys,” she said, cutting herself off. They all muttered hi, and went back to pouring over books about animagi.

As Marrok himself wasn’t going to become an Animagus, he simply sat and thought at these meetings. He stared out the window at the pure white glistening snow. One day, it had just been cold, but the next, Hogwarts was literally buried in snow. Hagrid, who was the groundskeeper, had spent the whole day shovelling snow away from

the doors, only to have it come back again the next night. Since then, someone had given him a handheld ball of fire, which would melt snow but not burn him. He used this to melt away large piles, then using a broom to sweep the slush to the sides. As he did this every day, and it froze over every night, by the end of the first week, they had magnificent arches of ice at every exit from the castle.

This eventually stopped the exits from becoming snowed over, and cooling charms had to be put in place to ensure that it wouldn't melt. As Marrok peered out the library window, he could not see the arches, as they were covered in snow. "I'm just going for a walk, guys," he said.

He left them to read their books, and got rugged up, before going outside, where he planned to ice skate. Unfortunately, he never even got that far. He stopped when he saw Hagrid's dog, Fang, with his tongue to the ice, whimpering and stuck. He got out his wand, performing a mild warming charm, but Fang, afraid of the stick that was coming near him, jolted away and left the skin of his tongue still stuck to the ice walls.

Marrok sighed. "Let's get you off to Mr Hagrid, then," he said mildly.

He grabbed Fang by the collar, and Fang kept struggling against him. *He could probably smell the werewolf*, thought Marrok resigned. He struggled along with Fang, eventually reaching Hagrid's hut.

He knocked a few times, before the gigantic man poked his scraggly head out the door. "Who is it?" he asked with a slight accent.

"I'm Marrok Lopez, a student from up at the school. Fang was licking the ice arches, and his tongue got stuck to it. I tried to use a warming charm to uh, release him, but my... I scared him and he left the skin of his tongue behind." He explained.

Hagrid's beetle black eyes shone. "Ah, yeh'd be the werewolf then, would yeh?"

Marrok froze. "NO!" he protested violently and stiffly. Then, "I really need to go. Busy, you know." He hurried off, leaving Hagrid scratching his beard in the snow.

"I coulda sworn that that boy didn't want to talk to me about summat," he muttered through his thick black beard, confused. "Ah well, I got otha business to atten' to."

## **December: 1991**

After Marrok's transformation in November, he had awoken to voices talking.

### *Flashback*

*"But the Staff is protected," said Madame Pomfrey. "How would I be able to protect it?"*

*"Ah, my dear Professor, I think you can find something yourself. Have it to me before next week."*

*Madame Pomfrey grumbled for a bit, "Fine." She muttered. "But Albus, you owe me one."*

*"What will it be then?"*

*Marrok still had his eyes closed, so he couldn't be sure, but it felt like she was glaring at him. "I'm going to use one of the Heart Starter Webs, and place it over the floor. If they don't know its there, they won't know what hit them."*

*"Excellent! Now, can you tell me where I can find Matthew? I need to get him to find something too..."*

*"In his office," said Pomfrey grudgingly. Marrok could just imagine the elderly headmaster skipping out in glee.*

Marrok had quickly told the others. "Staff," Hermione muttered, biting her lip. "Staffs, staffs, staffs. I don't think I know of any staffs that could be needed to be protected so well."

"Neither do I. Any ideas, everyone?"

They all shook their heads. "Oh. Well." Harry paused, thinking. "Well, when Hermione, Lilly, Masobelle and Shane go home, they can see if

they can find anything there. We will look around here, do some snooping and see what we come up with."

As the Christmas Holidays drew nearer, they were all deciding whether they wanted to go home, or if they were going to stay at Hogwarts for the break. Harry, Louise, Greg, Susan and Marrok were. Hermione, Lilly, Masobelle, and Shane decided to go home. Louise had decided that she'd stay because she didn't want to be there when their mum found out about Lilly's hand, and she certainly wanted to be allowed back. Lilly still hadn't gotten up the courage to tell her parents, and Louise didn't want to be there when she did.

"Who's Matthew?"

"Matthew who, Suzie?"

"That's what I want to know, Greg Alan Harwood!"

"Hey, no need to get stropky."

"She means the one in the conversation that Marrok overheard."

"Oh. Well, I still don't know," said Greg testily to Hermione.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Mallee."

"What about him?"

Hermione was almost pulling her hair out in frustration. "Dumbledore obviously meant Matthew Mallee, the Astronomy professor.

"Oh."

Shane decided to join in the conversation. "How exactly could *Astronomy* protect some valuable staff?"

Harry shrugged. "He doesn't necessarily have to use Astronomy. When I discussed to him the changed positions of the stars over the last 1000 years after lessons one time, he invited me back to his office. He has a poster that says 'Duelling Champion of Godric's

Hollow.’ Apparently he won a duelling tournament in his neighbourhood when he was fifteen.”

“And...”

Harry sighed in frustration. “He could have zombies charmed to duel us or something.”

“HE CHARMED ZOMBIES TO DUEL US!” Harry slapped his hand over Lilly’s mouth.

“Shh! I didn’t say that. I just said he could have. But really, he couldn’t have, because technically, they aren’t zombies, as zombies don’t exist, at least under the name of zombies...” he launched into a long winded explanation.

“Great. And why exactly did you say *us*?” hissed Louise once he had finished.

“Errr...”

Lilly rolled her eyes, waving her stump. “Get over it, Lou. He probably won’t tell us anyway. Some major future secret or something.”

Harry nodded wisely, or in what they assumed was meant to be wise, but really wasn’t. “Now... back to staffs and animagi.”

## **November: 1011**

Two weeks later, Jaylynn ‘Gills’ Rex was bouncing around the palace happily, a ball bouncing in front of her, her wand drawn. Harrison ‘Hazza’ Gryffindor was following her, yet another exasperated sigh escaping his lips. “Gills, please.”

“No.”

“Gills, c’mon!”

“Nup.”

“Pretty please with a Snitch on top?”

“Nope.”

“Just stop bouncing the ball, damnit!”

Gills turned to look at him. “But, Hazza, if I did that, I wouldn’t be able to annoy you,” she told him with wide eyes.

Harry groaned. Just what he needed. “Gills, please.”

Just then, they were interrupted by King Gareth walking into the room. “Ah, Harry. Just the person I wanted to see. Jaylynn, you can come too.”

“Dad,” she whined. “I dislike for myself to be a burden, but it is my wish that you would call me by the nickname Gills as do so many others.”

King Gareth merely raised his eyebrows. “It will not do well for you to be so petty, Jaylynn.”

He turned into a side room, obviously not meant for anyone but a select few to go in, owing to the state of it. There were plants growing on the walls and it all seemed slightly musty. At the end of the corridor, there stood a thick and heavyset square door, with the royal crest of arms on it. It had solid gold trimming the edges and plated on the front, with engraving done in a fine silver. He gave a wriggle of the door and punched in a magical code, and the door popped open.

“My personal assistant wizards for charms, divination, and potions just finished making it,” he said proudly, indicating a small intricately designed looking key which seemed to be made of bland pewter.

It caught in the dim firelight light, reflecting shards of light back at them. It seemed to have an aura of powerful magic around it. Harry surveyed it thoughtfully, as the king reached out to pick it up. He held it up beneath their faces, dangling it from a solid silver chain, caressing it like a newborn child.

“This, my dear boy, Jaylynn, is the Key of Aeti’Quial.”

**Authors Notes:**



Thank you once again, and I hope you enjoyed the latest chapter. About the summary... is it helping? Please review if you like my work or if you have any ideas on how to improve my writing! Thank you!

The question for the early chapter is different today. You get a choice.

1. What do you think of Gills? Do you think she's a bit Mary Sue like? I'm worried about that... I'm working on giving her a fault. Well, bigger than being a weak witch and unable to read.  
or

2. What do you think the Key of Aeti'Quial has to do with anything?

**Chapter 20 (Deciphering Harry):** Harry goes to stay with Gills and helps her realise her magical potential. Marrok has a run in with Hagrid that is more than meets the eye. King Gareth shows Gills and Harry an object that he calls the 'Key of Aeti'Quial'

## Chapter Twenty

### Excited Harry

**November: 1991**

Lilly frowned and said the spell again. A ribbon appeared and writhed into the word 'none' once again, an impossible result. Throwing down her wand, she looked up at Professor Kantooth, thought she didn't have to look too high. "I simply can't do it!" She told him, stamping her foot for effect.

Allowing for it because of her hand, Kantooth sighed and asked Louise to come forward. She had the same result. "You see, Professor, we simply can't find *anything* about any of our ancestors to indicate that they were magical at all!"

Professor Kantooth frowned. "How unusual. Very well, you shall instead do a joint research project on Godric Gryffindor and Helga Hufflepuff, since you are in their houses."

Lilly, upon hearing this, smiled brightly at the Professor. "Thank you ever so much," she gushed.

Professor Kantooth smiled charmingly and winked at her. "No trouble at all, my dears. None at all."

"What about me?" Greg asked. He'd been having the same problem with the spell. "I mean, I can find stuff about my ancestors that indicates that they were witches, what with that lady, what was it? Eleanor Smith, that's right, who was burnt at the stake and her daughters Glenda and Piper, but the spell doesn't work, it just gives me the same result as them!" he indicated Lilly and Louise.

Kantooth frowned. "The actual spell, since it isn't all that import, only counts for 20 marks of the hundred. You still can get 90, since you managed to get the ribbon to say something. I suggest you continue your studies and get more information from your parents and relatives. Was that all?"

The trio nodded as one, and left the room. "See?" Louise exclaimed triumphantly as they rejoined the rest of their group. "I told you it would only take five minutes."

### **December: 1991**

It was Christmas day. The castle was in a frenzied state of happiness. Harry had awoken to Louise and Greg jumping on his bed. Susan and Marrok were watching the two bewilderedly. "Lou, Greg, how many times have I told you not to wake me up like this?"

Louise and Greg shrugged. "Um... every Christmas, birthday and Easter since we have known you?"

This was true. Somehow, they had never missed the occasions and Harry had never woken up before them.

Harry muttered some obscenities and got out of bed, pulling on a robe as he did so. "What did we get?" he asked enthusiastically.

All four of his friends had brought their piles into the room and dumped them on the remaining beds. There was no one else in the dorm, as Dray, Jordan, Andrew and Brian had all gone home. The Prewetts (In Louise's dorm, Edith and Elizabeth) had stayed, so that dorm was out

Piper was still in Susan's Dorm, and Goyle's parents hadn't wanted him back that Christmas, so Harry's was the only dorm where they could be undisturbed, so that was where they had agreed to meet.

Harry's pile was slightly smaller than Louise's, but other than that, it was the largest. Louise had presents from every single one of her cousins, as was tradition in their family, and she had 5 cousins living in Spain, 3 in Australia, and 3 in America, not to mention the ones in England, so needless to say, she had gotten some very nice things, and very many things.

Harry had finished ripping the wrapping off all his presents, and finally there was only one thing left in the pile. He couldn't tell who had given it to him, as the residual aura was one that he didn't recognise. He picked it up warily, careful not to disturb whatever was in the package

in case moving it would set off a bomb or something similar. Carefully probing at the package with his magic, he manipulated the wrapping so that it fell off. Lying uncovered on the ground and looking disappointingly safe, was a shimmering cloak.

“Who wants it?” Harry asked glumly.

Louise, Greg, Susan and Marrok stared at it.

“What is it?” Louise asked.

Harry picked it up. “An invisibility cloak.” He sniffed it. “With a spell so that someone, not sure who, but I know it was the sender, can see though it.”

He leaned over and picked up the note. “Your father left this in my possession before he died. I think it is time that it was returned to you.”

“Well, I have three of these already, without see through spells on them. I ask once more, who wants it?”

The congregated group was unusually unresponsive. Harry sighed. “I guess I’ll have to wait until the others get back before I get rid of it.”

Louise looked confused. “Why do you need to get rid of it?”

“Because. It also has a tracking charm on it. The sender is obviously trying to track me.”

“Just remove the charm.” Louise provided a relatively simple solution.

“Well, I was going to do that, but I don’t want that anyway. Someone else can have it. I personally have 3, Róisín has one and Cecil has two, Dad had so many that I haven’t bothered to count, and Mum had about 6 or 7.”

“Had?”

“Cecil and Róisín accidentally burnt them when they were practicing magic. I had to take the blame though, because Mum and Dad don’t

want them practicing magic yet. Don't worry, though. Dad gave her some of his."

"Oh, well, right then. Why don't you wait until the others get back and see if they want it?"

"That's what I said before," Harry agreed. He placed it to the right of his pile and he and the others continued with the celebrations. By the end of the day, none of them wanted it.

Harry was still looking for someone to bestow it upon. He said he'd prefer to give it to someone as soon as possible, because it was easiest. Unfortunately, there weren't very many people left in the castle. Just the Prewetts, Weasleys, Piper Nash and Crabbe and Goyle.

Harry wasn't keen on giving it to any of the Prewetts as they had been so rude to Ald because he was in Slytherin. So had most of Ald's brothers, too. That left Ald, Piper, Crabbe and Goyle.

Crabbe and Goyle were the classic examples of muscle heads, fat, ugly, big and greedy. They would do anything on command of someone who they were allowed to. Since they weren't allowed to take orders from any of the Slytherins and could only take orders from Dray, but they wouldn't listen to him because of his being a Ravenclaw, they were bouncing off the castle walls in a confused state.

And he hardly knew Piper; so instead, he headed over to where Ald was sitting at the Slytherin table and sat down. "Hi mate, how are you?"

Ald looked at him warily. "I'm fine..."

"That's good. Now, I'm wondering if you want something. I mean, well, I got an invisibility cloak for Christmas I have several already, so I was wondering if you'd like it?"

Ald looked at Harry as though he was an alien landed on the front doorstep and asking for lentils.

Harry continued to talk about the cloak before he realised that Ald wasn't listening to him. "Hello? He waved his hand in front of his face. "Yoo hoo? Anyone home?"

Ald blinked a few times. "Are you offering to give me an invisibility cloak?"

Harry answered casually, as if it were something he did every day. "Sure, so, you want it? I can't pawn it off anyone else."

"Um..." Ald seemed unsure. Harry took his chance.

"Good, come up to my dorm at 8 tonight, and I'll give it to you."

Harry walked away before Ald could protest, and left him sitting dumbstruck at the table.

A snowball fight was next on the agenda. It was Marrok, Greg and Harry against the girls. Harry was building a wall out of snow, using magic to compound the snow together and shape into blocks. Once he had made the wall, he got bored and started to make an igloo.

Marrok and Greg stared at the emerging figure. "Hazza, for the love of Merlin, what are you doing?" Marrok started.

Harry answered mildly, sending another block to the right. "Making an igloo. And as much as I like Merlin, I *don't* love him like *that*. That's absolutely disgusting, Rocky."

Marrok frowned. "Harry, that's not what I meant. It's an expression of speech."

Harry waved his hand, passing off Marrok's comment. "Whatever. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Suzie and Lou will beat us if we don't start retaliating, and what's the fun without a fight?" he asked, not really waiting for an answer, as the whole wall disappeared in the blink of an eye.

"Hazza," Greg started. He never finished, as Harry put a silencing spell on him. "Get your unfit arse over here and start throwing snowballs, Greggo."

Greg huffed. "I'm telling you, it's puppy fat." He muttered bad temperedly, staring at the snow he was compacting into a ball in his hand.

"If you say so, Greg." Harry said, in a disbelieving but joking tone. Marrok rolled his eyes at their banter, which was caught by Harry's sharp eyes. "Stop that, Rocky." Harry said testily.

Marrok nodded. "Sure thing," when Harry stopped staring at him, he turned away and muttered something rude, sticking his tongue out at an imaginary Harry.

"What'd ya do that for, Marrok?" Greg said deliberately.

"D'what?" Marrok replied lethargically.

"Said Harry was being an idiot, didn't cha?"

Susan and Louise had wandered over, and were observing the argument with interest. They watched passively from the sidelines as the boys bickered. Marrok bent down and shaped a snowball in his gloves, and hurled it at Greg's face. Greg gasped as the missile hit his face and clutched his forehead. "Blooming fires of hell! What the hell was that for, Rocky?" he spluttered.

"That, Greggo" he said mockingly. "Is for call'in me a despicable werewolf." And he threw another snowball.

"Oi! Greg, Marrok, stop it!" Louise called out abruptly.

Harry scrunched up his face. "Why should they, Lou?"

"Harry!" Susan exclaimed in shock.

"What?" he asked in an injured tone. "I cannot detect anything about their persons that one would feel the need to change."

Susan looked at him, blinked, and spoke. "Huh?"

Louise translated. “He’s being annoying and he doesn’t think there’s anything wrong with what they are doing. Harry, stop it, please, you’re ruining Christmas for everyone!”

Harry looked like he was thinking about it before turning back to Greg and Marrok and continuing the argument. It continued like this for another half-hour or so, before Ald, who was wandering around the grounds of the school with a desolate expression plastered across his face, came upon them.

“Harry? Marrok? Greg?” he asked himself, watching the boys fling spells back and forth with snowballs. Harry’s spells were by far the best.

“Ald!” Susan and Louise rushed across to him. “We’re so glad you came. Can you please get a teacher? We can’t stop them.”

Ald, in his confusion, agreed, and rushed up to the castle. “Professor McGonagall! Professor Clear!” he called across the hall. “Come quickly! Harry Potter and Greg Harwood and Marrok Lopez are fighting and no-one can stop them!”

Professors McGonagall and Clear looked confused, then stunned, and rushed after Ald, as he lead the way. Professor McGonagall fired a stunning spell out of her wand when the boys refused to stop at the appearance of fireworks, and Marrok was knocked down. Harry and Greg immediately stopped, staring at Marrok and then themselves and each other. “This is absolutely inappropriate, Mr Potter, Mr Harwood!” McGonagall shouted. “Detention, all three of you! And on Christmas Day no less!”

## **December: 1011**

“Harry, come on, up, up, up!” Cecil and Róisín shook their brother awake. “C’mon! Mum wants you to come to the hall, and then we can have Christmas breakfast, and then we have to greet the guests, and Princess Jaylynn and King Gareth are coming, and –”

Harry clapped a hand over her mouth, groaned, and rolled over. Christmas in the future was so much more fun. In the past, it was visitors and visitors. No-one even gave each other gifts. He



scrunched his doona in his fists and buried himself in the sheets, relaxing when Cecil and Róisín didn't seem to be persisting in their attempts to wake him up.

"Aaahhhhhhhh!" he screeched, sitting up straight in his bed, dripping wet and shivering. Róisín giggled at the sight of him. "Did you just pour ice cold water on me?" he asked in shock, his eyes popping out of his head. Róisín giggled, nodded and flicked her hand, dousing him in water once again.

"I so shouldn't have taught you that." He muttered bad temperedly, waving his hand and drying off his pyjamas and the bed. "Out, shoo. I have to get dressed, Sín" Róisín ran out, tripping over a discarded garment on the floor on the way out. Harry dressed regally, in black robes with red and gold trimming and a crest on the front to show his family. The buckles alternated between solid gold and carved rubies, and in Harry's opinion, rather a waste of money, since he only wore them to formal occasions and he had to get them remade every two years, depending on his growth. Cecil and Godric dressed in the same outfits, while Rowena and Róisín wore red robes with a gold trimming, and all the buckles were gold. Their hair was fixed by house elves, and held together by hundreds of separate pins.

By seven Harry had dressed and helped Cecil and Róisín dress and they were ready for the guests to arrive, which would be another three hours.

"Harry, did you want to bring some of your other friends to Christmas this year?" Rowena was referring to Hermione and the others.

He shook his head. "They'd be bored out of their brains, Mum." He explained.

Rowena gave him 'a look'. "Harrison, I must request that you go fetch them. And I must say that I feel that they would not find it quite so boring as yourself." She said sternly. Harry looked at Godric.

"Dad?"

"Do as your mother says, son."

Harry glared at his parents, before disappearing.

### **December: 1991**

Hermione and Lilly were both found at Hermione's house. "Harry!" they both exclaimed.

"Hi," he said breathlessly. "Mum wants to know if you want to spend Christmas with us. I'm warning you, it's very boring."

Hermione stared. "Like, in the past you mean?"

"Yeah." Harry said, nodding.

"What do you do?" asked Lilly.

Harry thought. "Well, we have Christmas Breakfast, and then we have lots of visitors, like, lords and knights, and the King and Gills, of course."

"Gills?" Hermione cut in.

"Zara Evans. She's actually Princess Jaylynn."

Hermione's jaw dropped. "I am SO coming."

Lilly agreed. "It sound like so much fun!"

Harry looked confused. "Christmas at home? Fun? You have got to be kidding me. JUST LOOK AT WHAT I HAVE TO WEAR!"

"I was wondering why you were wearing that," Lilly commented offhandedly. Harry glared at her and they disappeared, reappearing at Shane's place.

"Perry, Nick, Hi." Harry said, sounding kind of guilty for just walking in while they were eating breakfast.

"Um... do you mind if we take Shane with us to Christmas at my place? He won't be long and we'll look after him, if he wants to come, that is. I don't know why you'd want to."

"Of course we'll let him go," Perenelle said. "Shane!" she called out loudly. "Harrison is here to take you to Christmas with him! Don't bother getting changed!"

Then she turned to Harry. "I'm sorry, we don't have any of the appropriate clothes for Shane to wear."

"That's fine. Dad will be able to find something."

"Good."

Next they went to Masobelle. "Masobelle Black, long time, no see." Harry said, winking at her.

"Harry!" she shrieked, hugging him. "How'd you get in here? This place is like, under a gazillion charms!"

Harry shrugged. "Get over it. I can tap into the frequency of magic. Wanna come to the past for Christmas?"

She thought for a moment. "Nothing stopping me, yeah. Um, can I ask Dad first though?"

"Sure." Harry said.

"Dad!" Masobelle bellowed. A portrait in the hallway started shrieking. "MASOBELLE ANDROMEDA BLACK! DON'T YOU DARE SCREECH LIKE THAT IN THIS HOUSE! HAVE SOME RESPECT!"

"SHUT UP, GRANDMA!" Masobelle screamed back as a man came skidding through the doorway.

"Bellé, what have I told you about provoking your Grandmother?"

"She's a barmy old woman, Dad, who's been dead for over a decade. Where's Kreacher? This kitchen is a mess. Candice and Orion have been at it again. Anyway, can I go with Harry and my friends to Harry's place for awhile?"

"Harry?"

"Yes. Harry Potter."

Masobelle's dad looked at Harry. "Didn't see you there, sorry. I'm Regulus Black." He wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand and onto his robes. "Um, sure. Have fun, Bellé, don't get in the way." Before he could finish, Harry zapped them away. Picking up Louise, Greg, Susan and Marrok from Hogwarts was easy. They all reappeared in the Great Hall, dressed in an assortment of Pyjamas, robes, and muggle clothes.

## **December: 1011**

"Got them, Mum."

"See, it wasn't so hard now, was it Harry?" Rowena smiled. "Now, go find them something to wear. There's probably something in your wardrobe, and come back out when they are appropriately dressed. Róisín can help them do their hair."

Róisín looked delighted at the prospect. "I do think that I will be able to make their hair look absolutely terrific! What fun this shall be." Harry rolled his eyes, and led them all to his room. While Harry walked toward the wardrobe, the other seven gaped.

Harry threw various garments out of the cupboard, before coming across a set of self adjusting, all purpose, bi gender robes. He pulled out seven of them.

"Okay," he said, carrying them to the bed and dropping them there. "Sorry about the mess. Oh shit! Mum said I have to have my room tidy by today!"

"Róisín, can you get Cecil to come in here please? Preferably, like, now?"

"He's playing with Nova." The young girl informed him.

"Well get him to bring Nova in too!"

She nodded, and a few seconds later, spoke. "He's on his way."

"Good. Now, I have to tidy this place up."

He flicked his hand repeatedly, and things went flying into drawers and clothes folded themselves up. Pictures straightened themselves up, and mouldy rotten socks deposited themselves in a washing basket. Cecil and Nova arrived while Harry was under the bed. Cecil looked at Róisín. Róisín shrugged. "Harry, what do you want me to do?"

"Oh! Hey, you here already? Well, tell those seven how to make those robes work. Then you can go. Cecil went into a long and complicated lecture on how to use the robes, before sending each of them off to Harry's massive en suite bathroom to get changed. When they were done they looked completely different. They were all wearing robes with different colours, for the boys, plain black with their family coloured trimmings, and for the girls, the prevalent colour of their family and the less prevalent colour for the trimming.

Róisín did their hair. Hermione, Lilly, Louise, Masobelle and Susan had never seen so many pins, let alone had them stuck in their hair.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, the only excitement being when Harry introduced Gills to the others. They were all returned to exactly where and when they had been before they were taken.

### **Authors Notes:**

Hello and Happy Australia Day. I'm sorry that I haven't been handing out early chapters, I've had a problem with my email server and attachments. To make up for it, I'll get around to writing a one shot about Harry coming back and teaching himself soon.

I'll try and think of a new feature instead of the questions. Any and all idea's are welcome.

## **Chapter Twenty-One**

### **Decisive Harry**

**January: 1992**

Greg glared at Harry. "You are too happy for someone who has detention, you know."

"Well, sorry. I'm just waiting till later so I can tell everyone."

"Tell everyone what, exactly, Hazza?" Greg pushed a branch out of the way as Fang whimpered.

Harry couldn't contain himself. "Mum had the baby earlier today. She and baby are well."

Greg grinned. "So, what is it?"

"A baby girl. Maíread Grace Gryffindor."

"Is she cute?' Greg asked, but Harry didn't answer.

"Shit." He said dully.

Greg looked around to see what it was that had distracted the usually unable to be distracted, and nearly wet himself. "Harry, is that a dragon?"

Looming above them was the biggest Norwegian Ridgeback that Harry had ever seen. Not that he'd ever seen a Norwegian Ridgeback. It was black. Its skin was tough as armour. And it was hungry. Its saliva dripped from its colossal jaw. And around its neck, hung a collar. Norbert.

Harry nodded. "I think it is."

They both turned to look at each other. "OH SHIT!" Dropping all pretences, Harry shot up red sparks and the two of them took off at top speed. They were out of the forest before they knew it, panting and leaning against the trees so that they didn't collapse. Hagrid,

Marrok and Elizabeth and Edith Prewett all appeared about two minutes later.

“Wha’ seems ta be the problem?” Hagrid asked gruffly, raising an eyebrow at the panting boys.

“The problem,” Greg screeched, his voice an octave or two higher than normal, “Is that there is a DRAGON in the forest.”

Hagrid waved a hand. “Norbert? Tha’ lil fella wouldn’t hurt a fly if it tempted him.”

All the students exchanged glances. “I’m telling you, Hagrid, that thing was not little in the least. It was HUGE!” Harry spread out his arms to show the size of its head. AND IT WAS GOING TO EAT US!”

“Nonsense,” Hagrid said, sounding injured. “Norbert wouldn’t hurt a fly.” He insisted.

Harry sighed. Greg sighed. Hagrid was obviously not going to see reason. He was too crazy.

After their detention, Marrok, Greg and Harry strolled slowly up to the castle, discussing the merits of becoming a dragon animagus. Harry was under the impression that Hagrid would adopt them and that they would not find this in the least bit fun, as Hagrid would probably treat them like they were his pets. Eventually, with both deciding against the dragon idea, their conversation drifted to their progress, with Marrok listening eagerly. They were by now about to learn how to transfigure a dead mouse into a dead guinea pig, and, without the use of a wand, turn it back.

Harry would have no trouble with this, however, the others might do.

By the time they met the others in the library to work on their animagus transformations, their conversation had turned to Máiread.

Greg began on his earlier line of questioning. “Is she cute?”

Harry nodded. “She has these big blue eyes, and her hair is all wispy and blonde, but she’s kind of chubby. But then again all babies are

chubby, aren't they?" Greg nodded what Harry assumed to be assent, and continued. "And she has the cutest little button nose, according to Mum, but I really can't see how a nose can be cute." He shrugged in a confused way as he pushed the library door open. "But we're going to have the proper naming ceremony on Saturday."

"Saturday? But that's just shy of a week away." Marrok exclaimed immediately.

Harry nodded. "It's 'traditional.' Doesn't make much sense to me, either. By the letter of the law, and in the eyes of the king, she's unnamed until then"

Greg sat down at the table, and Harry sat across from him. The others had caught the last of the sentence.

"Who's unnamed until when?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Maíread," Harry and Greg replied as one. The group looked passive at the news.

"Who's this Meraid?" Lilly and Louise asked as one.

Harry waved a hand. "My newest sister. The name is Irish, 'Mehraihd'" he told them, a subtle aitch colouring the way he said it. He proceeded to tell them all about her.

"How much does she weigh?" Hermione asked finally.

Harry merely shrugged. "They didn't weigh babies 980 years ago." Hermione looked surprised, which in itself, surprised Harry. "You don't really think they were worrying about how much the babies weighed when most women died in childbirth and their babies along with them, do you?" he asked disdainfully.

Hermione shrugged, a ruddiness spreading over her cheeks. "Sorry," she whispered.

Tension filled the air for a second, before Harry shrugged. "Its okay,"

**January: 1012**



It was the day of the naming ceremony. The 19th of January. Harry was wearing his much hated formal Christmas robes, and only a few close family and friends were present. This included Cecil, Róisín, Godric, Rowena, Salazar, Helga, Nova, Merlin, Gills and King Gareth.

Gills looked as uncomfortable in her outfit as Harry was. They sat close together, and Harry noted her scratching herself where the rough material made contact with her skin. It really should have had a silk lining, but she'd ripped it on Christmas while playing with Harry and his friends, and not yet got up the courage to tell her father or her minders about it. A delicately wrought sparkling gold and diamond diadem sat atop her head, placed precariously over heaps of false curls that were falling out and frustrating her to no end.

Eventually everyone had settled into a circle, with a fussy Maíread placed in the centre. Dressed in the family's red and gold robes, it was clear that Maíread going to love getting dressed up as much as Harry did. She was wailing after being put down for a minute, and even when Rowena picked her up again she wasn't quiet. Eventually resorting to a comforting charm so that they could go on with the ceremony, Rowena was able to set her down. The circle joined hands, and concentrated on Maíread. A soft glow pulsed as they became calmer and silent.

Rowena released Godric and Róisín's hands, stepping forward, and allowing Godric to grab his oldest daughter's hand.

"As it happens that I am mother to this newborn child, it is my prerogative to give her a name to suit her as I please. So from this day forth, I call this child Maíread Grace Gryffindor, may you shine in the way of the pearls of the ocean and be graceful in all words and actions that you take upon. Do all agree with the decision that I make?"

Everyone nodded. "We agree most sincerely."

"Is there anyone who would contest my decision or deign to make any change to it?"

Those gathered shook their heads. "Your decision was the right one, none of us would wish to say it isn't"

This talking and agreeing went on for about an hour, and Harry could hardly hide his yawns. However, once the speaking had finished, they went to a feast, Harry whispering to Gills that this was always the best part of the formal ceremonies. Gills nodded and removed the tiara, handing it to Harry and asking him to store it in a time pocket. Harry did so and they went to the feast.

As it did at these occasions, talk emerged of Harry's own naming ceremony. It had been at the same time as Cecil and Róisín's, as Rowena had completely forgotten about it, and Godric had thought that it had been dealt with before Merlin had kidnapped Harry. Everyone had been most horrified to learn that Harry technically had no name. In Rowena's defence, she had held a ceremony with herself to name Harry, but there had been no witnesses, so it was not legal. Because of this, Harry had two name blessings, the original: May the power that you hold guide you and may your secret not be forever, and the legal: May you look after your power and treat it with due respect, and may you be allowed your secrets.

"Mummy, I'm bored. Mummy, why do we have to do this? Mummy, can I go to sleep, Mummy, Mummy, Mummy!" Cecil whined while Rowena was talking to the king.

"Harry!" she called. "Can you please come and get your siblings out of my hair?"

Róisín, who had been standing at Cecil's side, giggled at the expression. "Yes, Mum." Harry sighed. He scooped his youngest sister into his arms, levitated his older siblings, and got Gills to make sure Nova was coming, before they headed off.

### **January: 1992**

Masobelle stopped talking and walking mid sentence. "Hey, Harry, I just thought,"

Harry, Hermione, Lilly, Louise, Greg, Shane, Susan and Marrok stopped as well, crashing into each other. Harry glared at Masobelle. "Don't do that, Bellé, it's rather annoying." He picked himself up off the ground and dusted down his robes.

“Well, sor-ry, but I just thought, about Norbert,”

“That crazy dragon, yeah?” Harry asked, as they all got up again and they regained pace.

“Well, you know about the Staff? Maybe Norbert’s protecting it.”

Harry looked thoughtful. “You know, that could be right. Now, as long as we knew what we were dealing with, we might be able to find out why.”

Hermione shook her head and rubbed her forehead. “We need more clues. It’s just too broad a category.”

“Yeah,” Louise agreed. “And we need super magic to get past that veil, a dragon, duelling zombies, heart starter webs and probably more.”

Susan and Marrok looked glum. “The chances that we’ll ever get past that are well, hopeless. You’d probably need the dark arts to get past the veil alone,” Susan groaned.

This time it was Harry that stopped and caused everyone to stop and fall over. “We really need to stop doing that,” Lilly muttered.

Shane agreed. “Yeah, so, what is it this time, Harry?”

“I’m just trying to remember what Professor Fasset said about using the Dark Arts to overcome curses.”

Hermione looked concerned. “Harry, you do know that using the Dark Arts will mar your soul, don’t you?”

Harry scoffed. “That’s bullshit, Mione, and you know it.”

Hermione looked taken aback. Harry’s tone softened. “Look, I’m sorry. I may not particularly like Fasset or even the Dark Arts themselves, but I will admit when they are useful. And besides, the Dark Arts have the same aura about them as any other magic spell.”

"You can see the auras around spells now, Harry?" Susan asked, surprised.

Harry looked guilty. "I was going to tell you! It started about a month ago. Anyway, back to the issue of Dark Arts. Dark is just a man given title. Even the nicest spell you can think of could be used to torture, and the vilest spells to help."

Hermione looked sceptical. "The cheering charm?"

Harry was ready with an answer. "Used repeatedly when unnecessary could make a person go insane, or make them lose their grip on reality."

Shane thought for a second. "What about the killing curse?"

"Ever heard of euthanasia?" Harry asked. When they all, excepting of course, Hermione, shook their heads, he explained. "It's giving someone a painless death when they have an incurable and painful disease. The killing curse doesn't hurt when it hits. Or at least, it doesn't seem to, so it would work effectively as a form of euthanasia. And what about when people have to put down terminally ill pets? Surely they'd feel better knowing that their death was painless?"

The group still looked a little unsure of Harry's ideas. Finally, Marrok spoke up. "So how do you think we should get past the veil?"

### *Flashback*

*Professor Fasset stood up stiffly in front of the class. After checking that his wand wasn't a fake, as had become ritual for him, he began the lesson in the same dry tone as usual. "Today during the course of the lesson we shall cover but theory." A suppressed groan came from every student in the class, except darling angels, Sibley and di Mildura.*

*"As the level of extent to which we have looked into the defensive uses of the Dark Arts as yet is rather dismally low, this is the main area which we shall be covering in the lesson which is to take place today. Is there anyone in this class who is not completely dull-witted and happens to know anything of this topic?"*

*Harry kept his hand down, for once. Not surprisingly, the hands of Sibley Fasset and her buddy, di Mildura, were waving almost – was in enthusiastically? – in the air. Fasset pointed at his niece. “The Pesky Pestis, Uncle Daere,” she said breathlessly.*

*Fasset smiled, a rare occurrence. “Correct, Sibley.”*

*He took a moment to motion for di Mildura to remove his hand from the air. “The Pesky Pestis. Abeo Pestis Pestis. As it would happen, despite the fact that this can be classified as a defensive dark spell, it is indeed a curse which one would not use lightly for fear of its danger, in the case especially where one is duelling using more than mere magic as a weapon. For the effect of this spell is to stop all magic for what has only been time roughly, and is assumed by most to be five minutes. The spell will stop any magical activity within twenty feet. Despite the fact the radius is low, the effect is indeed spectacular, and it is rather hard to come by a wizard, or indeed a witch, who would find it an easy feat to effectively activate the magic held within this curse, yes...”*

They all looked at him blankly. “Oh, come on guys! Are you all so thick-headed that you don’t understand the implications of this? We can use it to combat the veil.”

Slowly it seemed to dawn on them. “Duh!” Harry said, hitting himself on the head in frustration. “Now all we need to go after this staff is the rest of the things we have to battle and–”

“To actually know what the staff is?” Shane interrupted.

Harry’s shoulders drooped. “Well, that too.”

## **February: 1012**

Harry, Gills and the king were all in the room with the Key of Aeti’Quial again.

King Gareth had that look in his eyes of unrestrained ebullience that he got whenever looking at the key. Harry exchanged a glance with Gills. “Father,” Gills began and he turned to look at her, the glint in his

eyes not changing. "What is it exactly that you plan to do with this key? And what is it exactly that this key has the ability to do?"

Kang Gareth looked contemplative. "I shall explain the answer to your latter question first."

Harry and Gills both motioned enthusiastically for him to begin.

"Well, Jaylynn, Harry, it is of my great displeasure to inform you of this fact, Harry, as it is that I have always harboured feelings of jealousy to the way you can manipulate time. However, I have come to realise after contemplation of what I would do were I to have your unique power, that the things which you can truly do with it are limited. That there are things you can't do and you are ruled by time, are things that I have noticed most prevalently. The appearance is that you care not the one who owns the ability to manipulate time, for time manipulates you into doing things I am sure that you would not choose to do otherwise.

"So I took it upon myself to ask all my personal assistant wizards and witches, who are as you would probably already be aware of, the cleverest and quick-witted when it comes to their chosen subjects, if they were able to develop a way of travelling through time, so that I could change one event.

"As it is, you Harry, have never actually had the power to make an event a changed one, for you have merely made sure of the fact that everything stays the same as it should be, which I must say I believe is a very difficult and noble task. However, this is not what I had wish to do, for there is one thing I that I deem worthy of change through time, and as all I wanted to do was change one task, they made the key.

"It was my original wish for it to be formed in the shape of a staff, as it were less likely to get lost you see, and it would ever so much more grand in the hands of a king, though it was only within their abilities to make it in the shape o a key. It hold the ability to go back 100 years, and will leave you an hour to change one single event. It has a single use, which I requested, so I don't let the power get to my head, or anyone else's if it gets lost or stolen or maybe after my death falls into the wrong hands."

Gills looked at Harry worriedly. "What does he plan on doing?" she hissed from the side of her mouth. Harry shrugged, and looked back at King Gareth.

With nervous apprehension he posed his question. "Uncle Gaz, what are you going to change?"

There was a wait that seemed to stretch for forever, as the King contemplated not answering him. The key sat, glinting in the room, seemingly harmless, but not deceiving Harry or Gills.

"My Elfleda should have never died."

Gills bit back a gasp. "But Father, if mother were to have lived, I would have been the one to die." Tears glistened in her eyes.

King Gareth looked coolly at her. "Jaylynn, you must make sacrifices in your life. As a Princess of this court, you should be used to that."

Gills gaped in shock. "Well, sacrifices, yeah, but not my life!"

At the same time, Harry burst out. "But Uncle Gaz! How could you say such things? Surely you do not want Jaylynn dead?"

The king turned his head to Harry. "I need a male heir." He explained. "To take the throne."

Harry and Gills gaped at him, and Gills walked up to him, slapping him across the face as hard as she could. Harry shook his head in disgust as he cradled his cheek. "Stay here," he instructed stiffly.

### **Authors Notes:**

Back to school! I'm not quite sure about my feelings on that subject... I did like being on the first floor! Anyway, as per usual, forum, in profile. Questions welcome, okay? Uh... got to run! Bye!

## **Belonging to Time**

**AU Snatched through time at birth, Harry becomes a time traveller. He discovers this at five when he meets his real parents, and goes to Hogwarts prepared... but he didn't realise Voldemort had a spy in Hogwarts and was trying to steal a dangerous artefact.**

## **Chapter Twenty-Three**

### **The Timeless Staff**

**February: 1992**

"I don't get it." Marrok muttered. "All this trouble over a staff that's already useless?"

Harry shook his head. "Gills and I are trying to convince King Gareth not to use it. I told Dad last night, and he's going to go speak to him today."

"But why not just let him save his wife?"

Harry sat down in front of the semi-circle, heaving a sigh. "But by saving Aunty Elfeda, Gills will die. And be replaced by some pompous prince."

"How do you know he's pompous?" Lilly asked.

Harry glared at her. "That's not the point. The point is that if the Staff is really the Key of Aeti'Quial, then Gills will not die, and Voldemort is obviously after it, and he obviously wants to stop his downfall."

"But Harry, how would You-Know-Who get into Hogwarts?" Masobelle asked.

Harry shrugged. "That's the only thing I'm not sure of at the moment. He might have an inside agent, one of the teachers, perhaps?"

"Let's take a look, teachers... Defence Against the Dark Arts, Professor Parry or Professor Lynch. Charms? Professor Flitwick or



Professor Hook. Transfiguration, Professor McGonagall or Professor Day. Herbology, Professor Clear; History of Magic, Professor Kantooh; Potions, Professor Snape; Flying, Madam Hooch and Astronomy Professor Mallee. Then we have Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster, Madam Pince, Librarian and Hagrid, Groundskeeper. Who out of them sound like they would work for Voldemort?" Hermione asked.

Louise put a finger to her lip, silencing them as she thought. "Professor Clear?"

"Good, anyone else?"

Marrok put up his hand. Susan batted it down and told him to speak. "Well, Professor Mallee? He's a duelling champion and all, You-Know-Who liked powerful people."

Hermione butted in. "Snape. He favours the Slytherins too much."

"Okay, we have Clear, Mallee, and Snape. Is that all?"

"Well, none of us have Professor Lynch, but he's apparently really bad tempered."

"So Clear, Mallee, Snape and Lynch." Everyone nodded their agreement.

"That really narrows it down, guys. Four out of eleven teachers are evil." Harry said sarcastically.

Susan frowned. "I think we can take Snape off the list. After all, you as Coby May knew him when he was in school, and you apparently didn't hate him all too much."

Harry nodded. "Good argument for that, thanks Suzie." He waved a hand and three names appeared in mind air, with flames coming off the letter. "Any other arguments against these?"

"Well, I personally don't think that You-Know-Who would want Clear to do anything, since she's so gloomy and pessimistic about everything." Louise suggested.

The rest of them shook their heads. "That's not grounds enough to take her off the list. We need more evidence." Shane explained.

Greg chewed his bottom lip. "I have an idea."

"Go on," they all urged him.

He looked hesitant, before blurting out his idea. "We could spy on them."

Hermione, Masobelle and Susan looked appalled at the very notion. Harry looked thoughtful. Lilly, Louise, Shane and Marrok looked enthused, and Greg looked apprehensive as to how his idea would be received. Everyone but Harry had made up their minds about it, but it was really his decision, as he was their unofficial leader.

"Good idea, Greggo," Harry nodded. "Who should we spy on first? Cast your votes."

"Clear?" Louise, Masobelle and Marrok raised their hands.

"Mallee?" Hermione and Susan raised their hands.

"Lynch?" Harry, Lilly, Greg and Shane raised their hands. "Lynch it is," Harry affirmed, and started towards the exit.

## **March: 1012**

Helga smiled widely at Harry. "Did everyone present understand that?"

One small Hufflepuff, Mara, shook her head. "Professor Hufflepuff, what was it that Sir Harrison was meaning to imply when he was discussing the merits of having Rapi-radish as a stabiliser?"

"Mr Gryffindor?" Helga turned to Harry. Harry swivelled around in his chair to face Mara. Casually flicking the book on Quidditch that he and Roswyn had been reading off his lap, he put his hands behind his head and began to explain.

"If you have Rapi-radish, where on the flat earth do they get these names from, Aunt Helga?" he asked, distracted.

"Harrison," she warned. Harry turned back to Mara.

"Right, sorry, as I was saying, having a dash of rapi-radish in a potion will make the potion less volatile, thus when you accidentally put too much of one ingredient or another in, the explosion is not quite as large as it would have been."

Mara nodded happily, and turned back to Helga. "Harrison, stay here after class please. You too, Miss Quidditch."

Once everyone else had packed up, Helga told them off for reading Quidditch books underneath their desks, and turned to Harry. "It would much appreciated if you refrained from making wisecracks in my class, Harrison Deogol."

"Your middle name is Deogol?" Roswyn giggled. Harry glared at her. Helga gave a loud gasp.

"Ouch!"

"Aunt Helga?" Harry asked in a panic.

"Get Sal. My water just broke."

Harry shook his head. "Roswyn, take a message to Professor Slytherin. Tell him it's urgent. Aunt Helga, I'm going to get you to the hospital wing."

"Professor Slytherin?" Roswyn started hesitantly.

"Miss Quidditch," Salazar acknowledged. "If you could wait a moment, I'm in the middle of a class."

"But Professor, Harry said to tell you that it's urgent."

Salazar stopped what he was doing. "Excuse me," he found himself telling the class.

"Harry told me to give you this," she handed him the note.

He read over it quickly. "Class dismissed!" he barked at them, sweeping out of the room.

Six days later, they held the naming ceremony, only deciding on a name for their beautiful baby daughter a few hours before the ceremony was due to start. Alassë Rowena Slytherin, named for her mother's middle name, and her godmother, had thick tufts of brown hair and shining brown eyes like her mother.

Salazar was bouncing his daughter on his knee, singing her a lullaby. "Allie loves her daddy," he cooed. Helga walked in, her eyes thick with tears, her face blotchy and her breath coming in little gasps.

"Helga?" he asked, putting Alassë on his hip, smiling down at his little girl.

"She- she can't see it! She-she" she gulped the air hungrily. "Sal, she's a squib!"

Salazar stopped smiling. "Who's a squib?"

"Alassë!"

Salazar looked angry, and handed his confused daughter to her mother. "THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, WOMAN!" he stormed out of the room.

### **March: 1992**

Although they had spied on each of their teachers, they had come to no conclusions on who it was that was going to be stealing the staff, and Harry suggested that they prepare for each of them.

After going to breakfast that morning and noticing that Dumbledore wasn't there, and neither were McGonagall and Snape, the group was growing suspicious. Upon further enquiry, they learned that they had been called out to the ministry. They all agreed that now would be the time for whoever it was to get the staff. Seeking out Professor Kantooth, they decided that to warn a trusted teacher would be best. Professor Kantooth looked up from marking tests as the nine of them

burst into his classroom. "What can I do for you?" he asked, taking off his glasses and shuffling his papers.

"Professor, it's important. It's about the Timeless Staff."

Kantooth's head snapped up. "How do you know about the staff?"

Hermione huffed. "You don't need to know how we know about it, but someone's going to try and steal it tonight!"

It was obvious he didn't believe them. "Very well, Miss Granger, Mr Potter, Misses Walters, Mr Harwood, Miss Black, Mr Flamel Miss Bones and Mr Lopez. I shall make sure someone tends to this matter." He winked at them, and told them to be off.

"He's not going to help us," Marrok stated in a small voice.

"No." Harry said. "That much was obvious. We need to go after it ourselves."

The others looked stricken. Harry sighed. "Who's coming?"

Shane shrugged. "I'm in."

Louise agreed immediately. "I've come this far, I'll be damned if I don't get to see the end of it."

Hermione bit her lip, looking sceptical, before saying weakly, "I think I'll come too, then."

"I owe it to you, Harry." Marrok said. "You've tried to help me with my curse; I'll help you with your Dark Lord."

Masobelle frowned. "I'm not sure Dad would like it, but I suppose I have to."

"So will I, then." Susan said. "I could help, by seeing what we have next before we have to do it."

"Greggo, Lilly?" Harry asked. Lilly shook her head with fervour. Greg dithered.

"I'll come," he decided on finally.

Lilly looked like she was about to cry. Harry put a hand on her back. "You don't have to come, Lilly."

She shook her head. "Everyone else is going. I will go. I'll be fine." She squared her shoulders and held her head high.

Harry nodded. "Right, follow me!" Walking through passages and making them all lose track of where they were, he suddenly stopped in front of a wall.

The others looked at each other in confusion, but Harry muttered something at the wall, and it fell open, revealing a slide. Harry tilted his head towards it and motioned to Hermione. Bunching up her robes, Hermione ducked her head and slid down the tunnel. Lilly and then Louise went next, neither being as careful as Hermione and zipping down at full speed, calling out in glee as the wind rushed by them. Greg, then Shane, then Masobelle went sliding down the tunnel. Harry motioned to Susan and Marrok to go on, and they too went flying away. Harry then proceeded to lower himself into the shaft and close the passageway after him. When he came out at the other end, he was dizzy from going around in so many circles, and blinked several times, before taking in that they were in a grey room. Standing up and making sure everyone was there, he made a gesture for them to follow him.

An old door with ancient looking locks confronted them. Lilly licked her dry lips. She recognised it as the door to the room that had taken her hand, even though its looks had changed dramatically.

Harry tugged at the handle. It didn't budge. He rummaged in his pocket for his wand, and upon not finding it, cursed. Summoning it in his head, he stuck his finger in his head and spoke the words to a spell. "Effrego Ostium"

The door snapped open and Harry's wand came zooming into his hands. As soon as they entered the room, he put up a shield so that no-one would be tempted to touch the arch, even though everyone kept sneaking glances at Lilly's hand, convincing themselves that

they would never touch it. Harry closed his eyes in preparation for what he was about to do.

“Abeo Pestis Pestis” He intoned clearly, standing near the Cursed gates of Hera the Wrathful. There were a few yelps as those who had been standing too close to him felt their connection to their magic being broken off, something they had never experienced in their lives before.

“Why couldn’t we just have Travelled past the gate?” Hermione asked, looking at it in fear.

“Because,” Harry began irritably, “My Travelling powers only work if I know where I’m going or to what I’m going and I can’t travel straight to the Staff because Uncle Gaz made sure that his Assistant Wizards made sure I couldn’t.”

They all nodded, and looked at the gate again. “Come on, guys, we need to get through within five minutes if we want to keep all our limbs!” Lilly looked like she was going to be sick. Harry winced at his choice of words. “Just, get going.”

Masobelle went first, and they all let out sighs of relief when the gates stayed the pink they were normally. Lilly volunteered to go next, but only if someone would hold her hand. Louise was happy to oblige her sister, and they were gone a few seconds later. Greg poked it, feeling his finger go through it, and then stepped through it.

Shane, Susan, Marrok, Hermione and Harry were left. Shuffling through quickly, they emerged into a room which seemed to contain a lake.

*“Under the river asunder  
to get across the room  
But do be careful  
for deadly flowers bloom.”* Masobelle read out from an engraved stone.

“Asunder? What the hell is asunder?” Greg burst out. Harry, Hermione and Shane seemed to be the only ones who knew.

“Like, in pieces.” Harry explained. “So, it must be a riddle.”

“Yeah,” Hermione agreed. “All we have to do is swim, apparently.”

“No, what about the last part? ‘But do be careful, for deadly flowers bloom’ what’s that supposed to mean?” Marrok said quickly.

“There must be some kind of poisonous plant growing under there,” Shane said lightly. “As long as we don’t eat anything, I think we should be fine.”

“Not a joking matter, Shane.” Susan said tersely.

Shane threw up his hands in surrender. “Sheesh, Suzie, relax!”

Harry whipped around to look at Susan. “Suzie, what’s behind those big wall things?”

He was referring to the fact that there was a massive wall down what appeared to be the centre of the room, penetrating deep under the surface of the water so that anyone attempting to get past it would have to swim.

Susan shook her head. “More walls. There’re three walls in total, and then a door, which appears to be locked without a key. We should look for one while we’re down there, in case your fancy unlocking charms don’t work. Unless we can Travel?”

Harry shook his head. “Even though it has been more than five minutes, the Pesky Pestis seems to have a greater effect on my Travelling Powers.”

Susan nodded. “Well, it looks like we’ll have to go under. Can everyone swim?”

There was a general muttering of yes, but Lilly burst out in tears. “I’m useless! Without a hand I can’t do anything!” They all turned to look at the stump that had once been an arm. Tears were streaming down Lilly’s face and she was crying bitterly. Louise gave her sister a hug.

“We’ll wait here,” she told Harry quietly.



Harry nodded. "That's fine. Shout out if someone else is coming, maybe Suzie will be able to hear you."

Louise nodded, and turned back to comforting her distraught sister. Harry turned to the rest of the group. "Two down, seven to go," her muttered. "Alright, guys. We're going to do the bubble charm."

"But Harry, the bubble head charm is -,"

"Not the bubble head charm, Hermione. The *bubble* charm. *Orbis*." A bubble appeared in his hand, and he jammed it over his head. "Go on, you try."

There were several mutterings of the word *Orbis*, but only Hermione, Shane and Masobelle were able to get it. They made bubbles for the others, jamming them on their heads and checking carefully for leaks. "I feel like I'm wearing a fish bowl," Shane muttered after Hermione had checked for the fifth time that every gap possible was sealed in his bubble. Once Hermione was satisfied, they all dived into the water.

Hundreds of small silvery fish swarmed around them, and Masobelle tried beating them off with a flapping of her hand. Instead they seemed to swarm around her more. "I swear," she muttered. "If they got any closer, I'd be eating them!"

Susan raised her eyebrows. "I'm surprised you can even see in front of your face, Bellé"

"You wouldn't have any problems with that, would you Suzie?" Masobelle muttered, wiping away some fish and wincing as they left marks like bugs on windscreens. "O-kay" she said, looking faintly disgusted. They continued to swim for a good ten minutes, before they reached the wall. Discussing it quickly, they swam down deeper. Until now they had stuck relatively close to the surface. Using the wall to make sure that they were going the right way, they began their descent. Once they reached the end of the wall, they saw that they were close to the bottom of the 'lake'. It was sandy, with red and purple flowers swaying with the water. Shane reached out to pick one, before Harry slapped his hand away. "Oi! Mate, remember the riddle? Under the river asunder? Remember?"

Shane frowned. Greg butted in. "But do be careful, for deadly flowers bloom?"

"Oh, yeah." Shane said slowly, withdrawing his hand. Marrok started to swim up again, and the others began to follow him. However, when they reached the top, there was a wire mesh, and it led them back up and down again. Eventually, none of them were sure if they were going up or down.

"Suzie?" they all asked as one.

"I'm really not sure, but I can see more that way, so I guess that's up..." Susan shook her head and gave a little shrug. They all started heading the way that they assumed was up, though they didn't seem to be coming any closer to the surface. When they found that they were at the bottom of the lake, Marrok started panicking.

"We're never going to get out of here," he wailed, looking stricken. "We're all going to drown!" Greg hit him over the head.

"Get over yourself, Rocky." He then turned to the others, and pointed at the ground near Marrok's feet. "Do you reckon that's a key?"

Susan nodded, and Marrok picked it up, shoving it in his pocket. Making their way up, and eventually swimming their way out about half an hour later, Harry took the key from Marrok. "That was way too easy," he muttered, inserting the key into the lock.

Pulling the door open with a rush, he motioned for the others to go in ahead of him. Slamming the door shut behind him, he noted that they were in a room almost completely empty. There was a sword in a sheath hanging on the wall, and nothing else. Pulling the sword from the sheath and weighing it in his hands, he held it in front of him. "Get out your wands, guys." He muttered.

They obliged him, and they set about walking across the room carefully. "Can you even use that thing, Harry?" Marrok asked, eyeing the heavy sword in his hands.

Harry scoffed. "Of course I can! Meet a Gryffindor male who hasn't had lessons in fencing by the time he's ten and I'll eat my hat."

"You don't have a hat," Greg offered unhelpfully.

Harry rolled his eyes. "No, seriously. I started learning when I first met my father. After flying, it was the next thing he taught me to do. And Professor le Rowe-Ellison teaches Weapons three times a week to first years. In second year, we drop flying, and take Weapons five times a week, until we finish Hogwarts. And in fifth, sixth and seventh year, there is an option of taking Specialised Weapons, which make it so that you have 10 Weapons lessons a week. Boys always learn fencing first, and girls always learn the bow and arrow. Then the girls learn fencing and the boys the bow and arrow, before moving on to jousting and daggers, etc. Weaponry was a very serious subject 1000 years ago."

He abruptly shut up as about 50 apparitions appeared, armed with either swords or wands. Slashing out at one, he commanded the others to start shooting spells. Flashed of different coloured lights came flying in both directions, and Greg shouted over the din. "HOW DO YOU GET TIME FOR ALL YOUR SUBJECTS?"

Stabbing another apparition in the chest and cleaning his sword on the grass, Harry shouted back and dodged a stunner. "WE HAVE LESSONS FROM 7.00 TO 5.00."

Greg gaped, and Hermione pushed him out of the way of a fluoro blue spell. "Start fighting, Greggo," she hissed angrily. Only three of the apparitions had been defeated.

"OKAY, GUYS! ATTENTION FOR A SECOND," Harry bellowed. "The stunning spell is Stupefy. It should produce a red light like this." he demonstrated the spell and knocked down another two apparitions. "And the best shield spell in this situation is taka. It produces a shield which repels any light."

Marrok stopped and looked at him, confused to the hilt. Harry continued to fight the apparitions with the swords, occasionally defeating one. Switching the sword to his left hand, he shot a handful of stunners from his fingers, and shouted out loudly, "TAKA!" There was a momentary flash and the next spell that hit him bounced off and hit its producer. "Somniculosus!" he shouted, blocking one with his sword and sending another to sleep. The others had been

watching his progress for the last few minutes, and quickly shook themselves back to the battle.

Hermione began to shoot spells out of her wand at a rate that made the others think she was trying to create a spell-rainbow.

The others stuck with yelling stupefy, and when that proved unsuccessful, a range of spells, from Wingardium Leviosa, to Aduro.

Marrok's shouts of Wingardium Leviosa sent apparitions into the ceiling, knocking them unconscious and making them disappear. Greg was bellowing 'Aduro' at every apparition that dared to come near him, setting them on fire and occasionally killing one. Masobelle let out a warrior like cry of 'Lux Lucis' temporarily blinding three of the apparitions and finishing them off by drawing her wand across their throats and muttering 'scindo'.

Shane seemed to have managed stupefy, while adding in a few curses that his parents had taught him, but were no longer taught in schools. "Capio! Leto!" One was mauled so badly that Shane had to turn away, and the other had its eyeballs gauged out before it died. "You never told me that would happen!" he said, cringing and talking to his parents as though they would hear him.

Susan managed a few stupefys, and upon finding this ineffective for the simple reason that she wasn't proficient enough in the spell, she turned to the Diversion Charm, using it to distract her attackers before cutting them to pieces and thoroughly beating several apparitions.

About twenty minutes later, every apparition had been defeated. Marrok had been hit by a stray stunner and was now lying unconscious on the ground, while Greg was nursing a rather large cut to his arm. Harry frowned at them, concerned. "Are you okay, Greggo?"

Greg shook his head. "I don't think I can take whatever this crazy thing has in store for us next. Can I just... stay here? With Rocky?"

Harry nodded, sheathing the sword on a belt he had just conjured. "Remember, call if anyone's coming, Suzie might be able to hear you.

If Marrok wakes up, he might even be able to hear if Lilly or Louise call out, and we can be warned in extra advance.”

Not really understanding, but agreeing anyway, Greg nodded. Harry cast one last worried look at Marrok, before making his way across the rest of the room and walking through the arch.

### **Authors Notes:**

Sorry about the long wait, schools just started up again and I haven't had much spare time. We're nearing the end of this, one more chapter and an epilogue to go. There is a one shot in my profile about Harry going back in time to teach himself, go check it out if you want. It's under 'Belonging to Time: A Glimpse In Time' which is where all my one shots for this series will be located. See if you can guess who Voldies spy is. Constructive criticism appreciated.

Until next time,

Sarah

## **Chapter Twenty-Three**

### **Fighting Harry**

#### **March: 1012**

“Uncle Gareth, please?” Harry looked him in the eye. King Gareth looked squarely at Gills, and handed Harry the key.

“Hide it, please,” he begged. “I never want to know where it is. It would be too cruel to Jaylynn.”

Harry nodded, already thinking of a place where King Gareth would never find it.

#### **March: 1992**

There was about 100 square metres of dirt, with a little green plant protruding from the soil about every thirty centimetres. Susan took one look at them and clamped her hands firmly over her ears. Shane, Hermione and Harry noticed this and copied. Masobelle, having gone first into the room, stepped forward and stood on one of the plants. Almost instantly, a long and eerie wail was emitted from the dirt. Harry, Hermione, Susan and Shane felt dizzy listening to it with their ears covered. “Bellé?”

There was a silence. “Bellé?” Masobelle was standing right in front of them, but she wasn’t moving. Harry poked his wand in each ear in turn, whispering a spell. “Desino Salvus,”

Pointing his wand at himself, then her ears, he signed to Hermione ‘May I do a spell so you won’t hear?’

Hermione signed back her assent, and asked the others quickly, signing to him that Shane and Susan would like him to do it for them too. Then, standing over the strange, unidentified plants, he stared into Masobelle’s eyes. He breathed out a sigh of relief. ‘She’s still alive, just... well, paralysed.’

‘Great,’

Harry nodded. Putting his wand in her ears, he muttered the spell to block out sound and motioned for the others to follow him after placing her in a more comfortable position on the side of the room. 'But Harry,' Hermione signed. 'We can't just leave her here!'

Harry sighed, and waved his wand in the air, writing out his answer. 'She'll be fine, and besides, she wouldn't want Voldemort to rise again just because we waited for her to become unparalysed,'

And with that, they proceeded easily to the next task.

"Isn't this the forbidden forest?" Shane asked once the localised silencing charm had been removed.

Harry frowned. "I think it is. This must be the part where our magic warned Greg and I off."

Hermione's sharp eyes scanned the area. "This is Pomfrey's obstacle. She was pointing to a silver, conical object with grooves down the side. She indicated that there was one in every corner. Looking carefully, Harry could see a fine silver web spread all over the ground.

"We have two options," Harry informed them. "Either I levitate you across,"

"Or we Travel?" asked Hermione hopefully.

Harry shook his head. "Sorry. Still not working. Our other option is to pretend we're monkeys and climb across."

"Levitate." The three others said as one.

Shrugging, Harry told them to wait. After climbing across the trees himself, since he was unable to levitate himself, he levitated the other three over without any hassle. "What's next, Suzie?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I've never seen anything like it before."

"Doesn't sound promising," Hermione muttered, kicking the base of the tree.

“Oi!” Harry shouted, startling her. “Don’t kick that! We need to climb up that!”

“Climb up it?” Hermione gulped, looking at the 100 meter high tree.

Harry nodded. “It’s not hard.” He hoisted himself up onto the lowest branch, and waited for the others to follow him. After climbing for about fifteen minutes, he came to a trapdoor. Peering in, he sniffed.

“Rotten wood. Doesn’t help. Okay, guys. I’m going to jump down. If it’s safe, I’ll call up to you.” They gave him the thumbs up, and he pinched his nose, before jumping as if it were a lake he were going into, not a musty tunnel. When he emerged from the other end, seeing nothing immediately going to attack him, he called up.

“It’s an underground room of some sort. Not very big... I’d say a square prism, 3 meters long and wide, 2 meters high. There’re roots and stuff growing in the walls. Come down,”

There was a whoosh of air and Shane appeared, closely followed by Susan and Hermione. “There,” Susan was pointing to a box near what appeared to be the exit. “That’s the strange thing I saw.”

Suddenly, the ‘strange thing’ appeared. Because it had seen Harry first, there was a flash of green light and Godric lying dead on the ground. “Boggart,” he choked, turning away to regain his composure. “Riddikulus!” There was an ear splitting crack and it turned to Susan.

The room turned even darker than it had been before, and not a single thing was visible. “Riddikulus!” she shouted, copying Harry, a hint of panic in her tone. The darkness vanished, and she breathed a sigh of relief, and Hermione stood up to face it.

“You’re expelled, Miss Granger!” McGonagall’s voice echoed through the small room, before petering out. Hermione was shaking as she held up her wand and shouted out the spell. When McGonagall didn’t disappear, she started to panic. Harry came up behind her and held her shoulders. “Think of something to make it funny.”

She nodded resolutely, and pointed her wand at the boggart, no longer afraid. “Riddikulus!” McGonagall became a cat, and was



mewing 'You're expelled, Miss Granger' at them. A giggle escaped her, and finally, it was Shane's turn.

He faced the boggart, gritting his teeth. The boggart quickly morphed into someone that none of them knew, and started calling Shane a wimp. Shane turned pale, and pointed his wand shakily at him. "Riddikulus!"

When the spell didn't work, he said it again, his voice still wobbling. He tried several more times, but was unable to master the charm, despite the hints that the others were giving him. "Come on, wimpy. You poor *old* Mummy and Daddy would be so ashamed of you..."

Shane was clutching his wand so hard that Susan was surprised that it didn't have his fingermarks gauged into it. Harry, deciding that Shane wouldn't get it, pushed him aside, the same image of Godric appearing again. After shouting "Riddikulus" one last time, the green light turned purple and made Godric turn purple too, and the others laughed loudly. The boggart vanquished, He slid down on the floor next to Shane.

"Shane?" There was a silence. "Are you okay?"

Shane shook his head. "Do you want to come to the next thing?"

Shane shook his head again. "Do you mind if we leave you here?"

Shane once again shook his head. Harry nodded, and patted him on the back. He, Hermione and Susan proceeded through the next door.

### **March: 1012**

Helga hitched Alassë onto her hip and ran to Rowena and Godric's quarters. Crying. Rowena emerged with Máiread and gave her a questioning glance.

"Sal left when he found out," she said simply.

Rowena's face crumpled, and she enveloped Helga in a hug. "He took Nova too," Helga explained. "Said that she was powerful, and therefore worthy to be his protégé." Rowena rubbed her back.

"It'll be okay, Helga. If Sal thinks like that, then he's not worthy of having such a wonderful wife and daughter."

Helga nodded. Harry appeared and took Maíread and Alassë. "What's happened?"

Rowena made a face for him to be quiet, but Helga stopped her. "Alassë is a Squib, so Salazar left us. He took Nova, because she's more worthy of being his daughter. Also he-he-he told me he was having an affair!" she wailed. Harry stepped back, startled.

"With who?" Rowena asked gently.

"Pathros Fasset."

### **March: 1992**

"HOLY MACARONI!" Harry yelped. Norbert was standing in the middle of a large chamber, at least ten times the size of the previous one. Although he was asleep, he was blocking off the far wall.

"There's another door behind him," Susan told them. "But how on earth will we get past a dragon?"

Harry chewed his inner lip. "I honestly have no idea."

"What about your sword, Harry? What will you be able to do to it with that?"

"I could stab its wing. Then it would wake up and maybe we could run through the door when it jumps away. But I would be much more comfortable if I had my own sword."

"Why don't you get it? And you have your own sword?"

Harry nodded. "Dad had it specially made. And I can't go get my own sword. Remember? My stupid powers aren't working."

"Still?" When he nodded, Susan smiled sympathetically.

"Do you realise we've gone from having nine to having three?" Hermione asked.

Harry glowered at her. "I was aware. I was merely trying to ignore it." Norbert gave a loud roar, signalling that he had awoken, and Harry jumped to avoid the flame that came shooting from his nostrils.

"We could do with an invisibility cloak right now," Susan muttered.

Harry jumped up and hugged her. "That's perfect, Suzie!" he kissed her on the cheek and suddenly vanished.

"Harry? Where are you?" Hermione asked.

"There," Susan pointed. "How'd you do that, Hazza?"

"It's a trick I learned before I even knew that magic existed. I never thought that it would come in handy except in wars, though. Can you distract him? Be careful."

Invisible, Harry snuck up on the dragon, while Hermione and Susan danced around in front of it, shooting little, annoying spells at it. Finally, Harry was underneath its wing, and when the great leathery structure came crashing down, he pierced it with the sword. Norbert let out a snarl of pain, and jumped away from the door. Thrashing around, he knocked Susan over with his tail, making a large gash in her shoulder.

"OUCH!" Susan screamed, clutching her shoulder as Hermione dragged her toward the door.

"We can't leave you in here with a dragon," she explained. Norbert roared and let out another jet of flame, making Hermione twist in a strange way to dodge, and run extra fast for a second, scrambling through the door, Susan closely following her, and Harry slamming the door heavily and leaning against it once they were all in the room.

"That was close," Harry muttered, wincing as Norbert roared in a rampage in the next room. For the first time he noticed Susan's shoulder, which was losing a lot of blood. "Hermione, fix her." He demanded, as he pulled the grey numbing ball out of his pocket and reboved the bubble charm and made it bigger so that it would numb Susan's shoulder.

Hermione looked taken aback. "Harry, I don't know the first thing about magical first aid! How do you expect me to fix her?"

Harry groaned, bracing himself. "I was going to let you work it out for yourself, but umm... you're a natural healer."

Hermione's eyes blazed. "What?" she asked dangerously.

"You're a natural healer." Harry repeated slower, looking slightly afraid.

"HARRISON DEOGOL GRYFFINDOR! HARRY JAMES POTTER! WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!" she roared. "I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU AND YOUR SECRETS! First you lie to me about who you are, and who Marvin and everyone else is, then you don't tell me THAT YOU AND I ARE MAGICAL, THEN YOU DON'T TELL ME WHO YOUR PARENTS ARE, THEN YOU DON'T TELL ME ABOUT YOUR ABILITIES, THEN YOU DON'T TELL ME ABOUT *ME* BEING A NATURAL HEALER!" she burst out in tears. Susan turned away diplomatically. "I thought I meant more to you than that? Why did you have to hide all that from me?" she whispered.

Harry stared at her, stricken. "Nee..."

"Don't 'Nee' me, Harry!" she replied fiercely.

He dropped his sword on the ground, and walked over to where she was standing, and enveloped her in a hug. "Merlin's beard, Hermione, no! It's not like that!" he squeaked.

"Then what is it like?" she demanded bitterly, pulling away. "I don't *get it*, Harry! You say you're my best friend but then you hide all these things from me."

"I was wrong!" he admitted, throwing his hands up. "I thought it would be best, but I was wrong. Hermione, you *are* my best friend. You always will be! I'm sorry. Truly, I am so sorry,"

Tears gathered in her eyes. "You mean that? Really and truly?"

“Really and truly,” Harry affirmed, clasping her hand. Blushing, he leaned over and kissed her cheek. She flushed ten shades of red. Neither of them noticed Susan’s mile wide grin. After about a minute, Hermione turned to Susan.

“Let’s see your shoulder.” Susan pulled her robe down slightly, so that Hermione had full access to the mauled body part.

“Harry?” she asked, still blushing. “What am I supposed to do?”

“I’m not sure, but Madam Dana says that you don’t need training, but it’s a lot harder without. I think you just have to concentrate on healing the wound.”

“Madam Dana?”

“The school nurse in the past. She’s a natural healer. Actually, come to think of it, you should take lessons. Do you know any natural healers that are alive at the moment?”

Hermione shook her head, concentrating on Susan’s wound, wiping up the blood with a rag that Harry conjured for her.

“Well, I can ask Madam Dana if she’ll teach you, if you’d like.”

Hermione smiled widely at him. “Thanks.” A few seconds later, Susan’s shoulder was almost completely healed, but there was still a bit of scarring, which Hermione explained to her. Susan nodded, and they looked around the room to see what their next task was. Hermione let out a gasp.

“It’s a sphinx!”

She had the body of a lion, with the head of a woman. “It’s blocking the doorway,” Susan said dryly.

“Obviously,” the sphinx spoke. “I can only let one of you through, however you may all help with the riddle.”

“Riddle?” Hermione asked, excited. Harry and Susan looked apprehensive. “Let’s hear it!” Hermione continued, enthusiastic.

The sphinx sat on the ground, covering the doorway, and recited:

'First is the dawn of damage,  
the thing at the end of concord.  
Next is found in the middle of war,  
the first thing you get from abhorred.  
Third is the last object to shatter,  
the second last thing of Dark Lord.  
Last is the crowning of lark,  
the beginning to killing if bored.  
What is the answer, must I spell it out?  
What could the world do without?

Hermione was scribbling on a piece of paper that Harry had conjured for her. "Nee?" he asked hesitantly.

She looked up. "Hmm?"

"Have you worked it out yet?"

Hermione looked shocked. "Of course not!" she furrowed her brow. "Dawn of damage?"

"The letter 'D'." Susan offered quickly. Hermione flashed her a smile. "Thanks, Suzie."

"Harry, you take the next bit." Hermione instructed bossily, ripping off a scrap of parchment and handing it to him. When he looked, he saw that it had the next two lines scrawled on it in Hermione's immaculate hand.

'Next is the middle of war, the first thing you get from abhorred.' He considered the line, and cast around in his brain. "Well," he muttered. "Although war comes from hatred, I doubt that's what they mean." He looked over to where Susan was sitting a scrap of paper on her lap, puzzling over it. Then he turned to the other side of the room, where Hermione was sitting with a serene look on her face as she surveyed her part of the puzzle. Remembering how Susan had worked out the first part, he quickly scanned it. "I got my part!" he exclaimed. Hermione and Susan scrambled over to where he was sitting.

“What is it?” they asked eagerly.

“The letter ‘A’. I think they all mean letters. They must spell something.”

Hermione and Susan looked at their scraps of paper. “You’re right!” Hermione exclaimed. “Mine says ‘R’.”

“And mine’s ‘K’.” Susan interjected

“D.A.R.K. Dark.” Harry said simply.

Hermione and Susan examined the riddle, before nodding approvingly. Harry got up to go tell the sphinx, but Hermione grabbed his hand to stop him. “Harry?”

“Yes?”

“Do come back.” Harry smiled lightly, and promised her that he would.

Going through the newly opened entrance, Harry was surprised to find himself once again above ground. He grinned as he realised that he was surrounded by spiders. “Hello, I’m Harry Potter,” he began clicking. The spiders suddenly seemed to multiply, listening to him carefully. “I’m in a spot of trouble. I’m looking for the Key of Aeti’Quial, have you seen it around?” There came a nattering of sound, but it was all so fast and quiet and unsynchronised that Harry couldn’t understand it. “Sorry?” he clicked, “Look, can I pick one of you up, and you answer me?”

“Yes,” came a chorus of voices. Leaning over, Harry picked up one of the larger ones. It was the size of his palm.

“I am Aradyv. We have seen the Key, Harry Potter. Aragog is looking after it for Hagrid.”

Harry nodded, a thoughtful look on his face. “Aradyv, I really need the key. I’m not going to use it for bad – I’m going to stop someone bad from using it.”

Aradyv nodded, as much as a spider can nod. "Like the bad man who came through earlier? He killed Araken, my brother."

Harry was quick to reply. "What did the bad man look like?"

"He had brown hair, a thin-ish face." Harry cut him off, nodding.

"Lynch," he said, more to himself than the others.

"We will take you to Aragog?"

Harry nodded, and put Aradyv back on the floor softly. The spiders started to make a formation and lead him further into the lair of Aragog. As they went further in, the spiders that they greeted became bigger and bigger, until finally, there was Aragog.

"Hello, my name is Harry Potter," Harry began, trailing off as he realised who was trying to convince Aragog to give them to Key.

"Professor Kantooth!" the Professor turned around, and smiled evilly.

"You thought it was one of the others, didn't you, Potter? After all, who would suspect fantastic, teacher of the year, would be working for the Dark Lord?"

Harry shivered as Kantooth's eyes hardened. "No matter. You can be of use to me," he muttered.

"Aragog! Let me have the Key, now!" Harry shouted in spider talk. Kantooth looked at him in confusion.

"So you speak the language of the spiders, eh?" Kantooth sneered.

Harry nodded, feeling the power of Travelling coming back into his veins and almost sighing with relief.

Aragog had been thinking, but now he gave Harry and Kantooth an answer. "I will let you into the room with the Staff. Only one of you will be able to get it."

He shifted his massive body, and they saw a trapdoor. Harry, Travelling slightly to get a lead on Kantooth, was at the trapdoor and



in second before Kantooth was. Kantooth didn't seem to realise how Harry had done what he had, which was a relief, as Harry didn't think that letting Voldemort know who he was would be such a great idea.

Harry breathed in, realising where he was. Kantooth frowned at him. "Master, where is the key?" he asked, whilst glaring at Harry.

A hissing voice, with a touch of Parseltongue edging the tone answered him. "Use the boy! The boy knows..."

"Potter!" Kantooth demanded, using a strange spell and making Harry walk over to where he was standing, causing a lot of pain. "Where is the key?"

Harry shrugged, while surreptitiously using a spell to dig a hole where he knew where the key was. "Suzie might have been able to tell you, but I can't see through solid objects!" he defended.

Kantooth began to scour the room with his eyes, stopping at anything that was slightly out of place. Harry caught the Key in his hand and slipped it into a time pocket. "Boy!" Kantooth barked. Harry jumped. "Where is it?"

Harry shrugged. "I told you, I can't see through solid objects. I don't know where it is."

"The boy is lying," a hissing voice came almost immediately.

Harry shivered. "Where's your dirty little master, Kantooth?"

"How dare you speak of the Dark Lord, dirty little half-blood!"

"Let me handle it, Kieran..." the hissing came again.

Harry whirled around. "Where is he!" he asked angrily.

"Let me speak to him!"

Kantooth looked afraid, and pulled up his sleeve. Pressing a black mark upon his forearm, a shadowy figure emerged in the room, like a ghost. It was Voldemort. Harry clutched a hand to his forehead.

“Potter... you have been an obstacle in my path too long! You have the Key, and I will get it, once I kill you! Kantooth, get him!”

Kantooth leapt forward, and clutched Harry’s arm. He hissed as their skin made contact. “Master! I cannot touch him! Master!”

“You useless fool, Kantooth!” Voldemort shouted, and pushed him away. Grabbing his wand, he levelled it at Harry. “Avad-,”

Harry cut him off, “You know,” he drawled. “You’ll never get it off me once I’m dead... I don’t think that anyone will ever be able to get it of me, once I’m dead.”

Voldemort turned to face Kantooth. “Is this true? Is the boy capable of such a spell?”

Kantooth nodded, and Harry grinned smugly. “No matter,” Voldemort said, contemplating. “Potter. I have an offer for you.”

Harry raised his eyebrows. “What is it? Join you and I’ll be rich, famous and great? Oh, yeah, I’m in!” he said sarcastically. “In case you haven’t noticed, I have everything I could ever want!”

“Your parents, Potter. I could bring your poor mudblood mother and muggle loving fool of a father back.”

Harry threw back his head and laughed. “You wish, Mouldy!”

Voldemort lost his temper and Harry’s world dissolved before his eyes.

## **May: 1992**

“Harry?” Harry stirred. “Harry?” His eyes slowly opened.

“Hermione?” he asked groggily. Hermione flung her arms around him.

“Harry, you’re awake!”

Harry frowned. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

"You've been in a coma since March!" she exclaimed. "Everyone's been so worried."

He looked around. "Where are they? When is it now?"

Hermione patted his pillow and sat back in her chair, prepared to explain everything that had happened since March.

"When you and Kantooth were in the cave, Voldemort got angry and let out a lot of his and Kantooth's magic. Kantooth died, and you were sent into a coma," Hermione explained.

"It's a good job that you managed to keep the key out of Voldemort's reach, but Professor Dumbledore is still looking for it." Harry grinned at Hermione cheekily. "Once he finds out that you're awake, he'll probably come and try to find out."

"In the meantime, Susan and I decided that the best thing would be to head back, and get everyone to the hospital wing or at least slightly healed. Shane just needed an anti-shock potion and some chocolate, whereas Masobelle needed some complicate potion that not even I've heard of. Marrok was fine after his main wounds had been healed, and so was Greg. Lilly and Louise, of course, had nothing wrong with them. As we came up to the gates, Dumbledore entered, I think he used the same spell as you did. We told him what happened and he hurried there, letting us through and sending us to the hospital wing."

"Rumours have been flying around all month, though. Some people think that Kantooth was eaten by a massive plant, which then started on you, but you got out in time, so you were only in a coma."

Hermione rolled her eyes, and she and Harry said as one, "DENIAL!" before bursting out in laughter.

Hermione grinned at him. "I was worried, you know," she said softly, before, "I thought you were going to miss out on your exams!"

Harry moved to hit her, but was struck by a jolt of pain running up his arm. "Ow!"

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked, but was cut off by Madam Pomfrey.

"MISS GRANGER! I told you to tell me if he woke up!"

Hermione gulped as the strict matron glared down at her. "I just wanted to talk to him!" she yelped.

"You can talk to your boyfriend when he's not sick, Miss Granger."

Harry and Hermione began to protest. "He's not my boyfriend!" Hermione corrected.

"She's not my girlfriend!" Harry exclaimed, scandalised.

Madam Pomfrey raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow.

**Authors Notes:** Though it may not seem like it now, I am completely unsure of the final pairing. By final I mean, what the pairing will be in seven books time. I can guarantee that it won't be whatever it will be in canon though. Also, that One Shot you've all been begging me for, can be found in my profile under "Belonging to Time, A Glimpse In Time" as will be all future one shots. Um, Forum, also in profile, check it out...

Concrit appreciated. And did anyone besides alayneni guess who the spy was?

Until the epilogue,

Sarah

## **Epilogue**

### **Conclusive Harry**

**June: 1992**

"Professor Snape, can I see you after class?"

Snape glared at him. "If you must, Potter." Hermione and Marrok looked at him in confusion. "Why do you want to talk to him?" Hermione hissed at him.

Harry grinned cheekily. "People might think you're the Parseltongue if you go on like that. I just need to ask him something, if you must know."

Hermione slapped him on the arm. Harry put on a puppy dog face, and grinned at her lopsidedly.

Harry sat in the chair across from Snape's desk and prepared himself for what he was about to do. "I have to ask... why do you hate me? Is it because of my father?"

Snape puckered his lips like he'd eaten a lemon. "Yes."

Harry sighed and rested his head on his hands. "But Professor, you've never even met my father!"

Snape raised an eyebrow. "I knew James Potter very well when we were at school, boy."

Harry grinned at him. "But James Potter isn't my father."

Snape sat up straight suddenly. "What on earth do you mean, Potter?"

"What I mean is that Potter isn't my name. My name is Harrison Deogol Gryffindor and I come from the year 1012." Snape's jaw was on the floor.

"What did you do with Potter? I'll tell Dumbledore!"

Harry laughed. "God you're thick. Potter never existed. James Potter only existed because of a spell. So did Lily. Mildred Potter was barren, she only believed that James was her son because of Merlin's spell. Lily Evans was born three years after her mother died, it was all just an illusion."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Well, we have a bit of a problem. Uncle Sal chucked a sad and ran away with Nova when he found out that Alassë was a Squib, after having an affair with Pathros Fasset, who is Sibley Fasset's mum, who is my enemy, and left us without a Transfiguration teacher. Dad was proficient enough at Transfiguration to take over his spot, but now we haven't got anyone for the Defence Against the Dark Arts. I know that you want the Defence Against the Dark Arts position, so I thought you might like the job. Also, if Voldemort returns, you don't really want to be a spy, do you? If you took the job in 1012, admittedly, the uniform is kind of old fashioned, but that's to be expected, as is the way of speaking, also expected, but you'd be head of Slytherin too." He blurted out, not taking a breath.

Snape gaped. "Are you serious?"

Harry nodded. "It would be best to stage your death, or simply disappear. I don't recommend letting anyone know that you're going, because they might try to find out where."

Snape nodded. "When can I leave?"

**June: 1012**

"Gills?" Harry asked, sitting down beside her.

She replied despondently. "Hey Harry,"

"What's wrong? We convinced Uncle Gaz not to use the Key, didn't we?"

Gills nodded, and turned to Harry. "But he doesn't love me! He wants me to be a boy and he'd let me die so he could get that!" she exclaimed, tears welling up in her eyes.

Harry put his hands on her shoulders, and stared her in the eyes. "Jaylynn Abigail Rex! You listen to me here! Your father loves you. He was depressed, he didn't know what he was doing. Now, you have to get back home before someone sees you here."

"Thanks, Harry." Gills smiled through watery eyes. "You're a great friend."

Travelling quickly, Harry returned Gills to the palace. Roswyn came into his room, and frowned at him. "I could have sworn that there was someone else here a second ago, Harry."

Harry smiled at her. "I guess I've known you long enough. You might want to sit down for this," and he began to explain about the Traveller.

### **1992: June**

Professor Dumbledore steeples his fingers and peers across his desk to where Harry is sitting. Harry shoots a mischievous glance at the portrait of his father and smiles. "Yes, Professor Dumbledore?"

Dumbledore sighed, and extended the hand containing a bowl of sweets. "Lemon drop?"

"No thank you, sir."  
"Now, Harry, you know what you are here for."

Harry nodded. "I'm not sure how I can help you. I told you, the key was destroyed."

"But that's not all, is it?"

"What do you mean?" Harry feigned confusion.

Dumbledore gazed into the bowl of lemon drops, and finally plucked one out, placing the bowl back on the desk. He proceeded to unwrap it and pop it in his mouth. Harry watched as he sucked. "Profeshor Shnape," he began, still sucking.

Harry frowned, and pulled a paper bag out of his pocket. "What about him?" he asked, while ripping the bag slightly to get to the contents. A

pink baboon floated upwards and into Harry's mouth. "Alls I know is that I'm glad he's gone. 'E was a bloody 'orrible teacher." Harry made a point of chewing the baboon loudly.

Godric's portrait interrupted. "I won't stand such vulgar use of language in this room,"

Harry raised a brow. "I am truly sorry for the incorrect use of language, I beg you forgive my faults."

Godric nodded. "And that is the way that it should be."

Dumbledore observed the scene interestedly. "You may leave, Harry. The train should be leaving soon."

"Mum!" Hermione called, throwing herself into her mother's arms.

Mrs Granger looked surprised but pleased. "How was school, Hermione?" she enquired, waiting for Harry, Lilly, Louise and Greg to catch up before they walked away to the car as a group.

All five started talking at once, explaining in vivid detail about Kantooth and the key, but carefully leaving out the parts about the Traveller.

Mrs Granger shook her head, overwhelmed.

### **Authors Notes:**

I'm sure that some of you aren't happy with the way that this finished, but I can't satisfy everyone. I personally like this ending, and I wrote it long before I finished the story, which was actually before book six. I'm not sure what I would have done with Snape if I'd done it afterwards. Nevertheless, it happened this way because I have Plans. I sincerely hope you enjoyed this story, and that you will look out for the sequel "Belonging to Time: The Guardians of Time". I plan to start posting maybe next late next month, so I can iron out plot details before I realise I've written something pointless. There will be seven books in total by the end of it, but I doubt any will be as long as this one was. Thanks once again, especially those who were with my from the start or that reviewed.



